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Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 26, 1953 / 20¢

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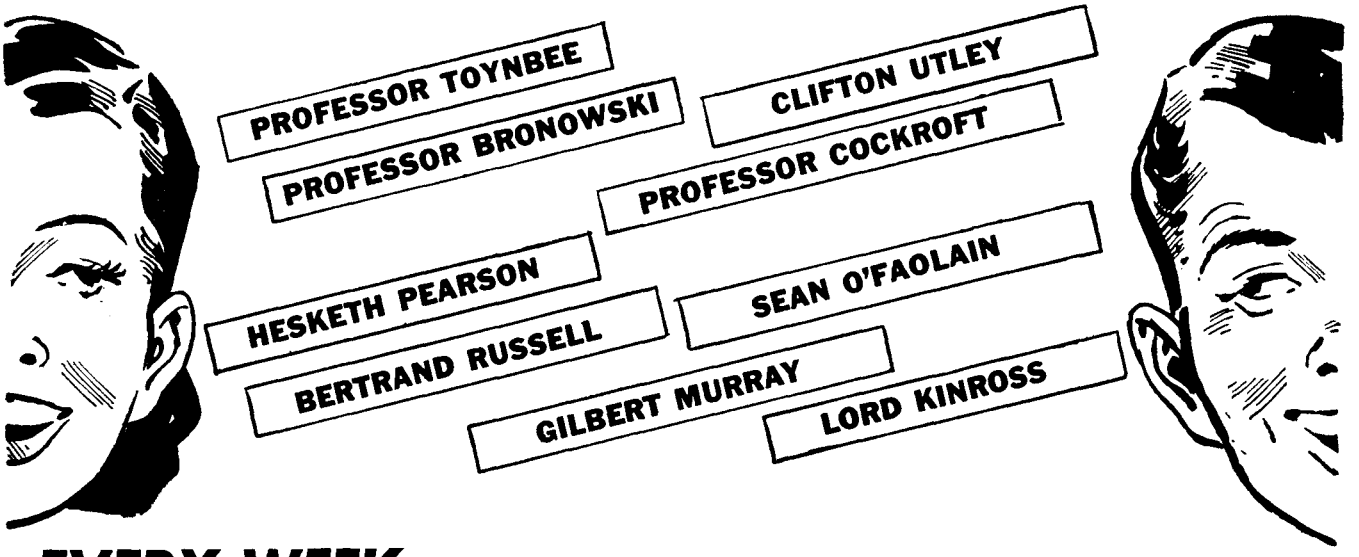

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It has always puzzled me how sensible and sophisticated people can become interested in birds. For example, two of my most urban (and urbane) friends recently moved to an Indiana town. Now they openly admit to being ornithophilists, and they are even baking cornbread daily for some greedy local cardinals.

¶ Well, I may not share their interest, but I am willing to tolerate it, and, after reading Len Howard's book, "Birds as Individuals," I'm beginning to understand it.

¶ Miss Howard's Sussex cottage has a special room into which wild birds can enter at will. There for years she has lived in daily communication with birds. The story of her close-up observations is in this book.

¶ The book caused quite a stir among bird-lovers when it appeared in England, for in it she demonstrated that birds can act and react as individuals, without following a set pattern which is governed by instinct and allows no individual variations.

¶ The author, thank goodness, doesn't write of birds as little feathered people, but she has found distinctly personal traits in them. They have language and games; they can foretell bad weather, learn from their errors, recognize people and express emotion.

¶ Since I've known human beings who couldn't do all these things, I intend to be more respectful of birds in the future. But they won't be given free access to *my* house; nor will I bake cornbread for any bird – unless he'll agree to come around every morning and foretell the weather for me.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Len Howard's "Birds As Individuals" is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Doubleday has also recently issued "The Audubon Guides: All the Birds of Eastern and Central North America," by Richard H. Pough, a one-volume edition with color drawings by Don Eckelberry and line drawings by Earl L. Poole. Available at all booksellers.

(Advertisement)

The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 26. 1953

Cover Drawing by Mel Bolden

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Andy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVI, No. 39, Sept. 26, 1953. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1953 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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SR's Library Poll

THAT books make movies and movies make books seems to be the moral of *The Saturday Review*'s Library Poll this week. "From Here to Eternity," by James Jones, did not even appear on the poll a few weeks ago, but in the wake of the smash-hit movie of the same name made from the book the Jones novel not only returned to the list of books most in demand at public libraries but climbed to the top of *SR*'s latest poll.

The following twenty books were reported most popular by the libraries polled:

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **From Here to Eternity** by James Jones (F)*
2. **The Power of Positive Thinking** by Norman Vincent Peale (N-F)**
3. **Beyond This Place** by A. J. Cronin (F)
4. **Désirée** by Annemarie Selinko (F)
5. **A Man Called Peter** by Catherine Marshall (N-F)
6. **Battle Cry** by Leon Uris (F)
7. **The Caine Mutiny** by Herman Wouk (F)
8. **The Silent World** by J.-Y. Cousteau (N-F)
9. **Annapurna** by Maurice Herzog (N-F)
10. **Too Late the Phalarope** by Alan Paton (F)
11. **A House Is Not a Home** by Polly Adler (N-F)
12. **The Strange Case of Alger Hiss** by The Earl Jowitt (N-F)
13. **The Emperor's Lady** by F. W. Kenyon (F)
14. **The Rommel Papers** ed. by B. H. Liddell-Hart (N-F)
15. **Time and Time Again** by James Hilton (F)
16. **Call Me Lucky** by Bing Crosby (N-F)
17. **The Cruel Sea** by Nicholas Monsarrat (F)
18. **The Second Sex** by Simone de Beauvoir (N-F)
19. **The High and the Mighty** by Ernest K. Gann (F)
20. **The World and the West** by Arnold Toynbee (N-F)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (N-F)—Non-Fiction

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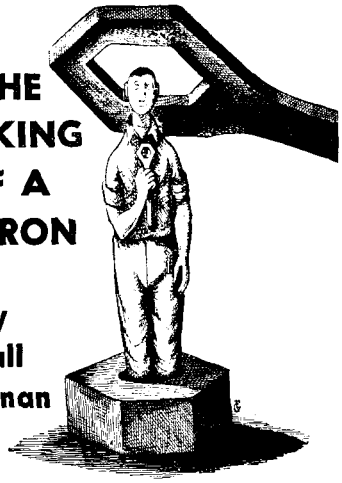

THE MAKING OF A MORON

by Niall Brennan

"There goes the happy moron; he doesn't give a damn. I wish I were a moron—my God! Perhaps I am."

One of the less publicized wartime discoveries was that many industrial jobs could be done better by morons than by normal employees. Niall Brennan, a young man with time on his hands, decided to find out personally what effect such work had on people of normal intelligence. After five years spent in a series of such jobs he here presents his report. It is entertaining reading, but the implications are terrifying. $2.50.

CHOIR OF MUSES

by Etienne Gilson

On human "muses" who inspired great writers: Petrarch's Laura, Baudelaire's Madame Sabatier, Wagner's Mathilde, August Comte's Clotilde, Maeterlinck's Georgette and Goethe's Lili. The repeated pattern in the stories of these ladies leads the author to some unexpected conclusions —for instance that a muse must keep her distance: her role cannot be combined with that of mistress or wife. $3.50.

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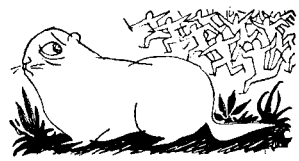
TRADE Winds

AUTHOR BITES NAVY . . . "I have just been informed," said F. Hugh Herbert, the author and co-producer of "The Moon Is Blue," a couple of weeks ago, "that Navy officials have banned the showing of my picture in U. S. Ship and Shore installations, and I think the admirals who made this decision are absolutely right. . . . It relates the romance of a girl who happens to be a virgin and wants to stay that way. The only two men in her life respect her innocence. Obviously Navy personnel should never be exposed to such a state of affairs."

"THE MARMOT DRIVE" is John Hersey's third novel and sixth book, and if you have read all his previous work, as I

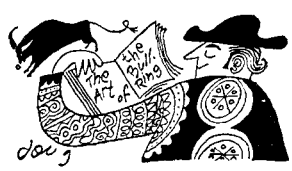


have, it will surprise you. It's not like "The Wall" or "A Bell for Adano," and nobody is glibly going to dub it "a reportorial novel." Its setting is today's Connecticut; the marmot of the title may be better known to you as a woodchuck or groundhog, and the drive is a two-day community attempt to round up and then rout the destructive little beasts. As such, it's surely going to give the critics, professional and otherwise, more than a two-day field day of rounding up all possible allegorical interpretations for the novel. In the hope that, when the guessing games began, I might manage the twin pleasures of maintaining both an honorable silence and an in-the-know air of self-importance, I pointed out this inevitability to Mr. Hersey and looked at him expectantly. Which maneuver got me precisely nowhere. If ever there was an author disinclined to talk about himself or his work that author is John Hersey. "I guess the book better stand on its own legs," was what he said.

Not sharing Mr. Hersey's disinclination to talk about Mr. Hersey, and finding his new book so provocative that I read many parts of it twice, I offer some data that may be pertinent to this novel that deals with Connecticut marmots and morals, folkways, town meetings, and the like. John Hersey was born not in Connecticut but in Tientsin, China, where his father was a YMCA missionary. He was ten when his family returned to live in the USA. He went to Hotchkiss, in Lakeville, Conn., then to Yale, in New Haven, Conn. (He also won a year's scholarship to Cambridge, Eng.) For the past decade or so he has lived in Westport, Conn., and Fairfield, Conn. He has been increasingly active in local politics and has served on local school boards. In other words, he knows a whale of a lot about New England in general and Conn. in particular.

"The Marmot Drive" is coming in a few weeks, published by Knopf, as were his five earlier books. "Men on Bataan" and "Into the Valley" were written while Mr. Hersey was in his twenties, the Pulitzer Prize-winning "A Bell for Adano" when he was thirty, "Hiroshima" two years later, and "The Wall" three years after that. Aside from its Book-of-the-Month Club distribution "The Wall" sold over 100,000 copies in the U. S., has appeared in a dozen countries abroad, and will come out, unabridged, as a fat Pocket Book early next year, with a first printing of a quarter-million copies at a price of fifty cents. "The Marmot Drive" is to have a first printing, startling though this sounds for a novel these days, of 25,000 copies. Mr. Hersey is now thirty-eight.

A MANUSCRIPT LOST in a taxi or train, and no carbon copy, must be any author's nightmare, but to Barnaby Conrad, author of the highly successful 1952 novel "Matador," it turned into



reality. Not a manuscript exactly, but a dummy, complete with original artwork and irreplaceable photographs of a book to be called "La Fiesta Brava: The Art of the Bullring." Telling the story, Mr. Conrad adds, "It was lost—*horor of horros*—by a publisher," but tactfully refrains from saying which publisher. At any rate, after six years the book is ready again, and Houghton Mifflin will bring it out October 8, with 250 photographs, drawings, and diagrams, in addition to 45,000 words of text. "The photos," says Mr. Conrad happily, "are from the finest taurine photographers in Mexico, Peru, and Spain, and the book is

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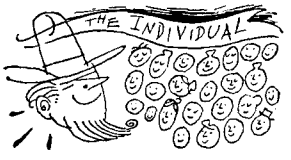
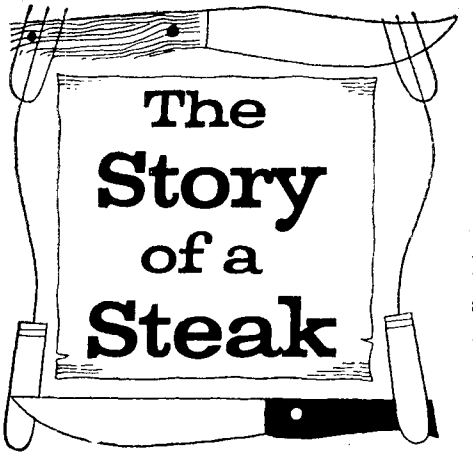
a steal at $5, since H.M. has made an extremely handsome job of it." In a sort of P.S. came the news that when John Huston and Jose Ferrer go to Seville next year to film "Matador" in Technicolor Barnaby Conrad is going along as paid technical adviser. What! The author himself assumed to know something about his book? Downright radicalism, I call it.

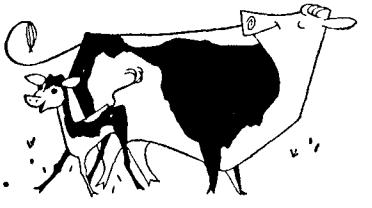
"I HAVE LIVED IN VERMONT ever since 1763," writes Dorothy Canfield Fisher, who was born in Kansas in 1879, and what she means is that her family has been a Vermont family for nearly two hundred years. Her seeming wanderlust at the time of her birth arose simply because her father was a professor at the University of Kansas when she was born, but if ever there was a "native Vermonter" it is the author of a new book, "Vermont Tra-



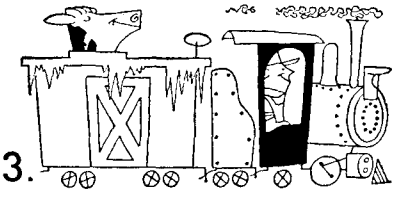
dition," to be published next week by Little, Brown and chosen as a Book-of-the-Month Club alternate. Though, like everybody else, I had read just about all of Mrs. Canfield's famous novels—"The Bent Twig," "The Brimming Cup," "Seasoned Timber," and the others—I have never read any of her non-fiction, and this warm, proud book makes me wish I had. The Vermont tradition, Mrs. Fisher writes, "is basically concerned with the conduct of human life . . . not with mathematical formulae, with the orbits of the stars, with the vibrations of sound-waves creating musical notes, with mystical religious speculation, with the structure of rocks . . . but with the idea that group life should leave each person as free as possible to arrange his own life." Mrs. Fisher, through a wonderful mixture of anecdote and history, proves her contention in every chapter; you finally feel in your bones that it isn't only love's rosy lenses that make her say, "If a special Town Meeting should be called in Haying Time—perish the thought!—about a matter involving what a Vermonter thinks of as human liberty, with a close decision in prospect, no Vermont farmer ever lived who wouldn't stick his pitchfork into a cock of hay, drive to town, and cast his vote against any measure which seemed to him to increase society's pressure over the individual man or woman." No vanishing tradition, either, is this instinct for liberty; this very year, for instance, a bill was presented to the House proposing a State Board of

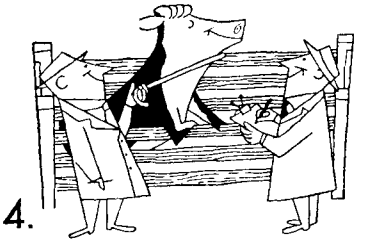


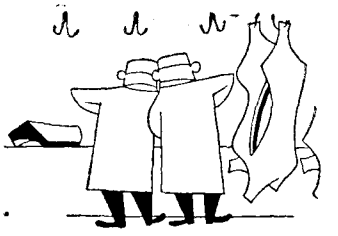
Before you have a steak (whether it's porterhouse or chopped), a cow has to have a calf. This is the story of one particular calf.

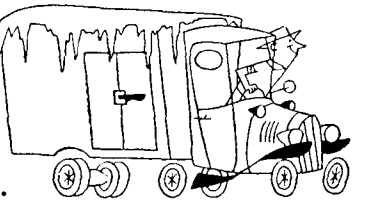

1. This calf was born on a Texas ranch. Several acres of grazing land are required to support each cow and calf.

2. As a yearling, the calf was sold to an Iowa farmer for "finishing" in feed lot. Proper feeding of corn and protein supplements adds many extra pounds and a lot of extra eating quality to our beef.

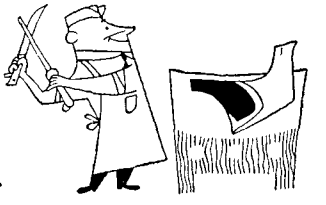

3. After several months in the feed lot, our calf, now a full-grown steer, was sent by rail or truck to the stockyards and consigned to a marketing firm for sale.

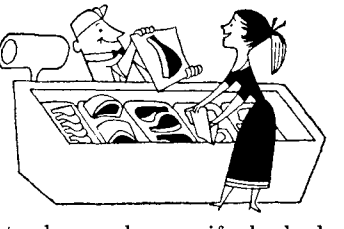

4. Buyers for several local and out-of-town meat packing companies put in bids based on the going consumer price of beef. This steer was one of a carload bought by an Ohio meat packing company.


5. At the packing plant, the "beef crew" turned beef on the hoof into meat for the store. Beef was inspected, chilled and graded, prepared for shipment.


6. Under refrigeration, the quarters of beef were shipped to New York's wholesale meat district—1500 miles from Texas, where the calf was born.

7. Owner of a Brooklyn meat market, after comparing prices and quality, selected a quarter of our steer.


8. In the store, the quarter of beef was turned into steaks, roasts, stew and hamburger; was displayed for customer's selection competing with other meats.


9. Yesterday, a housewife looked over everything in the counter, compared values, decided on steak, porterhouse or chopped, depending on what she wanted to spend.

P.S.—A steak is the easiest thing in the world to cook—just a few minutes for each side under the broiler. But, as you can see, getting the steak ready for the broiler takes a lot more time and a lot more planning.

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DOUBLEDAY

Censorship for school textbooks, and after a decent amount of public discussion the vote went 235 to 11 against. In matters like these I find myself wishing it were literally true that as Vermont goes so goes the nation.

GARBLED INDEXING . . . My tart little note about locating Historian Schlesinger's "Paths to the Present" in the Travel section of New York's main library brought word from Mrs. Benjamin M. Price of Chicago to the effect that *she* had been startled to find Ashley Montagu's "The Natural Superiority of Women" tucked away on a crowded table at Marshall Field's under the sign "Health Books." This in turn set me to musing about the dire results that might ensue if a neophyte librarian or bookstore clerk went a little haywire or tipsy or absentminded while he or she was indexing or placing books on the shelves.

Then among the Health Books you might also find "John Brown's Body" as well as "Man and Superman." "The

Waste Land" and "God's Little Acre" might show up under Agriculture, "Journal to Stella" and "Pickwick Papers" under Journalism, "The Descent of Man" under Aeronautics, and "The Mill on the Floss" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession" under Industry and Business. I can see "Bleak House" and "A House Is Not a Home" under Interior Decoration, and "The Red Pony" and "The Horse's Mouth" under Animal Husbandry. "The Kreutzer Sonata," "Point Counter Point," and "The G-String Murders" would probably turn up under Music, "These Barren Leaves," "Within a Budding Grove," and "Les Fleurs du Mal" under Botany and Forestry. And, surely, "Northanger Abbey," "Requiem to a Nun," and "This Side of Paradise" would nestle together on the shelves marked Religion.

It makes a nice zany kind of parlor game—try it yourself and see. But should you have the impulse to send along any more examples of scrambled indexing please remember that I'll not be reading them for possible use in this column, but just for the fun of it—because, after eleven weeks on deck, I am now turning dear old TRADE WINDS back to that Master Mariner, Bennett Cerf. Au revoir (maybe). Bon voyage (certainly).

—LAURA Z. HOBSON.

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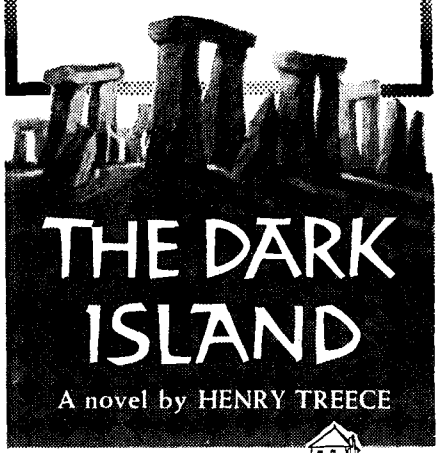

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Good News

▶ Five years ago many prophesied the end of the century-old "Gate City" of Nashua, N. H. On Sept. 13, 1948, Textron, Inc., which was the city's largest employer, employing one-tenth of its total population, announced the closing of its mills and liquidation of its properties. Instead of despairing, the people of Nashua swung into action with a program to purchase the empty properties and invite new industries to take the place of the old. Today, less than five years later, the town is booming. The foundation which purchased the abandoned textile properties has been obliged to turn down scores of eager applicants for space, and it has purchased twenty-seven acres of additional industrial space for building in the near future. Two new schools are under construction, a third is planned, and a $30,000 municipal swimming pool is being built. From an unhealthy dependence upon a single industry Nashua has progressed to a richly diversified industrial base.

▶ Thailand, a country where many are hungry and protein foods are needed, has discovered a wonderful new protein source through the aid of the U.S. Mutual Security Agency and the U.N. Food and Agricultural Organization. It has discovered the tilapia, delicious, fast-breeding little fish. Put two tilapia in a pond, rice paddy, canal, ditch, or tank, and they proceed to increase at a tremendous rate. In a year two will become 10,000. Growing to one-pound weight in a year, they can be eaten fresh, dried, smoked, or pickled. The king has undertaken tilapia culture, the Ministry of Agriculture distributes the fish free, and tens of thousands have rushed to get some of the "magic fish the king has." Thus has been added at almost no cost valuable protein to the diet of the Thai people.

▶ Indiana legislative leaders have decided to leave the three huge murals which decorate the walls of the State Senate Chambers undisturbed. They had been "attacked" because they had been painted by New York artist Leon Kroll, accused by Senator William E. Jenner of having belonged to Communist front organizations. Lt. Gov. Handley called Kroll "a great artist, judging by his murals, [and] we're not going to return to witchcraft. America is still America," he said, ". . . we're not going to burn great literature, music, and art. That's a favorite trick of the Communists, and we're not going to fall for it."

—Donald Harrington.

NOTE: *Since the facts speak for themselves, this advertisement contains no adjectives, purple or otherwise, except for the word "friendly" in the signature, which we think justifiable.*

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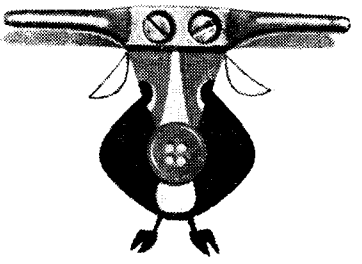
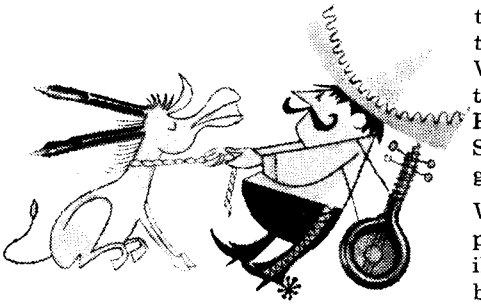


Then you'll board the *Sunset* late in the evening. You can enjoy refreshments in the French Quarter Lounge, whose decor recalls the Vieux Carré and the Mardi Gras, before retiring to the privacy of your room. As you sleep, you'll be on your way to the land where summer spends the winter.

You'll find the *Sunset's* food comparable to that of the New Orleans restaurants. We think you'll enjoy dining in the Pride of Texas Coffee Shop, decorated in Palomino Leather and featuring brands of Texas ranches, one more reminder that you're on your way West. Also there's the Audubon Dining Room, where the bird illustrations of the artist-naturalist, John James Audubon, adorn the walls. You will remember that Audubon's work centered in Louisiana.

The rooms in the *Sunset* have lavatory-annexes. Other improvements are disc brakes, zone heating to prevent fluctuations in temperature, and pressurized air conditioning.



The *Sunset* speeds from New Orleans through Texas and along the border to Los Angeles in a day and a half. We suggest you stop over for fun in the sun this winter at San Antonio, El Paso, Douglas, Tucson, Phoenix or Palm Springs, where a variety of resorts and guest ranches await you.

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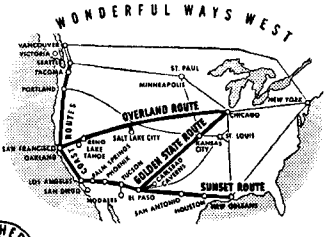

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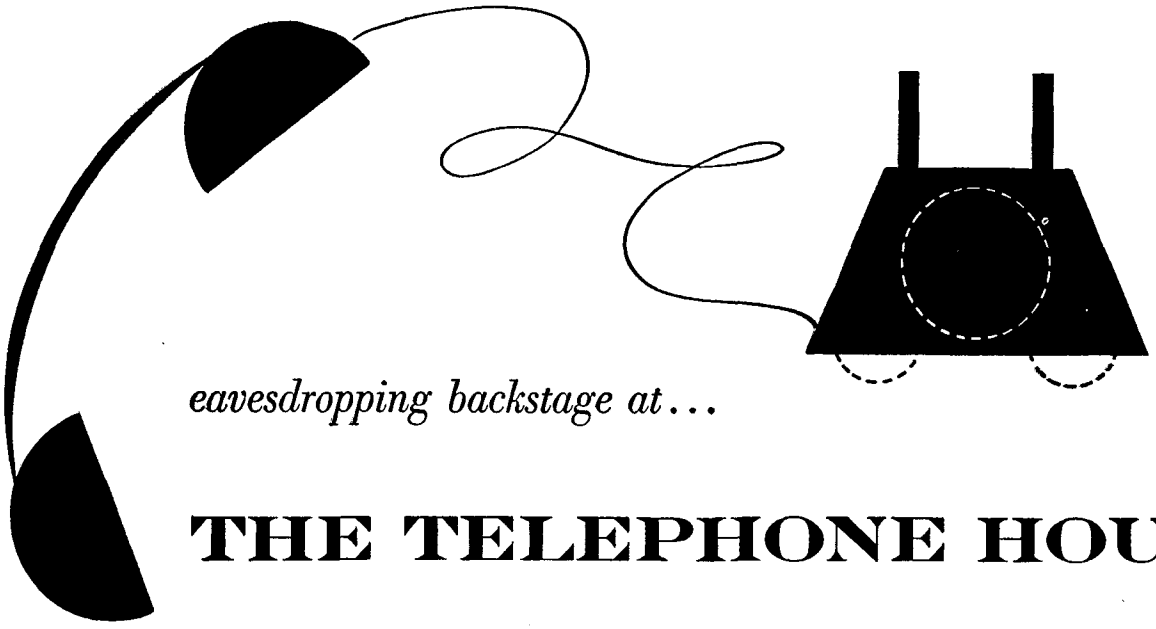

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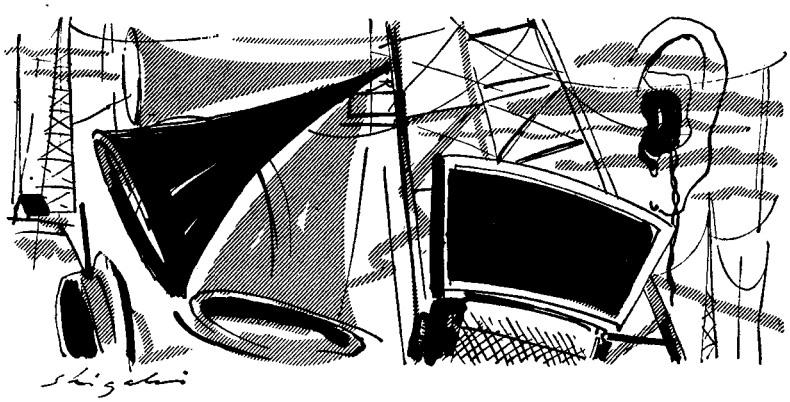
The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 26, 1953

DOES AMERICA NEED A HEARING AID?



By ROBERT REDFIELD

Through the Voice of America and other agencies of communication we beseech people the world over to lend us their ears. But do we listen ourselves? Robert Redfield, who asks the question, is professor of anthropology at the University of Chicago and the author of "A Village That Chose Progress."

WE AMERICANS have long been known as a talkative people. While the strong silent man is one recognized type among us, visitors find most of us very ready with our tongues. Mrs. Trollope wrote in 1828 that "Americans love talking," and she recorded some of the abundant talk that she heard—and did not admire. A little later Alexis de Tocqueville characterized us as "garrulous" and reported that the American "speaks to you as if he were addressing a meeting." The French observer was also impressed with the fact that what the American talked about was often himself. He recognized that those Americans were proud, with reason, of their achievement in building a new and democratic nation. It was our patriotism that Tocqueville found garrulous. He found us insatiable of praise and ever willing to tell strangers of the superiority of the American way of life.

Has this perhaps become a national habit? Do we still talk a great deal, and often, about our own virtues? Today we have an immense Governmental enterprise officially named the International Information and Education Activities, and popularly known as the "Voice of America." Transmitters on land and sea girdle the globe and "the stentorian voice of free men must be heard." We are still talking about ourselves and about what's good about us. We know it is important that people understand us; it is plain that the Soviet Union constantly lies about us; and it is desirable that other people see the good about us that can give them reason to like and to help us. So we help them to see the good about us by telling them about it. We "sell" the American way.

I do not condemn our attempt to tell other people how good we are. There are great good things about us of which we should honestly speak. I think it is necessary to talk to other people and human to want to talk about one's self so as to appear in a good light. When others lie about us we must meet the lies.

But I do think that our talking is insufficiently balanced by listening. I do not think that we listen enough to what other people are trying to say to us about themselves, and I do not think we listen enough to the sound of what we say in the ears of him to whom we say it. We are guided chiefly in deciding what to say by the conceptions we have of what those others ought to like about us if they were just like us. And they aren't. They are different in respects to which we are inattentive. Just because we think great combines moving over vast fields of wheat are proofs of what great fellows we are, we took it for granted that Chinese and Middle Eastern peasants would look at pictures of these combines and admire us. By just listening for a moment to the sound of our voices in their ears instead of in our own we could find out that the combines, the tiled bathrooms, and the skyscrapers in most cases make those peasants feel more remote from us and more suspicious of us than they were before.

Talking is good, and it is necessary to make clear what we truly are. But

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understanding, and for understanding you have to have a conversation. A conversation is not two people talking loudly at each other, and certainly it is not one person with a megaphone. It is first one person listening while the other talks, and then that one talking while the other listens. In the Big Room where all peoples meet much of the talk is just the loudest voices shouting what they mistakenly imagine the others might find impressive to hear.

Would it be untactful to suggest that America needs a hearing aid? We have done something to raise our voice; can we do something to improve our listening? Something to improve it is being done in what is called "monitoring" Russian and other foreign broadcasts and in that technique of the expert called "content analysis." Something has also been done to understand better in just what respects Russians, Frenchmen, and Chinese are different from us in recent studies of national character. Something has also been done by the Fund for Adult Education's "Voices of Europe" radio series, which gives the general American public the chance to listen to Europeans who would otherwise be inaudible. I suppose that in so far as the sciences concerned with human behavior have anything to contribute to the improvement of America's listening to other people they are doing it. But today I am thinking of the art of listening to other peoples as anyone may practise it. Good talking is an art; good listening is obviously even rarer, and it is rarer because as an art it is more subtle and difficult. But, as it is something that Americans need seriously to cultivate for their own safety, it is worth considering if there are ways to cultivate it.

How shall we listen to the voices of the other personalities that stand about us in the Big Room? We may conceive of each nation, each people, as if it were a single person. There is a Frenchman there, and an Iranian, a German and a Mexican, and there is this half-hidden Russian who talks only through a curtain and in a strange shouting language of his own. Of course each of these is really a multitude of voices (except perhaps the Russian); each is a myriad voice coming to us from real individuals of many sorts speaking through books, travel, newspapers, and personal contact. The differences among individuals I for the moment ignore, because it is also true that in general ways each nation, each people, has a character of its own; each taken as a whole is saying something that stands for all the separate individuals that make it up; we can learn to listen to the nation as if it were one person. Now our attention is on one of these talkers in the Big Room; for the moment we cease our own talking to listen to him; what do we listen for?

I suggest that we learn to listen for three things: National Character, Mood, and Human Nature.

The national character is the way that a people tends to be, pretty steadily, over long periods of time. It might also be called the collective personality or the group heritage or perhaps just the persisting peculiarities that make the people distinguishable from their neighbors. This is, among other things, the particular arrangement of human qualities, the unique and flavor-full constellation of qualities, the emphases and shadings of the universal human that make a Frenchman or a Chinese and not an American or an Italian.

It is a good thing that these differences exist, for they make the world a more interesting and enriching place. The differences between one man or woman and another, and the differences between one culture or national character and another, are sources of delight and stimulations to originality and creativeness. One of the terrible things about what is going on now in Russia is the subordination of the individual differences to one monstrous mask of the state, one set of opinions and attitudes to be worn by all. Once it seemed that the differences among ethnic groups in Russia were to be preserved under the Soviets, but now it appears that these too are to go in favor of the state-made mask. The pressure of the state, or the pressure of public opinion, is an evil in any country when it moves to suppress individual and ethnic differences. It is an evil when, as now in our present condition of ten-

(*Continued on page* 43)

Parting

By Howard Griffin

That toy of you, all blood and excellence,
has voyaged from me on a parallel line,
the meteor's track, the gull's trajectory
or the wild lancelike motion of the train.
The dust of rock has hallowed where you lay:
there is, O Vanished, no Where you are not.
Be for me now the lamp I re-illume,
the salt I taste, the music I discern.
In the dark midday when I ask for help,
be the enchantment of a constant drink.
—Your warm face leaned to me from summer hours
(deathlike and bright) you
came to me as if you knew the way;
each cup, each mirror suddenly was yours.
By living here you made the walls stand up.
From the dark wonder of the pathless wood
you knocked toward twilight at this hut,
imagined, held between old roots, a-stir
with growth, you pushed aside the door.
The hinge, alert, announced your ancient name.
The six tile swans upon the mantel
sang and the china birds revolved
around the wheel. Like globes of smoke
the lavender took wing. By being glad
we built this house that was not real before.
. . . I am imprisoned by the things you wrought
in love. With your life-gift could you know
what you were doing? When to the chair
"Become a Soul" you said, did you suspect the wood
might not be free? —"We must embrace
the pain, accept our suffering."
You gave with equal hands the life, the death.
You sang, you drifted as the birds
from point to point or as the static tree
is jolted toward the sky, as each uncertain thing
moves onward in bright circles through the air.
Apart from you the house sinks through the earth;
the long sea of farewell sings in my ear.

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World-Drama from 1918-38

Quincy Howe's "The World Between the Wars" *(Simon & Schuster. 784 pp. $7.50) continues his multi-volumed "World History of Our Own Times" from 1918 to 1938.*

By Geoffrey Bruun

"THE rapid pace of the twentieth century compels the journalist to write history and the historian to write journalism," Quincy Howe noted in 1949 when he offered the first volume of "A World History of Our Times" to the public. Most professional historians, while conceding the first half of his statement, would probably dispute the second. They know that the wall around the temple of Clio is crumbling and that the outer courts are crowded with neophytes eager to lay unanointed hands upon their mantles. But relatively few academically-trained historians feel "compelled" to write journalism, to fling cap and gown aside and plunge into the contemporary melee. The majority still cling to the safety of the past and the security of the monograph. Not for them the perplexities of the uncrystalized present, the superficiality of a short "world history," the perils of a "global synthesis."

Yet now that "The World Between the Wars," the second volume of Howe's trilogy, has appeared, carrying on his promise to relate events and personalities to one another "on a world scale," the question of the historian's duty to his own generation is raised anew. For Howe represents a significant group of publicists who are convinced that thoughtful Americans want more history but not more of the older sort. Like every professional discipline, history is in perpetual danger of becoming the prisoner of its own protocol. Since World War II the formal limitations, the inadequacies of much professional history writing, have become increasingly apparent, although most historians (there are notable exceptions) seem content with their formulas and reluctant to admit their deficiencies.

Here in America, after awakening from our comfortable dream of isolation, we have become in a few short years the best-informed nation in the world on the trend of global events. Having recently discovered the world of today, we have also grown more curious about the world of yesterday. The fragmentary annals and narrow national histories that comprise the main body of modern historical literature offer a limited and unsatisfactory answer to our wide ranging curiosity. We want an ampler perspective, a more synoptic summation of the past, to match the global survey of contemporary events that our world position has forced on our attention.

In "A World History of Our Own Times" Quincy Howe set himself the task of providing a correlated, synoptic overview of world developments from 1900 to the present day. Volume One, published four years ago, covered the first eighteen years of this century. Volume Two now carries the drama from 1918 to 1938. Volume Three, when it appears, will take the reader into the 1950's.

The author denies himself the title of historian but everyone familiar with his career knows that few Americans of his generation have enjoyed such unusual advantages and are so well fitted to present the history of our times. He knows how to make the best of both worlds, the academic and the journalistic. He was educated at Harvard and Cambridge. He has mastered, through his years as a news analyst on radio and television, the esoteric and multifold resources of the great news services. He has learned by direct experience what the American people want to know about the world, and he has perfected a style and a method of exposition whereby he can explain the significance of world events to them honestly, vividly, and perspicaciously.

If professional canons decree that Howe's method of presentation must be classed as journalism and not as history it is the historians who lose by the distinction. For his presentation, from the first "Preview" to the final "Summing Up," is masterly in its dramatic vigor, its changes of pace and scene and focus, its bold analyses, arresting quotations, and memorable epigrams. The newspaper headlines of a generation, passed through the crucible of his refining technique, cease to be fragments of fact and are fused into an intelligible pattern.

That pattern has the coherence of a panorama rather than a synthesis. The impression of unity-in-diversity which emerges is not the product of any Procrustean logic. "This journalistic venture of mine," Howe rightly insists, "does not accept or set forth any broad philosophy of history." But he does introduce many enlightening comparisons and he is not afraid to offer his own judgments where they are called for. In his general estimate of our age (though in little else) he shares Trotsky's conclusion that "any contemporary of ours who wants peace and security above everything else has chosen a bad time to be born."

AS HE reviews it, the world-drama of the past fifty years falls into three acts. He called his first volume "From the Turn of the Century to the 1918 Armistice," but he might well have used the shorter title "The World We Lost" for that was its central theme. The present volume, 1918-38, could be called "The World We Sought," in terms of the goals defined by Wilson and Lenin. The third volume, one surmises, will assess the world we got and are trying to manage.

No writer, however well read, widely traveled, and receptive, can be equally at home in all countries. Howe is at his best when analyzing the American scene, which he describes with love and irony. He tends to see Europe from above, Asia from without, Latin America fragmentarily through the kaleidoscope of its political variations. But all his scenes, even those tinctured with an alien light, are sharp, detailed, and authentic, and in their totality they possess a remarkable integration, balance, and completeness.

The stage management is almost unerring. As episode succeeds episode, each new setting swims into quick focus, the spotlight picks out the central characters, the play unfolds expertly and economically. It has its heroes (Wilson, Gandhi, Franklin Roosevelt) and its villains (Stalin, Mussolini, Hitler). It has its cast of secondary figures, its secret conferences and public displays and illuminating vignettes.

In its total effect "The World Between the Wars" is a colossal tragi-comedy, interpreted with humane insight unmarred by cynicism or sentimentality, and infused with pity and terror. As a record of the years 1918-38 it is much closer to tragedy than to comedy and the author is not likely to reverse the verdict in his third act. Posterity, it may be, will pass a more lenient judgment.

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U. S. Foreign Policy: 1940-41

"The Undeclared War," by William L. Langer and S. Everett Gleason *(Harper. 963 pp. $10), continues the monumental history of American diplomacy during World War II begun in "The Challenge to Isolation"; the present volume carries the story from the destroyer deal of August 1940 to Pearl Harbor. Here it is reviewed by Lindsay Rogers, professor of public law at Columbia University and author of "The Problem of Government."*

By Lindsay Rogers

HOW prodigiously have the materials for the writing of diplomatic history grown in our time! It is estimated that a historian who wished to make a fresh examination of the diplomatic events preceding what is popularly, although loosely, called the First World War would have to deal with 60,000 documents. For the purposes of the Nuremberg trials the prosecuting staff inspected 100,000 documents and reduced them (unfortunately, without the advice of historians) to the 2,000 that the eight volumes of the printed record contain. The United States Department of State and the British Foreign Office have 400 tons of documents from the captured archives of the German Foreign Ministry and the Reich Chancellory. At its present rate publication will not be completed for fifty years.

The Royal Institute of International Affairs is sponsoring a history of international relations from 1939 to 1946. The first instalment appeared last year, "The World in 1939," and it is expected that "about a dozen volumes" more will be needed to bring the chronicle down to the beginning of the cold war. Such amplitude requires the services of a team which is captained by the most publicized historian of our age—Arnold J. Toynbee.

The parallel project in the United States, under the egis of the Council on Foreign Relations, has up to now been handled by a partnership—Professors William L. Langer and S. Everett Gleason. Their first volume, "The Challenge to Isolation," ended with the destroyer deal of August 1940. The second volume, "The Undeclared War," brings the story down to Pearl Harbor. When the project was begun in 1946 nothing so elaborate was contemplated, but the authors are embarrassed by the richness of their materials. Unhappily, future volumes may be long delayed for the two historians are now back in service in Washington—one as assistant director of the Central Intelligence Agency and the other as deputy secretary of the National Security Council.

The second volume, like the first, should be a source of unqualified pride to the Council on Foreign Relations and will long remain a monument of American historical scholarship. That elusive creature "the general reader" should also find it interesting because the authors accomplish the difficult feat of not getting bogged down in their materials and write as excellent journalists as well as competent historians.

As in the preface to the first volume, Messrs. Langer and Gleason say that theirs is not "a work of official or even semi-official history." This is true only in the sense that past and present officialdom takes no responsibility for anything that is said and has exercised only faint authority in suggesting on security grounds the desirability of a few suppressions to which the two "conscientious historians" could not object. In addition to the materials already published and a profusion of memoirs and apologia, civilian and epauletted—the French ones are particularly numerous—the authors have had access to all the files of the State Department, to the Roosevelt papers at Hyde Park, to unpublished diaries and papers of high officials during the period in question (for example, Henry Morgenthau, Adolph Berle, Col. William J. Donovan), and have been able to talk with many persons who were privy to what at the time was top secret.

BUT this should not make any reader suspicious. Messrs. Langer and Gleason do not write dogmatically. They are not concerned with blaming or defending—from President Roosevelt down no one of the personages whose actions and utterances are discussed is considered sacrosanct or seems to be dealt with in any prejudiced way. And, although the task of the historian is delicate when he is writing an account of the times through which he has lived and of issues on which he formed cautious judgments when they arose, these well-packed

—*"The War in Cartoons," by Messner.*

"December 7, 1941—Pearl Harbor."

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pages give no impression of any motive other than of telling all that the authors believe to be the truth. Moreover, there is frequent modesty in admitting that in respect of some matters skeins cannot now be unraveled.

How sharply this volume contrasts with any history of American foreign policy during the Twenties or even the early Thirties! The study of American foreign policy has become the study of world politics. Of course, it has long been clear that there can be no sharp division between matters of domestic and matters of international concern. But it now appears, in striking fashion, how from 1939 on policymakers in Washington had to concern themselves with well nigh everything that was happening in the world. The reason? The emergence of the United States as a great world power or, more accurately, the recognition of this fact by our Government and by public opinion.

So the volume begins with the tripartite pact between Germany, Italy, and Japan. Then the authors, with comprehensive view, survey the world from China to Peru: the crisis in Indo-China; the course of the war in Europe, Franco's flirtations, the Mediterranean, Egypt, Greece, Turkey, growing tensions between Russia and Germany; the Nazi infiltration in Latin America and our relations with its countries; domestic politics at home and increased appropriations for defense, campaign promises in the 1940 election; lend-lease, staff conferences with the British, convoys and "the road to Pearl Harbor," already painstakingly traveled by Walter Millis and Herbert Feis.

The historian of American foreign policy has a more difficult task than his British counterpart. Although it appears that President Roosevelt did not ignore his State Department so much as at various times rumor reported, no important decision could be made without White House consent, and frequently the President was his own Secretary of State. Yet, "despite his keen interest in history and his obvious solicitude for his place in it," he refused to keep a systematic record of his telephone conversations or conferences with foreign representatives. More will doubtless be learned when foreign Governments publish the reports of ambassadors on what the President said. But he left relatively little in the way of notes or memoranda. His closest associates "concede their ignorance of his inmost thoughts" and hence "reliable and detailed information on the motivation of his foreign policy will in all probability remain forever lacking."

"...You Have to Fight for Freedom"

"The Terror Machine," by Gregory Klimov *(translated by H. C. Stevens. Frederick A. Prager. 400 pp. $4), is the autobiography of a typical "New Soviet Man" and a description of how the Soviet administration operates in East Germany. Henry B. Kranz, who reviews it below, is a member of the staff of the United States Information Agency.*

By Henry B. Kranz

GREGORY PETROVICH KLIMOV was born in 1917 at the time of the October Revolution and grew up to become an "ordinary Russian," as he calls himself. In his childhood he was hungry and saw much of the misery which Communism brought to Russia. Hunger, he writes, was elevated by the Bolsheviks into a system: it became a means of influencing the masses. But young Klimov was ambitious. He went to school, became an engineer, passed half a dozen examinations in Marxism-Leninism, and was finally drafted into the army. He never joined the Communist Party, however. He was sent to the Military-Diplomatic Academy of the General Staff in Moscow, where he was taught in the German Department not only the local foods and customs of the various parts of Germany but even the medieval originals of German literature and the historical genesis of the political, economic, and religious antagonisms inside the country. When the Russians marched into Germany in 1945 he was ordered to Berlin, to take charge of the Industrial Branch of the Soviet Economic Administration.

While Major Klimov assisted in the dismantling of German industry and came into contact with Germans and Allied officers, he became more and more disillusioned about Communism. Every Soviet citizen who has seen Europe, he says, is lost to the Soviet regime. He was one of them.

Two years later, in 1947, he was demobilized and received orders to return to Moscow. He knew this could only mean Siberia for him, because he still had not joined the Party. He said to himself: "It is not enough to love your country and freedom, you have to fight for them. There is no other possibility of fighting than to go over to the other camp and fight from there. This is your way back to the fatherland."

He crossed the Iron Curtain and now lives in Germany, one of the many former Russian officers who tell us that millions of people in the Soviet Union are tired of their despotic rulers. The sincerity and idealism of Kimov's story, as given in his book, "The Terror Machine," cannot be doubted. His outlook on life is sober and realistic and his account is free of overstatements. His description of the organizational structure and the hardhearted bureaucracy of Berlin's Kremlin, and of the daily life of the men who are wearing gold epaulettes in the many offices there, reveals the mind of a thoughtful and dispassionate man. Klimov had many opportunies to see behind the scenes of the Soviet Supreme Staff machinery and to watch the Russian efforts to deindustrialize and impoverish Germany. This makes this book a stimulating inside story of Soviet rule in an occupied country.

Since "The Terror Machine" was written in 1950, it can add only a little to what we have learned since then about Soviet policies and aims. Klimov was never in any doubt about the prime cause of the new war danger. If there is war the Kremlin will be responsible for it. Klimov soon realized that Stalin had no desire to collaborate with the democracies. He also observed that the German people soon lost their respect for the German

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Communist Party leaders since their power existed only by virtue of Russian bayonets. The recent riots in Germany have proved that Klimov was a keen-eyed observer.

But he is more than that. Since he is an excellent storyteller, we learn a great deal about his friends in the MVD who were even less enthusiastic than he was about the regime. We also meet his family, and his rather phlegmatic girl friend in Moscow. He dramatically describes his colleagues' constant fear of being spied upon and arrested for some minor offense. This is, perhaps, the most valuable part of his narrative, because it is here that we meet the "New Soviet Man." This man, we see, is less concerned about physical hardships or suffering in a Sovietized world than he is about the rights and privileges of the individual, about the future, and about all ideas which threaten to terrorize the human mind. Many of his fellow-officers, Klimov says, regarded themselves as prisoners of the System. They did not protest.

Only when Major Klimov, in his thoughts, wanders back into the past do we question some of his startling assertions. He writes that Stalin had known for a long time that Hitler would attack in 1941 and had prepared for a defensive war in three phases. In the first phase men were sacrificed as cannon fodder with old uniforms and old weapons. The new weapons and uniforms were held in reserve for the third phase, when the Germans would be worn out in exploitation of Russia's vast territory and her material reserves. Klimov also states that in 1941 when the Germans approached Moscow many thousands of fleeing people, most of them Jews, were mercilessly shot by Stalin's security forces. Yet on the whole "The Terror Machine"—with its emphasis on the "machine" rather than the "terror"—is a convincing document of our times.

Raja Hutheesing—"fair and accurate."

Beneath China's Communist Crust

"The Great Peace," by Raja Hutheesing *(Harper. 246 pp. $3.50), is a report on two visits to Red China by a leading Indian journalist, the brother-in-law of Prime Minister Nehru. Our reviewer, Robert Payne, is the author of "Mao Tse-tung: Ruler of Red China."*

By Robert Payne

IN the long, tragic, and remorseless history of China there have been few periods of peace, fewer periods when the people were content with their lot. A vast country without forests, with only a little coal and iron, and only comparatively few areas where the earth is productive, where nearly all mechanical tasks are performed by human labor, the machines going to ruin, the fields at the perpetual mercy of flood and drought, —such a country, we tell ourselves, is too vast and altogether too tragic for the human mind to embrace. No one can say he understands China, as we can understand England or Switzerland. The prophets have been proved wrong; the authorities knew less than they thought they knew. It was always best to regard China with humility, but humility was precisely the quality in which the West was lacking. So we blundered, and rarely if ever did we come to understand the mysterious springs which move these mysterious people, stranger to us than the inhabitants of Polynesia. Between the West and China there was always a gulf; and though in recent years there have been a number of delegations from India visting China, we are aware that the same gulf separates the Indians and the Chinese.

Raja Hutheesing, the most recent of Indian wanderers to the court of Mao Tse-tung, was under no misapprehensions about the difficulties of his task. He traveled widely in Communist China on two separate visits in 1951 and 1952. The first visit was made when he was a member of an official mission blessed by the Indian National Congress, the second when he decided to check his earlier impressions as a journalist known to have opposed the program of the Congress Party during the Indian elections. As the brother-in-law of Nehru, and a one-time favorite, he had easy access to the Prime Minister, but seems to have acquired a distaste for Nehru's increasingly authoritarian temper, and received little help from the Indian Government and its representative in Peking. The first visit, then, followed the familiar pattern: conducted tours, state banquets, interminable speeches, receptions by high dignitaries—at one of these receptions, where the Indian delegation offered rich presents to Mao Tse-tung on behalf of the people of India, he observed that Mao simply waved them aside, much as the former Chinese Emperor waved aside the offerings of a British ambassador.

Appalled by Communist officialdom, Hutheesing embarked on his second visit in the hope that he would be able to peer beneath the crust. Then the storm broke. India's official representative in Peking decided that Hutheesing was a menace to the Communist regime and did everything possible to make his travels intolerable. Left to his own resources, often without permits, shadowed by spies, and at the mercy of Ambassador Pannikar's whims, Hutheesing did the best he could; and by a series of miracles succeeded in breaking through large areas of the Communist crust. He returned with an account of Communist China which gives every impression of being as fair and accurate as any we are likely to receive.

THE publisher's blurb on "The Great Peace" says: "A noted Indian journalist went to China with a sympathetic interest in its Soviet experiment. What he saw there changed his mind." It is not quite true. He found a good deal to praise. The currency was well managed. Labor was proud of its accomplishments. The agrarian reform laws were working reasonably well. Production had gone up, and the famine areas were being drastically reduced. There was a new spirit in the people. Though the bureaucracy was as foolhardy, authoritarian, and small-minded as ever, the peasants who form the majority of the people seemed to be more contented than they had ever been. Hutheesing makes no bones about the Communist triumph among the peasants. He says:

> There is peace and order. Bandits and armed men of the warlords no longer ravage the countryside. Secret societies are

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no longer a menace. The peasant carries on his work without the old fear of murder and rape. He has more things he can call his own, for he retains a greater part of the fruits of his labor. Above all, the land which he works is his own. He is happy because he has a little more cloth to wear, a little more food to eat. The gods he once worshiped and obeyed now hold no fears for him. He no longer feels that it is his inexorable fate to be poor. What Buddha has denied him has become his own by his own efforts.

Against the Communist triumph with the peasants must be set the Communist failures. They are many and large. There is the constant shortage of raw materials, the constant drain on people's energy by brainwashing and propaganda. Propaganda is always outreaching itself: vast claims, for example, are being continually made concerning improvements in industry, but industrial progress remains slow. Education, especially technical education, remains at a low ebb. Hutheesing visited the exhibition intended to prove that the Americans had employed germ warfare, and was not impressed by the exhibits; nor was he impressed by the refusal of the Chinese Communists to accept an independent investigation. Literature was subordinated to politics, and so were art, cinema, and drama. The greatest living Chinese painter was living out his last days in loneliness and poverty. Doctrinaire Marxism was in the saddle, and the people had no voice in the formation of policy: they were allowed to sing the praises of Mao Tse-tung and pay their taxes and receive the crumbs from the Chinese Communist tables. Hutheesing was struck by the fact that law and order were being maintained, and he returns to a consideration of the great peace in China:

> For millions of people on the land this is the great peace, the peace in which they can till the land they own and eat their daily bread. But soon the fruits of land reform will appear illusory as the pressure of the population operates upon it. The Communists' foreign policy has tied the country to a new imperialism which seeks to dominate not only men's lives but also men's minds. In the process a new slavery is being imposed on the millions of people. Inevitably, by its own logic, this so-called New Democracy is sowing the seeds of its own decay.

It may be that Hutheesing has here overstated his case: there is some-

(*Continued on page* 42)

FICTION

601st Captain, Royal Navy

***C. S. Forester's "Hornblower and the* Atropos"** *(Little, Brown. 325 pp. $3.50) begins and at the same time completes the fictional career of that fabulous seaman, Horatio Hornblower. Its publication gives Merle Miller a chance to offer a paean of praise to a professional writer in the finest sense, Cecil Scott Forester.*

By Merle Miller

CECIL SCOTT FORESTER is not generally thought of as a major writer. Like Somerset Maugham, he refuses to take himself very seriously. Like Maugham, he insists that his purpose is neither to instruct nor to inform.

When he writes a novel, Forester has said, he tries only "to keep pleasantly occupied for a few hours the minds of the people who . . . read . . . the book . . . Fiction does not mean the truth and certainly does not mean the whole truth and most certainly does not mean nothing but the truth.

"Why," he asks, "does a novelist write novels? He may want to exhibit himself; he may want money, but whatever his motive or his end the means he employs is first to catch and then to hold the attention of his readers."

In the means he has used in some twenty novels, scores of short stories, and at least one memorable television series Mr. Forester has earned the fascinated attention of several million readers and millions of other lookers and listeners. Whatever he writes has a happy habit of being published in a magazine like *The Saturday Evening Post,* chosen by a book club, made into a movie, or all three—a jackpot.

However, although he obviously doesn't mind much, Forester and his works are largely ignored by the academicians who pass judgment on which of their contemporaries are producing literature—a judgment that is, of course, largely ignored by posterity. What's more, unlike such fellow Britishers as, say, Graham Greene and Henry Green, Joyce Cary and William Sansom, Mr. Forester's interests and writings are so varied that he is a difficult man to classify.

In this country, despite the happy fact that his publishers reissued it in 1947, "The General" has been one of his less successful endeavors. Nevertheless, it is the best novel written about the British Army between the First and Second World Wars, and, whatever the author's intention, it contains a good deal of information about the faults of any peacetime army between any wars. "The Ship," even though it was published during hostilities, a time when it is next to impossible to deal realistically with the military, is even now as revealing a look at the Royal Navy as the longer and far less interesting "The Cruel Sea."

"Payment Deferred" is a skilled model for all of the novels of suspense that have been written since, and, of course, "The African Queen" is one of the half dozen best adventure stories ever told. In addition, Mr. Forester seems to know nearly all there is available about the Napoleonic wars; to give only two examples, "Rifleman Dodd" and "The Gun," published separately and together, are first-rate examples of what historical novels ought to be and once were and almost never are any more. And then, and it is surely his major achievement, C. S. Forester has created that already classic hero, Horatio Hornblower, whose exploits will surely continue to be read and admired and remembered by generations of small boys, from the time they learn to read until their eyesight gives out.

Apparently, Mr. Forester can turn out Horatio books and stories by the column, the page, or the book, what-

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ever is called for. The practice is not necessarily a reprehensible one. The result is what matters and all that matters, and the result, even in the latest Horatio novel, "Horatio and the *Atropos*," is delightful. Sometimes this new one creaks a little, but then so does "Bleak House," and, even though Mr. Dickens was getting paid by the word, he still created a masterpiece. Forester is, like Dickens, a professional.

I suspect that someone who happens on Horatio for the first time in "Hornblower and the *Atropos*" will be somewhat puzzled by it, but the more fortunate of us not only know the beginning of the story but the middle as well, though not, it is to be hoped, the end. As the publishers explain on the jacket, the new novel "fills in the three-year gap between 'Lieutenant Hornblower' and 'Captain Horatio Hornblower'." And what a gap it is!

As the story opens Horatio, who is the 601st captain on the Royal Navy's list of 602, is on his way to London to take command of the *Atropos*, "not a frigate, but a sloop so big—twenty-two guns—as to justify having a captain and not a commander." Maria is beside him, patient, pregnant, and, as usual, exasperating. So is little Horatio, who will, I fear, never be quite his father's equal.

After a rather leisurely beginning things happen fast; they always do. Horatio is placed in charge of Lord Nelson's funeral, and it is not revealing a major secret to mention that the captain's watch is very nearly also entombed. In the Mediterranean, to which Hornblower is ordered immediately after the birth of little Maria, he has a big and, for a lesser man, almost insurmountably difficult job ahead of him. He, with some help from the rest of the British fleet, must head off any moves that Napoleon Bonaparte may be tempted to make now that Austerlitz has given him command of all of continental Europe.

We, of course, know that Horatio has very little to worry about, but we do not know, and we are delighted to discover, that he is also scheduled to have an entirely satisfactory dispute with the Turks—allies of the British but, under no circumstances, to be trusted, that he will recover most of a sunken treasure in Marmorice Bay, and that his tiny sloop joins battle with a Spanish frigate. It would be unfair to reveal how the engagement turns out, but no true Horatio fan will be disappointed.

In the end Horatio returns to England, reasonably sure of the command of his own frigate. First, however, he is alarmed to find that both little Maria and little Horatio are dangerously ill. He realizes and, for that matter, so do we, what the trouble is: Smallpox.

Well, nobody in his right mind could leave Hornblower in a fix like that, even though "Hornblower and the *Atropos*" is ended. Besides, the solution is simple enough. It is to reread "Beat to Quarters," "Ships of the Line," and "Flying Colours." They are just as exciting as ever, and now I am trying to choose between "Commodore Hornblower" and "Lord Hornblower," which is obviously ridiculous. The answer is to reread both of them, unless in the meantime Forester turns out another Hornblower book. I hope he does. I hope he never stops.

C. S. Forester may not be major, but he is everlastingly entertaining.

Light on Formosa

"A Pail of Oysters," by Vern Sneider *(G. P. Putnam. 311 pp. $3.50), records the life and aspirations of a simple Formosan peasant. Pat Frank, who reviews it here, is the author of "Hold Back the Night," a novel of the Korean War, and "The Long Way Round," the memoirs of a Far Eastern correspondent.*

By Pat Frank

IT is not often that one is privileged to read a novel like the new one by the author of "The Teahouse of the August Moon." Vern Sneider's "A Pail of Oysters" combines beauty of expression, originality of thought, and contemporary historical importance; it is a bright light thrust into the infected peritonium of Formosa, into a region murky with propaganda. It is a true light, which shows nothing as sheer black or white, but in many shades of gray.

It is a novel that will infuriate some, and delight others. It may be denounced by the China Lobby's kept journalists and legislators, yet it may also be vilified by the Communists. Its theme is quite simple. The people of Formosa are Formosans, not Chinese Communists or Chinese Nationalists. Since about the last person a visiting American is likely to meet in Formosa is a true Formosan, Mr. Sneider presents an entirely new picture of the strategically and politically important island. Formosa is more than a pawn in the world struggle. It is at least a Castle, but within the Castle its rightful owners (if you believe in Woodrow Wilson's self-determination of peoples) are at best servants and at worst slaves. The Castle is presently the property of Chiang Kai-shek. If Chiang were not in occupancy, and protected by the American Navy, it would be subject to Mao Tse-tung. Mr. Sneider carefully points out the similarities between the two, as dictators, and operators of police states. Strangely, their methods stem from the same source—the Kremlin.

Among all Formosans Li Liu is the poorest and most humble. He is of a family of oyster growers who work in the tidal flats. In the beginning he saves a pail of oysters from scavenging Save-the-Country soldiers who guard the flats against invasion by the People's Liberation Army.

To understand this book it must be understood that this pail of oysters is as important to the family of Li Liu as a bank account, insurance, and

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TWO-TIMING BARDS

Helen Pettigrew of Charleston, Arkansas, has assembled a dozen examples of poets who repeated themselves, sometimes by way of emphasis, sometimes to piece out a bob-tailed line. You are asked to identify work and author in each instance. If, of the twenty-four required units, you come up with fewer than sixteen, the verdict is no-no, from sixteen to twenty so-so, and above twenty ho!-ho! Answers on page 40.

1. Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
2. A horse! a horse!
3. Sail on! Sail on!
4. Lest we forget—lest we forget!
5. I'm coming, I'm coming
6. At Kew, at Kew
7. His nose, his nose, his nose
8. I remember, I remember
9. Tiger, tiger
10. Half a league, half a league, half a league
11. Bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells
12. America! America!

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credit, all combined, is important to an American family. This pail of oysters can be traded for rice, millet, a new needle to replace the one that broke, and quinine to keep the father alive.

Li Liu is trusted with some of the oysters to trade for rice in the farmland that lies back of the tideland. So begins an adventure that takes him to the capital, Taipei, and companionship with two people his own age, a brother and sister owned by an entrepreneur of the city.

In his skilful presentation of Formosans, the characters make statements shocking until examined, evaluated, and finally judged true. Like the Japanese occupation of Formosa. "The Japanese took," says a landowner, "yet they gave, too. They gave us electric lights; and the great irrigation ditches which bring water so we can grow rice . . . and the improved rice. They took, but they always left plenty for us . . . not like these swine."

Two Americans rise as strong characters. Both are correspondents. One is "an old China hand" who accepts corruption and prefers to look the other way while murder is done. The other is "a good man." We have "bad men" and "good men" in our ubiquitous Westerns, and so we might as well have them in our Easterns.

Mr. Sneider was a platoon commander in the Pacific, and a commander of regimental scouts during World War II. As a member of U. S. military government he bossed a city of 5,000 refugees on Okinawa. He went to Korea in 1945, and had charge of sheltering and feeding a million refugees fleeing from the Communists north of Parallel 38. His novel, I feel, should be especially recommended to Congressmen and statesmen who "made" Formosa for forty-eight hours on Far Eastern junkets, and who were most unlikely to meet, or talk to, anyone like Li Liu, or his friends, Precious Jade and Didi. If they read it they will comprehend why all our money and all our men can't put Chiang Kai-shek together again.

Stillness

By Witter Bynner

YOU might suddenly be as far
As if upon an unseen star,
So still you are.

Not now a wave for seas to fill
You might be stone on any hill,
You are so still.

M. P. on the Spot

"Who Goes Home," by Maurice Edelman *(J. B. Lippincott. 287 pp. $3.50) is a novel about the public and private lives of a group of members of the British House of Parliament, written by a Conservative M. P.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

MAURICE EDELMAN'S "Who Goes Home," already a good seller in England, France, and Germany, undoubtedly will be popular in the United States. It moves as rapidly as a first-rate mystery. The varied cast of characters is plausible, but no one of them is troublesomely complex. Although the novel is mainly concerned with British politics, the political figures, their wives, and their friends are as recognizably human as Roosevelt. But "Who Goes Home" is not just a popular novel; it is also an intelligent fictional exploration of a political problem that could arise in any country—and frequently has.

Michael Erskine, Minister for Economic Relations, apparently is approaching the peak of his career. He has successfully negotiated an agreement with America that will provide Britain with badly needed machine tools; he has the confidence of the Prime Minister (who remarkably resembles Churchill), is often mentioned as "the Old Man's" probable successor. However, at the moment when he is about to be named the new Chancellor of the Exchequer a scandal breaks about his acceptance of a "loan" from an unscrupulous lobbyist for United Middleton Machine Tools. Newspapers and opposition politicians manipulate the scandal so that Parliament calls for an investigation of Erskine's activity in the United States. Since the effectiveness of the novel depends greatly upon the skilful handling of suspense it seems unfair to summarize further, though the novel would be worth reading even if one knew the plot.

"Who Goes Home" rises above the usual level of political novels because Mr. Edelman can write with dispassionate intelligence about the contemporary political scene he is himself involved in as a member of Parliament. Though Mr. Edelman seems to prefer the Conservative political position, it is Morgan, who went to the worker's college at Oxford and opposes too much subservience to the United States, that tries most ardently to save Erskine from the consequences of his private indiscretion. Mr. Edelman is scrupulously fair in his presentation of both sides' view of Anglo-American relations, "the central issue of our times." Similarly, in his masterful dramatization of Parliamentary debates and country house arguments both Conservatives and Laborites speak wittily and with an almost incredible lack of stupidity. None of the characters, from the mischief-making Lord Huberton and the credibly malign Spencer to the too patiently Griseldaish Jane Erskine, are denied the ability to talk well and relevantly.

"Who Goes Home" nevertheless seems a little glib if one compares it to older novels such as Disraeli's "Sybil" or newer novels such as Galsworthy's "The Patrician," which have similar aims. One wonders whether Jane Erskine's final action is the consequence of her presented character or of the author's wish to gain sympathy for Erskine. Since Erskine seems to be speaking for Mr. Edelman, one is disappointed by the lack of depth of some of his pronouncements. To keep the party in power, Erskine says, is the essence of political conscience, and the statesman's first duty "is to devote himself to his country's self-interest." But this does not mean that even the highest browed among us can afford to view Mr. Edelman's novel superciliously. "Who Goes Home" not only entertains, a more than slight virtue; it also helps the reader to understand contemporary British politics and how Great Britain thinks about us and see the immense unfairness often involved in the public's appraisal of the political man who must, after all, be a private man too.

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Up out of Orcus

"The Quest," by Elizabeth Langgässer *(translated by Jane Bannard Greene. Alfred A. Knopf. 370 pp. $4), is the story of the pilgrimage of seven men and women through war-ravaged Germany, richly embroidered with symbols.*

By Ben Ray Redman

"THE QUEST" is the last novel written by Elizabeth Langgässer, who died in 1950, and the first of her books to come into English. Brilliantly translated, it reveals the mind and art of an extraordinary writer, a poet in prose as well as in verse; a writer steeped in the learning of books and the learning of life, whose searching reason and winged imagination were equally at home in the world of man's most ancient myths and the world of man's post-quantum, indeterminancy physics.

The mere story of "The Quest" may be told quickly. During the summer of 1945 seven persons, four men and three women, find themselves leaving the ruined city of Berlin and traveling with a common goal—the convent at Anastasiendorf—all of them intent, each in his own way, upon escape from the reality in which they have been mired, from the hell into which they have severally descended; and equally intent upon the discovery of their true selves and, again each in his own way, upon personal redemption. After certain experiences, and shifting relationships, they all reach the convent; but they do not reach it together, and one of them reaches it only after death.

Yes, the story in outline is simple enough. But what the author has made of it is strange and wonderful and beautiful, and sometimes difficult to understand. Meaning underlies meaning, symbol supplements symbol; vistas of thought open up before us, dissolve, and reform into new vistas; old myths explain the characters of the pilgrims—and they do more than explain, for the myths themselves live vividly with the new life that is given to them by their incarnation in the seven men and women.

If there is a single sentence that leads to the heart of this book, it is probably: "What a task to bring one's own soul up out of Orcus!" And another sentence voices a theme that is played with many variations: "For that matter, who isn't an Orpheus. today, and who isn't a Eurydice?" The pilgrims are likened to "the suffering Odysseus, lashed to the mast . . . bound to their guilt and driven onward by the wind of destiny." More insistently they are likened to the Argonauts in quest of the Golden Fleece (the German title of this novel is "Märkische Argonautenfahrt"), but their Fleece is to be found in a Cistercian convent, upon which falls the radiance of the Virgin and the sickle moon, and over whose high altar is inscribed *Gratias Agamus Deo Domine Nostro.*

It is hard to speak of Elizabeth Langässer's writing skill, her virtuosity and range, in any words but superlatives. She is mistress of many styles and moods, mistress of rhapsody and plain prose, of naturalism and surrealism. She can snare the most elusive ideas in her verbal nets; she can paint pictures that arrest us by their beauty or their horror. She can express the profoundest speculative insights with startling economy, as, for example, when she makes an old priest speak of a "God, whose hands are tied by the freedom of His creatures, whose creatures must come to His aid, as it were, in order for His will to be done."

What Elizabeth Langgässer conspicuously lacks is a sense of form, and she is guilty at times of making things needlessly difficult for her readers. In this novel, too, she fails to fulfil in the end the promise of the book's beginning and middle; or at least she does so, in my judgment, with the result that parts of "The Quest" seem to me to be greater than the whole. But to ask for more than she gives is ungracious.

Elizabeth Langgässer—"winged."

Fiction Notes

NICE YOUNG COUPLE: In a literary ag of detectives and defectives Alm Routsong's first novel, **"A Gradual Joy"** (Houghton Mifflin, clothbound, $2 Ballantine Books, paperbound, 35¢) deserves an immediate and warn welcome. For this is that differen thing in current fiction, a modest littl story of two clean people cleanly i love; it remains interesting despit the fact that it makes no contributio to Dr. Kinsey.

The story line is straight but deep Jim Seton, recovering from a le wound in a Navy hospital, finds him self vibrating emotionally with Wave on ward duty named Henrietta The romance is a bit unexpected sinc Henrietta is bespectacled, pudgy stern, intellectual, and unglamorou in a disconcertingly comprehensiv way. She can't dance but she can fi a car, and amoebas interest her mor than the world-shaking ruler of M Dior. She wants to be a doctor.

Jim wants to be a teacher of history So almost before you can say Toynbe and Pasteur they get married and tak up lodgings in the trailer colony a Michigan State, each dedicated to hi own vocational star and pleased (fo a while) with their "no-nonsense marriage. Of course, complication follow, the most important being baby. In the meantime the Seton have discovered that marriage is a art and a consecration as well as contract, and that love can happe afterwards as well as before.

Miss Routsong fills her story wit shrewd observation of her generatio and excellent talk. Her salute to th G.I. Bill of Rights is enthusiastic an (in the view of the undersigne teacher) completely justified. He next novel will doubtless be mor complex; it couldn't be more hones and heartfelt. —CHARLES LEE.

LIFE BEHIND THE BE-BOP: During the pa seven or eight years novels abou jazz have become as fashionable a books on the diet. And, like mo writing on jazz, they have tended t be coy, cliched, or just plain flatulen Edwin Gilbert's **"The Hot and th Cool"** (Doubleday, $3.50) comes ver close to being a welcome exceptio It is the story of a young be-bo pianist named Kip Nelson, who ha been emasculated in an accident, an works in a bop sextet in a respectabl roadhouse just across the Georg Washington Bridge from New Yor With Philoctetes and his wound an the bow lurking in the backgroun Nelson falls disastrously in love wit a singer imported from New Yor

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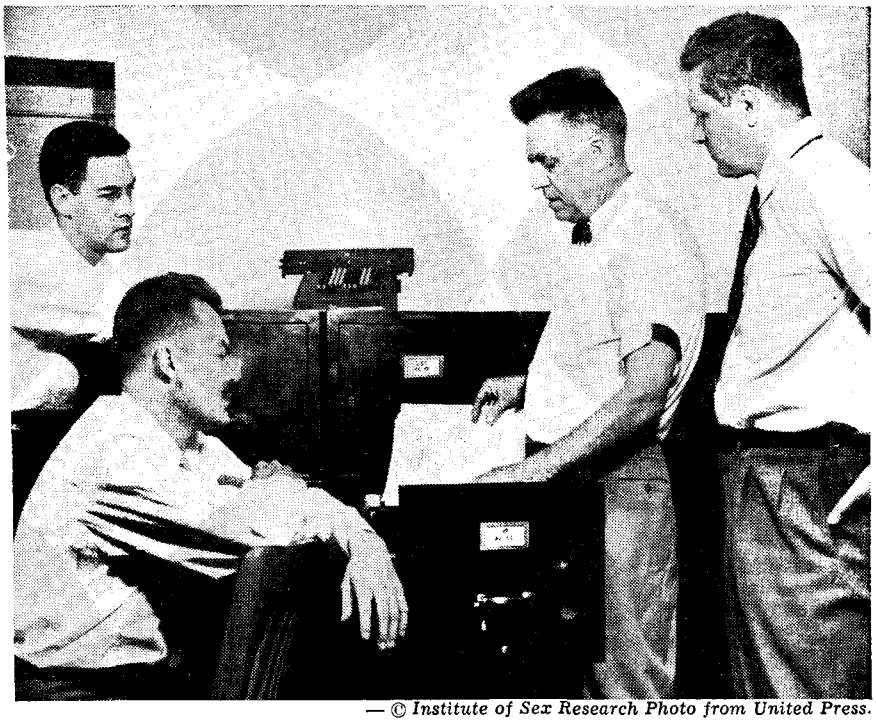

— © *Institute of Sex Research Photo from United Press.*

. Clyde E. Martin, Dr. Paul H. Gebhard, Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, Dr. Wardell B. Pomeroy.

What the Girls Told

***exual Behavior in the Human male," by Alfred C. Kinsey, ardell B. Pomeroy, Clyde E. rtin, and Paul H. Gebhard** (W. Saunders. 842 pp. $8), extends to distaff side the studies of Indiana iversity's Institute for Sex Research. r reviewer, Dr. Karl Menninger of Menninger Foundation, is one of nation's leading psychiatrists. Be- se the popular press familiarized the olic with the salient findings of the k before its publication, Dr. Men- ger in his review has not undertaken ummarize its contents but has con- trated on critical appraisal.*

Karl Menninger, M.D.

S everyone now knows, some years ago a distinguished ento- mologist, intrigued by the per- al problems submitted to him by lents in his classes at Indiana versity, was moved to seek an- rs to those questions by asking a siderable number of cooperative ow creatures to tell him frankly it their own personal experiences been. This inquiry he and three associates gradually extended to more than 16,000 men and women, selecting his total "sample" more and more carefully in the direction of advice from students of statistical science. Influenced by his professional experience in studying insects, in which the significance of a fact is reinforced by its frequency of repetition, Professor Alfred C. Kinsey then tabulated the incidence and timing of atomistic sections of the behavior and sensations reported by his communicants.

From this he arrived at various totals, split into subtotals by reference to such extraneous criteria as the economic and educational "level" of the subject interviewed, the existence or non-existence of a marriage license, the number of *years* lived, and the relative devoutness of religious conviction—to select only a few.

The first results of this study, conscientiously pursued over a period of ten years, appeared in 1948 as "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male"; the second report, "Sexual Behavior in the Human Female," has just been published. Together they clearly demonstrate the existence of various phenomena long familiar to psychiatrists, which apparently neither Kinsey and his colleagues, nor some members of the general public, had previously been quite able to bring themselves to believe. They document with figures precisely what Freud submitted years ago in his famous book "Civilization and Its Discontents"—that civilized man has inhibitions which cost him something in the interest of the total welfare of society. Coming, as this does, from a scientist skilled in collecting numerical data without contamination by the prejudices of psychiatric experience, the Kinsey material is all the more impressive.

Another man whom Professor Kinsey resembles is Havelock Ellis, who also persisted earnestly in the proposition that sexuality was noble and beautiful, and not shameful and wicked. But Ellis was a social philosopher, and Freud was a discoverer, clinician, and theoretician. Kinsey is not a theoretician, not a clinician, and not actually a discoverer, but a taxonomist. He had curiosity, the mainspring of scientific research, and he had an ingenious idea; with earnestness, persistence, patience, and courage he listened to, recorded, and tabulated what many people told him of their experiences. Thus he has produced a set of statistics which, criticize them as we may, do have a certain scientific validity and a prodigious interest for the general public.

It is difficult for a fellow scientist affiliated with a branch of the science for which Professor Kinsey appears to have a somewhat hysterical antipathy to appraise his new volume with complete objectivity. The real difficulty a psychiatrist has in reviewing the book arises from the sharp difference in our viewpoints regarding the science of man.

AFTER the appearance of the volume on males five years ago I went on record as believing that this might prove to be one of the most important scientific studies published in our lifetime. Together with many other psychiatrists and social scientists, I admired the intrepidity, persistence, and earnest purpose of the authors. I heartily concurred in their apparent convictions that individual variation deserves respect, and not intolerant condemnation. We all rejoiced in the Kinsey group's success in crashing the iron curtain of social hypocrisy and submitting convincing data in a way that Freud, Havelock Ellis, Kraft-Ebbing, W. F. Robey, Margaret Sanger, Victor Robinson, G. V. Hamilton, R. L. Dickinson, K. Davis, and hundreds of psychiatrists whose names I have no room to list, had failed to do.

But, along with many of my col-

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The Saturday Review

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Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON
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Should Teachers Testify?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest editorial is by the president of Smith College, Benjamin F. Wright.*

DURING the past academic year the discussion of academic freedom was unprecedented in frequency, in virulence, and in absence of agreement. Whether the alarms and confusions of that year will be repeated in the one now opening we do not know, but there is no present indication that the wide gulf of misunderstanding has been bridged.

The climate of opinion produced by postwar reaction, like that of the decade following World War I, is one in which distrust of ideas flourishes, and it was accentuated by the prolonged and indecisive fighting in Korea. No one who is familiar with American history should expect the present suspicions to come to an immediate end; no one concerned with the future of American colleges and universities should do less than he can to bring about a better understanding of the nature of academic freedom and of its importance for the future of Western civilization.

Academic freedom is the equivalent in the schools and colleges of freedom of speech in public life. Neither is found in the Communist countries. These freedoms are the very essence of a "scheme of ordered liberty." It is therefore deeply disturbing that there are some men in American public life today who seem to associate dissent with disloyalty or even treason, some who would repudiate the traditions of our constitutional system.

Freedom of speech has never been unlimited. It never included the right to slander or to libel one's neighbors. It never, in the famous phrase of Mr. Justice Holmes, justified a person in falsely shouting "fire" in a crowded theatre and causing a panic. It never included the right to commit treason, or the right to engage in conspiracy, for conspiracy involves secrecy, concealment, rather than the open expression of ideas and beliefs. As we have recently observed in Czechoslovakia, popular governments are vulnerable to a combination of stealth and force where open persuasion has little effect.

To distinguish between freedom of speech and conspiracy, between dissent and treason, does not imply a qualified belief in the importance of freedom of speech, nor does it indicate that this basic freedom should be confined to trivial matters. Freedom of speech is as essential today as it was when Madison, who was discussing the contingent threat of faction to popular government in the tenth *Federalist*, wrote that "liberty is to faction what air is to fire, an aliment without which it instantly expires. But it would not be less folly to abolish liberty, which is essential to political life because it nourishes faction, than it would be to wish the annihilation of air, which is essential to animal life because it imparts to fire its destructive agency."

In 1787 the colleges were already making their characteristic contributions to American life, for they are older than the Republic and they share in the responsibility for its success. It is by no means an accident that the oldest written constitutions in the world today were largely the work of two college graduates, both of them superbly educated men, John Adams of Harvard and James Madison of Princeton.

ACADEMIC freedom is as essential to education as freedom of speech is to constitutional government. Basically it is the right to seek and to teach the truth as impartially as human powers will permit. It is not just the right to transmit officially approved doctrines about chemistry or literature or metaphysics or international relations. Within the area of his professional competence the scholar and teacher is and must remain free to seek for new truth, for new interpretations and he must be allowed to state his views and to defend them.

The teacher is also a citizen and as such he is entitled to the civil rights of citizens, including freedom of speech and constitutional protections against arbitrary or unfair trials. Like other citizens, he is not to be presumed guilty because accused, but is presumed innocent until proven guilty.

Those who demand the rights of free citizenship must recognize the obligations which go with them. These involve inconvenience, even dangers, to the individual concerned. Neither freedom of speech nor academic freedom involves exemption from criticism or from the social penalties which are always attached to the expression of unpopular views, especially in time of war or quasi-war. The role of the dissenter is not for the weak-kneed.

The schools and colleges are no more exempt from critical discussion than are the teachers, but recent accusations and investigations too frequently resemble some of those in the past which today appear as the product of narrow prejudice and misguided fears. Such attacks can be a serious threat to standards of education, particularly in the public schools and in those colleges where the tradition of academic freedom is not well established. The principal focus of the current problem relates, however, to the investigation of the schools and colleges by committees of Congress.

It is not only our right, it is our duty, as citizens to ask whether these committees are sincerely desirous of promoting the best interest of the colleges and whether, indeed, they are competent to serve as the guardian of free educational institutions. Unfortunately, some of those who are carrying on the investigations seem principally concerned to get and to keep their names before the voter as ardent foes of Communism. Some have little respect for the traditional safeguards for accused persons. At least one of the prominent investiga

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tors is believed by many patriotic citizens to be guilty of the kind of demagoguery most deeply feared by the Founding Fathers as threatening the stability of representative government.

Teachers, like other citizens, should point out the defects in the method and in the approach of the committees. Above all they should insist that the investigations be confined to the discovery of conspiracy or treason, not to the enforcement of a sterile conformity.

Discussions of the investigations have been particularly confused by the debate over the giving of testimony before the committees. The central issue may be divided into two parts: Should one who is called before such a committee testify about his present and past membership and activities in the Communist Party? Should a witness give the names of persons whom he knew to be engaged in such activities? In my opinion the answer to both of these questions is "yes," though the methods of the committee chairmen make it difficult to adhere to one of the first principles of democracy.

WE need to be quite clear about the point under discussion. It is not sufficient to challenge the competence of the committees, or even their procedures. These committees have not always deserved respect and have often merited contempt, but they were established by overwhelming majorities of Congress and have strong support in public opinion. It is an essential precept of popular government that the citizen must cooperate with its agencies, even though he disapproves of their objectives, criticizes them, and seeks to bring about a change. Democratic governments cannot long endure if each citizen may decide for himself when he will submit and when he will refuse. The philosophic anarchism of Thoreau occasionally appeals to those romantics who do not consider that its application would have made the kind of organized society in which Thoreau lived and enjoyed his particular brand of individualism quite impossible.

To the best of my knowledge and belief there is no real danger from Communism in the colleges and universities of this country at the present time. During the Thirties a handful of teachers and students accepted the Communist Party as the only available means to fight unemployment and Fascism. The Fifties are quite different from the Thirties, partly because of the defeat of Fascism in the war, partly because the Depression with its tremendous unemployment is gone, partly because of Korea and a general awareness of the nature and objectives of Communism. Marxism has virtually no appeal for the students of today. But the very fact that a number of witnesses have refused to give testimony, either about themselves or about others, has obscured the present situation. Many people believe that there must be a present conspiracy when witness after witness refuses to testify on the ground that an answer would tend to incriminate. Some of the latter are presumably guilty, others profess to think of themselves as innocent martyrs to the principles of free thought and association. What right they have to be included in that frequently honorable, and sometimes noble, category remains unclear. And certainly they have involved the academic profession, as well as themselves, in an atmosphere of suspicion.

One of the reasons most frequently given by teachers for believing that those called before Congressional committees should not testify is that the committees have no right to investigate political opinions. When opinion alone is involved that view cannot be disagreed with. As the Supreme Court held in the Barnette Case, "If there is any fixed star in our

constitutional constellation, it is that no official, high or petty, can prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics, nationalism, religion, or other matters of opinion or force citizens to confess by word or act, their faith therein." But the Communist Party is not just a political organization. It is also conspiratorial. Academic freedom, like freedom of speech, does not include the right to engage in conspiracy, whether Communist, Fascist, or one involving a breach of the ordinary criminal laws. If there are persons in the academic profession engaged in such conspiracies we should know about them. The colleges must have, and protect, the critical minds, but they are not sanctuaries for those who would follow the example of Klaus Fuchs.

IT is necessary corollary of academic freedom that every teacher disclose the affiliations which predetermine his conclusions and his actions. The Communist is not a free man as we have understood that term, and he is prohibited by the nature of his controlling faith from following wherever the argument or the research leads, just as he is rendered incapable of giving an objective judgment on virtually all controversial issues.

No sensitive and conscientious person would be other than distressed by the necessity of identifying those whom he had known at one time as members of the Communist Party. But does not the moral basis of democratic government, the doctrine which in the eighteenth century was known as the social contract—the agreement of each with all to cooperate in establishing a commonwealth—require that such testimony be given about others as well as about oneself? If a former member of the Communist Party is now opposed to Communism how can he reconcile his opposition with refusal to disclose the names of those known to him to have been Communists at one time? He may believe that they are no longer members but he can never be sure that that is a fact. Deceit and dissimulation are the policies of that organization. It is difficult to see how the citizen who believes in democratic institutions can reconcile the refusal to give information with the responsibilities of citizenship in a free society, how the teacher can reconcile that attitude with respect for the candid and open statement of the truth which is an essential element of academic freedom. Nor can they ignore the effect upon public sentiment. Though the justification for the investigation of Communism in schools and colleges almost certainly came to an end some years ago, if it ever existed, refusal to answer on grounds of self-incrimination so obscures the present situation that many citizens and members of Congress continue to believe that a conspiracy exists which warrants investigation.

—BENJAMIN F. WRIGHT.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A. J. A.

THE LITERARY I.Q. quiz [*SR* Aug. 29] did an injustice to the memory of one of English literature's most interesting characters. Inviting your readers to match sets of triplet initials with the surnames of authors, you gave one solution as "A. J. A. Symonds," although he spelled his name Symons, without the "d." Probably you confused A. J. A. Symons with John Addington Symonds.

The initials A. J. A. stand for Alphonse James Albert Symons, who was a London bookseller, founder of the First Edition Club and of the Wine and Food Society, bibliographer and literary detective, scholar, and biographer of another interesting author, Frederick William Rolfe, "Baron Corvo," whose life and works Symons unveiled and whose books he brought to light from utter obscurity to enjoy their now spreading vogue.

Recently Julian Symons wrote a life of his brother entitled "A. J. A. Symons: His Life and Speculations." It is perhaps relevant to your quiz to recall that in this book Julian Symons tells how A. J. A. Symons amused himself, as he lay slowly dying of an obscure brain disease, by composing epitaphs for himself. The wittiest and, for your quiz setter, the most apt was "AJAS—ALAS."

M. ESKOLSKY.

New York, N. Y.

EMERSON'S BARTLETT PEARS

THE PROVENANCE of a story is sometimes as interesting as the story itself. Here is a case in point.

In June 1952 my book "Who Lived Here?" was published. In June 1953 I received a letter from Mrs. Attilla Normen of Winslow, Bainbridge Island, Washington, saying that she had read my book and was interested especially in a chapter relating to Emerson and Concord. She was herself a Southerner and until she was twenty, in 1892—which places her present age at more than eighty—had never seen a New Englander. Then, in Kentucky, she met with Stephen Swift, a railroad man, originally from Concord. Her recollection of his talk, sixty years ago, is vivid. He told her about the Alcotts, and remembered Louisa as "constantly barging into games" in which a tomboy was not desired. He remembered Thoreau's hailing him one morning on his way to school and prevailing easily upon him to spend the day with his tempter in the woods, where, as Thoreau promised truly, "he would learn a lot more than those books will tell you."

Then there is this anecdote, in Mrs. Normen's rendering of Stephen Swift's words: "The Emerson's Bartlett pear trees bore the best Bartlett pears in Concord. I liked to carry Nellie Emerson's books home in the Bartlett pear season. Mr. Emerson was pretty sure to be in the yard, and I thought I had to go and talk to him a little while for manners. After a while I would hear a soft thud on the grass, and Mr. Emerson would say, 'Go and get it, Stevie, you know you heard it'!"

It is not an anecdote of importance, but the picture of the Concord boy "making his manners" to Emerson, and the philosopher's direct approach to a boy's heart, seems worth exposing to the light of the present day. It loses nothing from its coming now from an island in the Pacific, and, back of that, from the Kentucky of the early 1890's, and, still farther back, from the Concord of something like half a century earlier.

M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE.

Boston, Mass.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Hurry up, Archimedes! Stop yelling 'Eureka' and let someone else in the bath!"

"IN QUIET DESPERATION"

PROFOUND, CERTAINLY, was John Paterson's article "A Cosmic View of the Private Eye" [*SR* Aug. 22]. How extraordinary that his discoveries were based on what was once considered the lowest depths of literature: despised and ridiculed detective fiction.

Paterson should receive the title Private Eye, Summa Cum Laude, for having so logically disclosed the terrific, saddening causes for the behavior of the modern *shamus*: "He is the symbol of the isolated individual who, in the sense that he has been estranged from the community rather than banished from it, is an exile. He speaks for men who have lost faith in the value of their society."

In much the same mood, Orville Prescott, reviewing Robert Penn Warren's new work, "Brother to Dragons," says:

> Dark is the blood of man, sombre the human heart.
> Hope is only an irrational effort of will.

Incongruously, don't these lines recall far-off Thoreau's words about most men leading their lives "in quiet desperation"?

BERNARD SOBEL.

New York, N. Y.

REFLECTIONS IN A SHAMUS'S EYE

JOHN PATERSON'S "Cosmic View of the Private Eye" is an interesting attempt to relate the popular literary figures of our time to the values of our time. I wish he had carried the thought through to Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer.

It appears that our popular heroes, from Hammer to Superman, have a number of common traits, among them the following: Our hero is capable of establishing his own code of ethics; his personal judgment of right and wrong is infallible; he operates almost entirely outside of normal social institutions; he invariably is his own law maker, law enforcer, judge, and jury; he solves all problems by physical violence. Ultimately he always beats the "bad guy" into a bloody pulp. (In so far as the "good guy" *always* beats the "bad guy" into a bloody pulp, it follows that anybody who beats anybody into a bloody pulp is necessarily a "good guy.")

In normal life such characteristics would be considered somewhat antisocial.

RICHARD A. NORMAN.

Fayetteville, N. Y.

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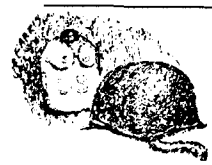
First-Class Fighting Man



By JOHN MASON BROWN

I WAS not there. I only read in the papers about the farewell review in General Bradley's honor. But during these vacation weeks I have often thought about what I did read with resentment and amazement. I am certain the review was impressive. Moving, too. The Army is expert at staging such shows. What disappointed me was the press and what was said, or more truly left unsaid, in the news stories and editorials I saw which touched upon General Bradley's career.

Front-page accounts, accompanied by pictures, told that at Fort McNair two thousand troops from various branches of the Army marched past the stand on which General of the Army Omar N. Bradley stood with General J. Lawton Collins. Both men were retiring from the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Collins as Army Chief of Staff, General Bradley as Chairman. General Collins was to take up his new duties at NATO the next week. General Bradley at sixty, and after forty-two years of service which had carried him to the country's highest military position, was to return to private life.

Everything that mid-August day in Washington was apparently as official as it should have been. White House assistants to the President, including Sherman Adams, were present. So were the highest Cabinet officers and diplomats from nearly every embassy. Army helicopters flew over in formation after the review started with a seventeen-gun salute. And some fifteen hundred spectators were crowded in the shade of the parade ground.

The newspapers gave these and other details about that single, climaxing, ceremonial day of leave-taking. Moreover, obliging Pentagon researchers came to the reporters' aid by supplying them with statistics which revealed that General Bradley had become the first regular Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff on August 16, 1949, and had served the maximum of two two-year terms; that he had traveled officially 140,000 miles in the last few years; that he had attended 448 meetings of the Joint Chiefs, sixty-eight meetings of the National Security Council, and paid 272 visits to the White House, many of them devoted to briefing President Truman on the progress of the Korean War.

All of this was true, and all no doubt interesting enough to those with an appetite for such statistics. Yet it was in vain that I looked in both the news stories and the editorials for the man and general admired during World War II by millions who did not know him and almost worshiped by those who did, however slightly. In the press coverage of his farewell the real Bradley was misplaced. I say "misplaced" because surely the reporters and editorial writers could not have forgotten him. Not so quickly. Not with the mountains of evidence at hand to keep his exceptional qualities green and fresh. No, not even in a universe where, as an older friend recently wrote me, it is "sometimes weary work to live with the world's forgetfulness."

Perhaps the fact that General Bradley had the bad luck after the war to be given the almost impossible task of administering veterans affairs obscured for some his record in Europe. Perhaps the rumor, often political in its origins, that he was an indifferent Chairman of the Joint Chiefs may have had the same chilling effect. Being essentially a field officer rather than a desk man, the General may have found the chairmanship uncongenial and not been at his best in it. I do not pretend to know. I know only that it overtaxed credulity to read accounts of Bradley's career which made no mention of his brilliant performances in Tunisia, Sicily, the Normandy invasion, the break-out at St. Lô, the Ardennes, and across the Rhine.

IT WAS no less strange that at the moment of his retirement Bradley the man should have been as completely lost sight of as Bradley the general. Few military leaders in the last or any war have been so loved by their troops. On the subject of Bradley privates and generals were in complete accord. From Eisenhower down every star-bearer in the ETO recognized that he was a mastermind of strategy. G.I.'s were no less enthusiastic. He was indeed *their* general, one of the few "brass hats" that Mauldin's Willie and Joe would not have resented.

A soldier to his fingertips, Bradley neither looked nor acted as generals are supposed to. As tough a fighter as could be found, he gave the impression of being gentleness itself. He was an eagle anyone could have mistaken for a dove. He had none of the dash and beaming exuberance of Eis-

General Bradley talking over strategy with a few liberated Frenchmen.

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enhower. Though he liked to laugh, he was a twinkler rather than a beamer. Everything Patton was Bradley was not. The proconsul manner of MacArthur was utterly alien to him. Although no one could have been simpler, he had a dignity as quiet as it was authoritative. He never bullied, never sulked, never shouted at those who could not answer back, never resorted to cheap histrionics. He did not have to raise his voice to give a command. The camera has always failed to capture his real qualities. Although photographed thousands of times, the best pictures of him that I know of, except for Karsh's admirable study, were done in words. One of these was by Ralph Ingersoll, the other by Ernie Pyle.

I START with Ingersoll, who, as a lieutenant colonel in the plans section of Bradley's field headquarters after St. Lô, was very close to the General. In "Top Secret" he described Bradley as being "by nature a gentle man and a temperate man, reasonable, patient, and self-effacing." Then Ingersoll proceeded to touch upon those unforgettable qualities of Bradley which were so oddly left unmentioned by the reporters and editorial writers who wrote about his retirement.

"His whole technique of command," said Ingersoll, "is to build up the importance of the men who serve him and to play himself down. . . . Bradley sometimes seemed to go out of his way to circumvent his generals and to talk with, and listen to, the juniors he came in contact with. . . . The General was always alert and responsive —but very quiet. He spoke with a low voice, almost shyly. He seemed never to be disturbed deeply. During the most crucial times of the Ardennes counteroffensive, for instance, his judgment and the clarity of his analyses seemed wholly unaffected by the violence of the storm which raged about him. It was . . . like seeing the flame of a candle burning absolutely still and straight in a room that is full of eddying winds. . . . To the young officers in the Headquarters, even to men who had never spoken a word with him, Bradley seemed like a father who would keep all harm away so long as he was there. . . . I never heard him say a harsh word to anyone."

Ernie Pyle, as everyone knows, seldom condescended to mix with the "brass." G.I.'s were his concern, and he was their historian. In "Brave Men," however, he made no bones about the fact that he was a tremendous admirer of General Bradley. To Ernie the General looked like a schoolteacher rather than a soldier. When Ernie told him this Bradley said he wasn't far wrong because his father was a schoolteacher and he himself had taught at West Point and other places. "The General," wrote Ernie, "was just the opposite of a 'smoothie.' His conversation was not brilliant or unusual but it was packed with sincerity. He still had the Middle West in his vocabulary—he used such expressions as 'fighting to beat the band' and 'a horse of another color.' There was absolutely no pretense about him, and he hated ostentation."

Thereafter Ernie, in more detail than I can quote here but which I hate to omit, gave a picture of the General very much like Ingersoll's. It was bound to be because it is the picture that truth demands and that lives in the minds of all who saw him.

His voice, Ernie observed, "was high-pitched and clear, but he spoke so gently a person couldn't hear him very far. . . . He could be firm, terribly firm, but he was never gross nor rude. He always put people at their ease. . . . Despite his mildness the General was not what you would call easygoing. Nobody ran over him. He had complete confidence in himself, and once he made up his mind nothing swayed him. He was as resolute as rock, and people who worked with him had to produce or get out. They didn't get the traditional Army bawling-out from him, but they did get the gate."

Bradley, Ernie recorded, "had a nice quality of respecting other people's opinions and of paying close attention to other people's conversation. I noticed that when he made a phone call he always said 'If you please' to the Army operator. And on the road when an Army truck pulled out to let his three-star jeep pass he always turned and said 'Thank you' to the driver. . . . When he [first briefed the correspondents] in Africa we all liked him but weren't especially impressed. But he grew on us just as he grew on everybody he worked with, and before long there wasn't a correspondent who didn't swear by him."

Twice when I was in the Navy on Admiral Alan G. Kirk's staff we had the honor of carrying General Bradley to invasions, once on the *Ancon* from Mers-El-Kebir to Scoglitti in Sicily, next on the *Augusta* when from Plymouth we headed for Normandy. From my own observation I can only admire the accuracy of both Ingersoll's and Pyle's descriptions of him and add a few corroborating details.

GENERAL BRADLEY remains one of my heroes of the war. I cannot claim to have known him, yet on the few treasured occasions when I had a chance to talk to him I felt as if I knew him well. Certainly I knew his qualities. They came through at once. I have never met a truer gentleman or a more imperturbable person. No one could have guessed during the tenseness of the first hours and days of both landings the great strain he was under or the anguishing responsibilities he bore. His calmness was as unbroken as his consideration was inexhaustible.

I will never forget the clarity of his briefing of the correspondents on the *Augusta* or the quiet absorption with which, in the improvised Army war room on the *Augusta's* after-deck, he waited for the first reports from the landings and studied the map on which dots, at the outset few and scattered, gradually thickened to form a battle line.

There are other things about General Bradley I will not forget. One is the first time after D-Day when he allowed a group, including Ernie Pyle, Hanson Baldwin, and me, to go with him to Omaha Beach. Although I described this in "Many a Watchful Night," I cannot resist going back to that account now. After we had waded in from our landing craft and scrambled halfway up a hill, breathless in the attempt to keep pace with General Bradley, he turned to us and said, "Gentlemen, I will be going back to the *Augusta* at about five this afternoon. Meet me here at that time. Meanwhile you can come along with me or be on your own. That's up to you. I'm going to hitchhike."

And hitchhike he did. No official car was waiting for him. He stood by the roadside, a tall, slim figure, with the thumb of his right hand jerking inland, surveying the unbroken stream of jeeps, DUKW's, and trucks which passed. In his dark eyes was that look of hope which brightens the eyes of all hitchhikers.

A driver would suddenly notice the three stars on the General's helmet or recognize his face. A jeep would come to a sudden halt, with everyone in it freezing to attention.

"Won't you have my seat, sir?" a private or a sergeant would ask.

"No, son," General Bradley would

(*Continued on page* 39)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1017)

R. ARMOUR:
AUTHENTIC FISH STORY

Count this among my heartfelt wishes:
To hear a fish-tale told by fishes, . . .
To hear of imitation flies
And worms with rather droopy looks
Stuck through with hateful, horrid hooks,
And fishermen they fled all day from
(As big as *this*) and got away from!

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Six-Pedaled Comrades

"Insects: Their Secret World," by Evelyn Cheesman *(William Sloane Assoc. 246 pp. $3), is a British natural historian's report on her investigations and those of her fellow scientists in the universe of the bug, fly, and centipede. William L. Brown, Jr., who reviews it below, is curator of insects, Museum of Comparative Biology, Harvard University.*

By William L. Brown, Jr.

JUDGED by any standards Miss Evelyn Cheesman is a remarkable woman. She has set out determinedly to acquaint herself with the teeming humbler creatures of our planet wherever they may be found, and it seems that she has had things pretty much her own way. In her earlier books Miss Cheesman turns up again and again on jungle mountaintops in New Guinea, Bora-Bora, and the New Hebrides, single-handed in one of her "bush suits" and firmly directing patient local aboriginals in the construction of her palm thatch houses or in the raising of one of her own moth screens.

Back for a spell in England, Miss Cheesman drives exuberantly at the task of sharing with the public her insect-watching adventures. She is almost as much at home with a microphone and a nature study script in the BBC studios as she is with a hand lens and butterfly net in the mossy forest of the Cyclops Mountains.

Miss Cheesman's newest book, "Insects: Their Secret World," differs from her travel accounts in that she gives her tiny subjects the center of the stage and enters herself merely as the observer and commentator. This is another of the recent compact surveys, written in live language for a lay audience, of broad natural science fields. The very best example I know of such literature is Rachel Carson's "The Sea Around Us," which weaves a wonderfully whole tapestry from hundreds of separate bits of information and steadfastly entertains as it does so.

Miss Cheesman also aims at the whole tapestry, and there is certainly a good deal of both information and entertainment packed into her book. She draws part of her information from the sprawling technical literature on insect biology, but happily many of her main points are made as she relates simply and vividly what she herself has seen insects do. She has watched a caterpillar in form so perfectly camouflaged as a twig that another insect was actually deceived into depositing eggs upon it. She can dramatize the tenacity of life in insect-like creatures and at the same time explain their distribution by simply evoking a memory of two centipedes clinging to a wave-tossed log far at sea, and tragedy unfolds tensely in her exhausting account of the battle between hunter wasp and giant spider.

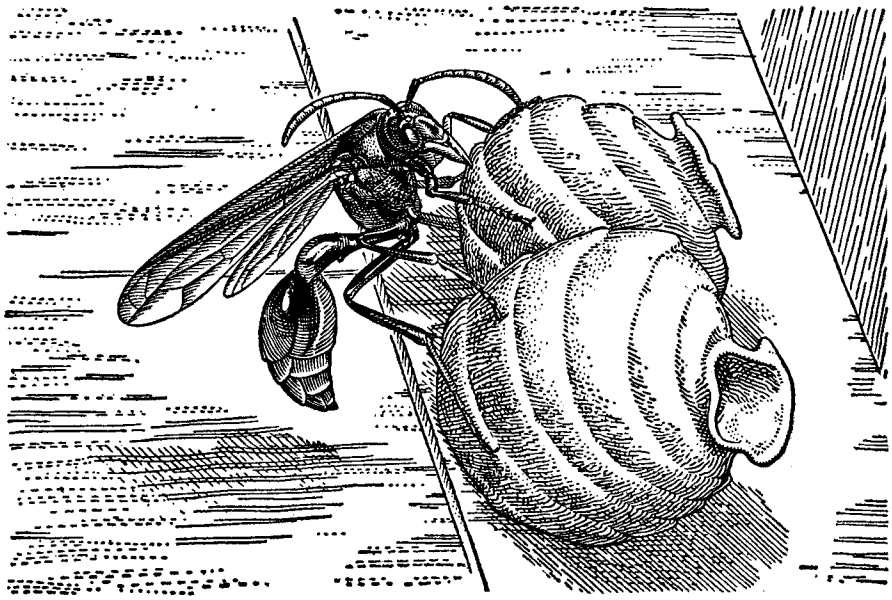
But Miss Cheesman would do more than just relate her strange observations and let them suggest what they will to the reader. She insists on leading him deeper into the how and why of insect life and uncovering for him some of the general laws ruling all animal existence. The step from the living world of insects into the more abstract sphere of biological generalization invites in every chapter. In taking the step, however, the reader should be on his guard, for Miss Cheesman's enthusiasm sometimes leads her into theoretical byways where she is less well acquainted than her firm expository confidence may suggest.

In several confusing pages she grapples with evolutionary theory since Darwin, and oversimplifies or misjudges it to the extent that one would be better pleased to see the discussion left out altogether. She insists on the "instinct" interpretation of insect behavior and decries the ascription of human thought patterns to insects, yet she does not hesitate to find that some wasps showed "disappointed yellow faces."

A delightful account of tiny ants on Bora-Bora defending themselves from larger ants shows us how some ants can spray toxic, repellent formic acid from the tips of their abdomens; this spray is well known and has been shown to be highly effective in aiding these ants to defend themselves. The accompanying illustration, however, shows three ants in position to spray "fusillades" which could not possibly do so, for they clearly represent the common European pavement ant, which has a tiny sting instead of the poison spray apparatus. Such minor slips are unlikely to detract from the entertainment of most readers, but they do weaken the book as an instrument of instruction.

The remainder of the illustrations are well chosen, and they are all beautifully executed by Arthur Smith. Their accuracy and detail are refreshing in contrast to the tinker-toy monstrosities that so often pass for insect drawings in popular science literature.

Finally, it should be mentioned that the flow of the text will be hampered for American readers by the unorthodox punctuation, a kind often seen in British natural history works. This defect should have been remedied by the American editors, for there is little wrong with Miss Cheesman's lively prose that a few hundred periods and semicolons wouldn't fix.



—Arthur Smith, for "Insects."

Potter wasp molding her urn.

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Jewels of the Jungle

"The Overloaded Ark," by Gerald M. Durrell *(Viking Press. 272 pp. $3.75), is an account of two British scientists' journey in the Rain Forest of the Cameroons to find rare specimens of bird and mammal life. Our reviewer, Mary L. Jobe Akeley, accompanied her late husband, Carl Akeley, on several expeditions to Africa and is herself the author of seven books on Africa.*

By Mary L. Jobe Akeley

THE great forests of the British Cameroons, on the eastern border of Nigeria, have a tropical luxuriance matched only by that of the Belgian Congo and Uganda. Into this unspoiled region ventured Gerald M. Durrell, a zoologist, and John Yelland, an ornithologist, to try to capture and take back alive to England specimens of the rare fauna and avifauna. Mr. Durrell reports on their expedition in a fascinating book, "The Overloaded Ark."

Half of the indigenous birds and mammals of the Cameroons had never been seen alive outside their native habitat. Many are so rare that they are known only by two or three skins in the museums of the world. It was therefore more important to the two scientists to secure such unusual specimens than the larger and more spectacular animals. So they spent no time in hand-to-hand encounters with such African worthies as great apes, man-eating cats, or huge pythons. Snakes, harmless and lethal, large and small, Durrell caught under circumstances involving coolness, speed, and efficiency. Two of the most delightful creatures he obtained were a large, intelligent, male chimpanzee and a female baby chimp, pink and almost hairless, so young she could not stand alone.

Perhaps their greatest prize was an angwantibo, found only in the Cameroons. Once this arboreal and nocturnal animal, a lemuroid related to the monkeys, had been studied in captivity, but never had one been taken alive to England. To Durrell its capture was an "exquisite moment." It looked not unlike a "teddy bear," with thick golden brown fur, a curved back, and golden eyes.

There were other rare trophies, too, such as a full-grown giant water shrew, a prehistoric creature of ancient lineage with no relative in the world except a small mouselike cousin in Madagascar, and monkeys, baboons, various cats, hyraxes, mongooses, duikers, porcupines, and crocodiles, to name a few. There were birds without number, from delicate sun birds of exquisitely colored plumage, sipping nectar from flamboyant blossoms, to hornbills, roistering, feeding, and honking among the fruit-bearing trees. These nonpasserine birds with enormous helmeted beaks possess one of the inalienable voices of Africa, and use it freely.

Among the lofty branches of age-old trees, festooned in lianas and decorated with orchids and convolvuluses, where primates sleep in security high above the danger of hungry leopards, Durrell found one of the most remarkable birds, the great blue plantain eater; most distinguished of turacos, a large group of purely African birds. It is very bold and indeed an unforgettable sight as it flies leisurely from branch to branch through the shaded greenery and across shafts of sunlight, illuminating the unbelievable beauty of its huge velvety black top-knot, its big yellow beak, the green and gold of breast and leg, the iridescent plumage of its broad wings, and the gold and blue of its incredibly long and flowing tail. It is truly one of the great gifts of Africa.

Mr. Durrell completed his large collection satisfactorily, but in doing so he says he "did not risk death twenty times a day," nor could he "sit in a chair and let the natives do all the work." However, his charges soon required his care throughout the day, so he hunted at night.

Mr. Durrell's interpretation of the jungle and its inhabitants is wholly unlike the late Frank Buck's "Bring 'Em Back Alive," wherein the accounts of his efforts to capture and transport the great mammals and his almost superhuman contests with ape and reptile so crowded the pages that there is room for nothing else. In contrast, in Lt. Col. J. H. Williams's "Elephant Bill," a study of the habits and accomplishments of elephants who haul teak in Burma, the reader learns much, not only of elephant psychology, but of the great pachyderm's neighbors and habitat.

Recently African travelers in the novice class have been producing strange books. After a two- or three-week safari with an excellent white hunter in one of the few remaining areas where game still abounds they record their blood-curdling experiences with charging lions and buffalos when "shooting up the country" with no defense beyond a pair of Holland and Hollands, a gunboy, and a white hunter with his second gun nearby. When their lust for killing is satisfied and the motor lorry filled with bloody trophies the book ends, and another chapter in "exploration" closes.

There is nothing of the "mighty hunter" in Durrell's book. He carried a small gun, but never fired in self-defense. But he had a clear brain, strong legs, capable hands, and an ability to deal justly with a pair of native hunters who proved invaluable. Always in the African wilderness the native must respect and trust implicitly his master, relying upon his word, his ability, his fairness, and in time of need his bravery. He must know that never will a decent white man ask of him any test of courage that he himself is unwilling to endure. Such a master who meets the traditional ideals the African has set for him will attain an exalted place which time will never change. Mr. Durrell has learned well this fundamental law of jungle conduct.

Notes

FOUR MEN IN QANATS: Anthony Smith's **"Blind White Fish in Persia"** (Dutton, $3.75), the latest addition to the shelf of personal accounts of scientific adventure, was well received by English reviewers, but I am obliged to confess that it is the most insipid account of an expedition that I have ever read. It concerns four undergraduate Oxford students—a zoologist (the author), a soil chemist, a geographer, and a botanist—who want to see something of the world by traveling to some exotic place during their summer vacation. They decide on Persia and then to make the trip more purposeful (also to obtain financial support from the University's Exploration Club) they plan to explore the Persian qanats, man-made underground channels that supply desert villages with water, and to study the life in and around these qanats. This plan was instigated by a state-

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ment they found in a book about Persia saying that "blind, white fish live in the qanats and make for excellent eating." Do such fish really exist in qanats? What other type of life is found in such a strange environment? The students set off to find out.

One might imagine that such a trip could be the basis for a spirited science-adventure story, but it is not. Mr. Smith gives us instead a tiresome itinerary, loading the reader with infinite superfluous details about how the students get from place to place, all their customs troubles, all the breakdowns of their second-hand truck (their means of transportation for most of the way), their language difficulties, and the many lavatory trips necessary when one contracts amebic dysentery. There are numerous tirades on the author's impressions and interpretations of the natives and native way of life, most of which have little significance because he did not understand the feelings of the people and his stay in Persia was not long enough to give him any great insight into their ways.

The most entertaining parts of the book are the author's brief descriptions of his descents into the qanats. His scientific findings and those of his companions are barely mentioned. We are told vaguely about some insects, snakes, lizards, bats, and porcupines collected in the qanats. And, oh yes, they caught some fish of which we learn only that they were not blind or white. —EUGENIE CLARK.

ONE MILE UNDER: Four years ago a barge and two yachts set out for the Santa Cruz basin off California. On board one yacht were an advertising man, his family, and some Los Angeles reporters. Otis Barton, mechanical engineer and explorer, was a passenger on the other yacht. The barge carried the Barton benthoscope or bottom-viewer ("benthos" is Greek for "bottom"), a $16,000 steel sphere that weighed three and a half tons. The sphere was to be lowered by cable into the Pacific Ocean and used to observe marine life near the bottom more than a mile below. **"The World Beneath the Sea"** (Crowell, $3.50) includes Mr. Barton's own story of what happened on that expedition, which resulted in the deepest dive ever made by man—a plunge 4,500 feet into black waters past "a lighted formation of small squids" and other undersea creatures.

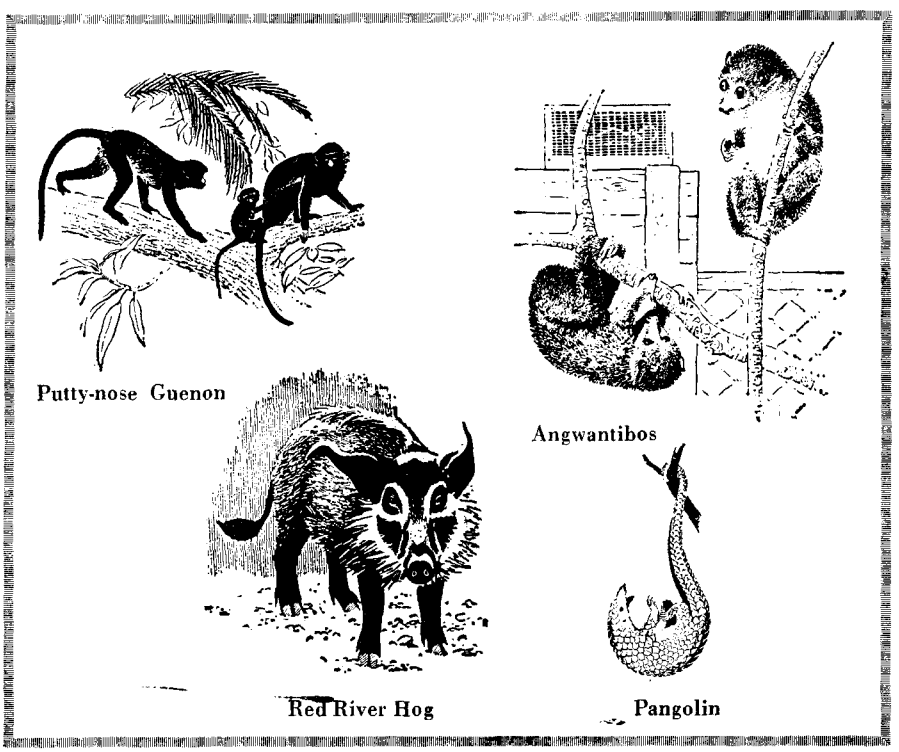
But the book is an interesting autobiography as well as an account of one record-breaking dive. The feat was the culmination of a lifetime of wondering and practical planning. As a boy Barton sailed his small boat across Vineyard Sound off Cape Cod and tried to imagine what it would be like to walk along the bottom. His first undersea experience was a dive in twenty feet of water, wearing a wooden helmet with glass windows. A friend at a bicycle pump supplied air through a rubber tube and, although the helmet "leaked a little," the adventure was a success. Eleven years later, in 1928, Barton brought the blueprints of his "bathysphere" to Dr. William Beebe of the New York Zoological Society, and the two men started a long association devoted to undersea exploring.

Barton pursued other activities when he wasn't improving his giant diving apparatus. He went hunting fossils in Persia, tried to take motion pictures of gorillas living "on location" in French Equatorial Africa, and tested a special "tree climbing" machine to make jungle photography easier (the gadget did not work). But diving was and still is his main interest. His present ambition is to be the first man ever to reach a depth of one mile—and he may even better that record. A colleague has designed an aluminum cylinder from which "the diver can sit on an easy chair and view the bottom anywhere between the Golden Gate and Honolulu."

—JOHN PFEIFFER.

THE AUK AND ITS BROTHERS: The story of rare and extinct birds provides a well-documented example of the impact of man on other species. Nowhere is the evidence more striking than in Great Britain, the "tight little island" where the industrial revolution was born and where clear-cut changes in wildlife populations have taken place within relatively recent times. As a prominent British ornithologist and BBC bird expert, Ralph Whitlock is well qualified to present an up-to-date record of changes observed. His new reference book, **"Rare and Extinct Birds in Britain"** (British Book Centre, $4.50), is recommended to other ornithologists, bird fanciers, bird watchers, bird lovers, and amateur naturalists in general. He lists and comments upon more than a hundred once-common species that have been driven to isolated corners of the islands, local subspecies, rare birds of passage and seasonal visitors, vagrants who have wandered off course, and "eccentricities . . . whose presence with us can only be regarded as accidental."

A special chapter deals with lost species, such as the goshawk, a forest dweller which left when the forests were chopped down—and the great bustard which inhabited great open plains now transformed into fenced-in pastures, farms, and military reservations. But the saddest tale is that of the great auk, a cliff-nesting bird about the size of a goose, "showing incredible tameness and a remarkable lack of the instinct of self-preservation." They were duly slaughtered. The last auk was found in 1840 on the island of St. Kilda, and was soon beaten to death with sticks, as a suspected witch. The book includes eighty-five excellent bird photographs, some of which have never been published before. —J. P.



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Kinsey

Continued from page 21

leagues, I was aware of serious flaws in the first volume. These were carefully pointed out by thoughtful, sympathetic fellow scientists and I had every hope and expectation that Kinsey and his associates would make use of their suggestions and improve the research before the appearance of a second volume.

In this I was to be greatly disappointed. So as far as I can ascertain, Kinsey appears to have heeded scarcely a word of the scholarly analyses and wise counsel of such penetrating critics as Dr. Robert P. Knight, Dr. Lawrence Kubie, Lionel Trilling, and numerous others. Kinsey's compulsion to force human sexual behavior into a zoological frame of reference leads him to repudiate or neglect human psychology, and to see normality as that which is natural in the sense that it is what is practised by animals. Kinsey entered the field of sexuality from entomology and Freud from neurology; but Kinsey has never outgrown his original viewpoint that sexuality is just something that occurs in animals. Freud discovered that in the field of human relations one must recognize the functions of love and hate, as scientific realities interrelated with reproduction. Kinsey did not; the word "love" rarely appears in his book.

KINSEY repudiates the concept of normality as beneath scientific contempt but by implication he substitutes for it the use of two other concepts, that of naturalness and that of prevalence (*i.e.*, high relative incidence). Homosexuality is to be regarded, he says, as a natural form of sexuality, like any other, because it is common in human beings and because animals also practise it. Now this may reflect, as Trilling suggested, "a generous impulse for tolerance, acceptance, liberation, a broad and generous desire for fellowmen not to be harshly judged," but it puts the authors in the untenable position of establishing inappropriate norms and setting up the worship of the factuality of the fact, its material physicality and its numerical strength. To use this as his criteria "has the effect, ironic in a work that is so clearly directed to democratic values, of removing the human subject from its human implications. [It also] has the effect, equally ironic in a democratic and instrumental document, of preventing the consideration of the consequences of certain forms of human conduct, . . . suggesting a most ineffectual standard of social behavior—that is, social behavior as it exists."

Professor Kinsey's conception of sex as something to be let out (he refers to the "total outlet") is a somewhat scatological concept, and leads logically to two of his most egregious errors. The first is the inference that the more of this "sex" that can be let out the better; the second is that the orgasm is the total goal and ultimate criterion of sexual satisfaction. No one would seriously hold that, since eating is a good thing and a pleasant thing, the more one can eat the better. The fact that many people would feel inclined to agree with it is likewise no proof. The starving inhabitants of a desert island might easily subscribe to the notion that the more food they could obtain the better, but any dietitian could refute this. And, furthermore, Kinsey clearly demonstrates that there is no considerable amount of sexual starvation in America.

As for an orgasm being the chief criterion of sexuality, everyone knows that one orgasm can differ from another as widely as do kisses. A kiss by Judas is one thing, a kiss by Venus is another, and a kiss by a loving mother still a third. The orgasm of a terrified soldier in battle, that of a loving husband in the arms of his wife, that of a desperate homosexual trying to prove his masculinity, and that of a violent and sadistic brute raping a child are not the same phenomena. The muscles and nerves and secretions may be the same but the orgasms are not the same, and the sexuality is not the same. They may add up to the same numbers on an adding machine, but they don't add up to significant totals in human life.

Indeed, the psycho-physical separation which the Kinsey associates decry at the beginning of Chapter 16 is precisely what has victimized them throughout their study. They would seem to be under the impression that it is possible to describe the mechanics of human behavior in purely physical and chemical terms without reference to the mystic vagaries (as they conceive of them) of psychology. This point of view, one must concede, is by no means limited to the Kinsey group. It is the chief *casus belli* between the biological and the psychological scientists, and the reviewer is definitely with the latter.

It isn't that sex cannot be separated from love; we all know to our sorrow that it can. But we psychiatrists take the position that this separation itself represents an abnormal state of affairs in the human being, and hence statistics about sex based upon an assumption that the presence or absence of love, to put it simply, is unimportant, are vastly disturbing to us.

These very points have been made with startling clarity by Maurice Zolotow, a feature writer, in a newspaper article distributed by the Spadea Syndicate, the whole of which Dr. Kinsey should take to heart. Among other things, Zolotow wrote: "I believe that both Kinsey reports . . . with their graphs and statistics, may bestow an aura of scientific approval on a delusion that has misled all too many people in the past twenty-five years. I refer to the delusion that sex is an indoor sport and, like contract bridge or scrabble or canasta, it can be mastered by studying technique and practising as often as possible with as many partners as one can induce to play . . . Unless the movement toward sexual integration is an expression of love for the other person there can be no sexual ecstasy . . . Love is an intense awareness of the other person, a feeling of respect for him or her as a human being and as an instinctive attitude that the needs of the other person are as important to you as your own needs . . . Sexual promiscuity or experimentation or athleticizing . . . without feelings of tenderness and affection—is . . . destructive."

WHEN the first volume of the Kinsey study appeared Dr. Martin Gumpert commented that one highly gratifying effect of the book would seem to be that it appeared to lift the feelings of guilt from hundreds of thousands of readers. "People work with touching eagerness through the appalling mass of boring charts and statistics in order to discover with relief that they are not outcasts, not psychopaths, not criminals when they masturbate or enjoy other 'abnormal' sexual outlets. They learn that they are as 'normal' or as 'vicious' as anybody they meet on the streets of their home town."

Unfortunately, this guilt lifting is an equivocal blessing. I, for one, think that some guilt feelings are better *not* removed—they belong. Certainly, the ethical rightness or wrongness of an act can scarcely be justifiably determined by the frequency of its occurrence. If human welfare be considered a criterion of rightness, the fact that nearly every person in the United States regularly ran past stop lights or exceeded the speed limit would still not make it right to do so. Dr. Kinsey and his associates point to the influence of religious training as inhibiting the violation of laws and customs regarding sexuality, such as marital fidelity. If one believes in the principle that maximum sexual expression is the most desirable goal, then, of course, it is encouraging for one to learn that he is not the only

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sinner against religion, which holds that certain other principles are more important than sexual "freedom" and that more abundant life is not necessarily implied by more abundant sex. And in this instance, surprising as it may be to some, most psychiatrists and psychoanalysts will be definitely on the side of religion.

To be freed from the torturing delusion that one is a monster, a lone and isolated exception among human beings, is indeed a comfort and a salutary benefit if derivable from such statistical announcements. But it is by no means certain that if one learns that other people have temptations, and sometimes yield to them, he will have a happier marriage, better sexual adjustment, and all the other bright results spoken of in the newspaper and magazine reports. Indeed, if one followed Kinsey in his (I believe incorrect) assumption that sexual behavior is entirely a matter of sexual equipment, conditioning experience, and chance, there is no reason to assume or hope that the publication of his findings will in any way change things.

IF human beings *were* only animals, if they were "free" from the restraints and social considerations of civilization, if they could once more be simple savages, perhaps their sexuality could likewise be more free, more independent of emotions, more susceptible to statistical evaluation. It would be —in one sense of the word—more "natural," more "normal." But, unfortunately for this hypothetical simplification, human beings are possessed of love as well as hate, and willy-nilly, for better or for worse, civilization has gotten a foothold!

That the unrestrained expression of "sexuality" becomes impaired thereby is, as Freud pointed out in "Civilization and Its Discontents," inevitable. This Kinsey and his associates have proved statistically. Is it to weep or to rejoice? Freud himself would not say. But he did say:

"Men have brought their powers of subduing the forces of nature to such a pitch that by using them they could now very easily exterminate one another to the last man. They know this —hence arises a great part of their current unrest, their dejection, their mood of apprehension. And now it may be expected that the other of the two 'heavenly forces,' eternal Eros, will put forth his strength so as to maintain himself alongside of his equally immortal adversary."

By the "eternal Eros" Freud meant the development of the capacity for loving one another, a relationship which far transcends the achievement of frequent orgasm.

NEW EDITIONS

Philosophy, Physics and Americans

DOVER'S line of Paperbound Students' Editions is becoming more numerous and more valuable. A recent batch of these books, with which I have been spending a good deal of reading time, includes Ernst Cassirer's "Substance and Function" and Einstein's "Theory of Relativity" in a single volume ($1.95); A. D'Abro's "The Rise of the New Physics" (2 vols., $1.95 each); J. L. E. Dreyer's "A History of Astronomy from Thales to Kepler" ($1.95); "The Works of Archimedes," edited in modern notation with introductory chapters by T. L. Heath, with "The Method of Archimedes" ($1.95); "The Origin of Life" ($1.70), by A. I. Oparin, translated from the Russian by Sergius Morgulis; "An Introduction to Symbolic Logic" ($1.60), by Susanne K. Langner; Alfred Jules Ayer's "Language, Truth, and Logic" ($1.25); and Maurice De Wulf's "Philosophy and Civilization in the Middle Ages" ($1.50).

Readers who, like myself, are weak in mathematics should be warned that one of these books, "Archimedes," and some chapters of "The Rise of the New Physics" will prove beyond their reach, while parts of Oparin's work call for a considerable knowledge of chemistry; but all the rest may be read profitably without special equipment. Cassirer provides a philosophical base from which we may approach science in general, and in particular the theory of relativity, which he sees as "only the ultimate consequence of an intellectual movement which receives its decisive motives equally from epistemological and physical considerations." Man's world-picture has changed many times, and will change again, for "ever anew does the temporarily chosen theoretical center of thought shift; but in this process, the sphere of being, the sphere of objective knowledge, is more and more penetrated by thought." D'Abro lucidly traces the rise of successive world-pictures, and underlines the fact that theoretical physics has always had to wait on mathematical progress. "Thus the general theory of relativity could never have arisen had it not been for the prior discoveries of Gauss and Riemann in non-Euclidian geometry . . ." Within the field of astronomy, Dreyer ably performs a service similar to D'Abro's in the field of physics. Susanne Langer introduces her readers, by easy stages, to the techniques of symbolic logic, and the possibilities of an intellectual game more fascinating, more demanding, and more rewarding than Scrabble. Ayer's short book has already been recommended in these columns as probably the best brief statement of the philosophical position of the most extreme logical positivists. Oparin — after rejecting "the old arguments in favor of a sudden and spontaneous generation of life," and the theories which hold that "life is eternal"—argues that life could not have come into being without a prior chemical evolution of almost unimaginable length; and he charts this evolution through primary colloidal systems to levels on which primary organisms emerge. Coulton has warned us, in a barbed footnote in "Art and the Reformation," that De Wulf's "Philosophy and Civilization in the Middle Ages" is "a book to be read with caution whenever the author is not on purely philosophical ground." Only a specialist can judge the justice of this *caveat*, but the fact is that De Wulf in these illuminating lectures is on philosophical ground a great deal of the time; and he has, I think, much to say in the way of interpretation and synthesis that is well worth hearing.

Mentor L. Williams has prepared a fine edition of Schoolcraft's "Narrative Journal of Travels through the Northwestern Regions of the United States Extending from Detroit through the Great Chain of American Lakes to the Sources of the Mississippi River in the year 1820" (Michigan State College Press, $7.50), and has furnished this famous item of Americana with an excellent introduction, notes, and valuable supplementary material. He is right to advise readers that Schoolcraft is often dull, but he errs, I think, when he refers to his author's "labored 'literary' style (which was the stamp of his times)." Schoolcraft is for the most part simple enough, and often laconic.

Grant Foreman's "Indian Removal" (University of Oklahoma Press, $6) tells vividly the cruel, tragic story of how we drove the Five Civilized Tribes from their beloved Southern homes, stole their land, and herded them westward on a march that was a Death March for many, ruin for many more. —BEN RAY REDMAN.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Bright Lights of Karl Johans Gate

Oslo.

THE THEATRE in Norway should please Americans. Like our own, it compensates for a lack of elegance by its sincerity and its spontaneity. Unlike our own, the majority of it is supported by state and municipal aid, and its acting companies are hired by the year.

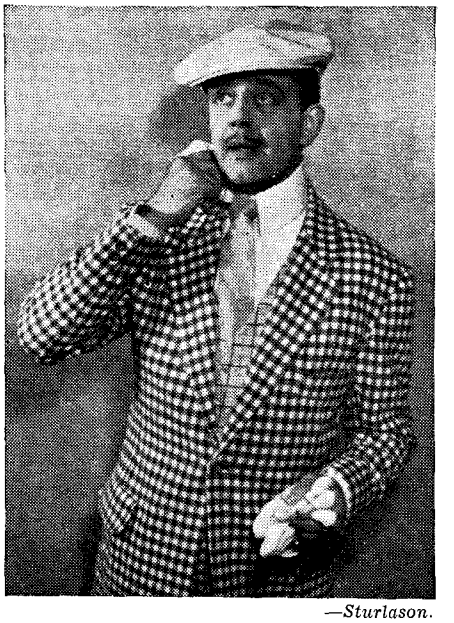
Norway's chief theatre is the Nationaltheatret, which with its statues of Ibsen, Holberg, and Björnson rules supreme along Oslo's rural Karl Johans Gate. Built in 1899, it is now the country's oldest, since the theatre in Bergen where Ibsen worked was destroyed by a German anti-aircraft shell during World War II. The Nationaltheatret, which used to perform in true repertory (i.e. with a different play each evening), now compromises by performing two plays each week with a third play being fed into the line-up to replace the first play on the following week. Thus, in an eight-day period a visitor to Oslo can see three different plays at the Nationaltheatret, but will not see any more by staying two weeks.

The company does not attempt to retain the stage directions of bygone days and is thus blessed with a flexible and talented company. It includes a man who is probably the most skilled comic actor to be found on any stage in the world. His name is Per Aabel, and his talents as an actor, dancer, musician, painter, and linguist outshine even those of our own José Ferrer. Playing the role of Valentin in "The Adventure," Mr. Aabel thinks and reacts through each situation with the speed of light. Whether he is being awkward because he does not know what to do with his hat and gloves in a drawing room, or whether he is spooning jam onto a piece of bread and stuffing it into his mouth, his whole performance is rhythmic as a fox-trot and as delicately phrased as a flute solo. No one should leave Oslo without seeing him.

Knut Hergel, the Nationaltheatret's managing director, admits that Mr. Aabel is a handy man to have around, and that he is tempted to cast him in almost every play. However, with forty actors to be kept occupied, and with Mr. Aabel anxious to do as much of the more lucrative film work as possible, Mr. Hergel will try to limit the popular comedian's appearances this season to "As You Like It," Offenbach's "Orpheus in the Underworld," Holberg's "Don Ranudo," and Shaw's "Man and Superman." There are many other fine performers in this company: Wenche Foss, Norway's top singing comedienne, who will be in "Orpheus in the Underworld" and in Charles Morgan's "The River Line"; Aase Bye and Gerd Grieg, who will play the title roles in Hebbel's "Judith" and Racine's "Phèdre" respectively; and two young and beautiful actresses, Helen Brinchmann, who plays Rosalind in "As You Like It," and Liv Strömsted, who will star in "Eva and Johann," a first play by the Norwegian author Rolf Steversen. Turning back to the male actors, Einar Sissener will be in "Don Ranudo"; Knut Wigert will perform in Ibsen's "Emperor and Galilean"; the seventy-five-year-old August Oddvar will make a guest appearance in Ibsen's "John Gabriel Björkmann," and Alfred Maurstad will play the leading role in both Arthur Miller's "The Crucible," and opposite the highly rated Tore Segelcke in Eugene O'Neill's "Moon for the Misbegotten." In connection with Mr. Maurstad, the managing director has an interesting idea for the future. "I would like to do 'Peer Gynt,'" says Mr. Hergel, "with Alfred Maurstad as the older Gynt in Acts IV and V and with his son Toraiv Maurstad as the young Gynt in Acts I, II, and III."

Toraiv Maurstad is currently with Det Nye Teater, where he has just scored a great success in the Rodgers and Hart musical comedy "Pal Joey." While he is not a distinguished singer and dancer, this young man—trained at London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art—is already an adept and assured actor. The production missed a great deal of the satire of the American version. And just as recently reported by *SR*'s Far Northern correspondent, the Bergen presentation of "Anything Goes" slipped in "Night and Day," for good measure, this "Pal Joey" included "Blue Moon."

Young Maurstad will turn to dramatic roles this season, appearing with Lillibell Ibsen in her late ancestor-in-law's "Ghosts" and in two bright comedies by Helge Krog, one of Norway's best modern playwrights. Mrs. Ibsen, regarded by many as Norway's top actress, is an extraordinarily vital woman who should be exciting even to non-Norwegian-speaking audiences



—*Sturlason.*

Per Aabel—"rhythmic as a fox-trot."

because everything happens in her heart and mind before it is said onstage. Mrs. Ibsen will also star in Dumas' "La Dame aux Camélias" and in Anna Bonacci's "The Dazzling Hour." The rest of the company is very solid. Henki Kolstad, who buffooned as the racketeer in "Pal Joey," will turn serious when he plays the Paul Kelly role in Clifford Odet's "The Country Girl." And Espen Skjönberg, who amazed everyone with a remarkably competent performance as "Hamlet," will star in "In Official Circles" by Alf Hartmann, a native dramatist. Incidentally, the Norwegian "Hamlet" mentioned above omitted the Fortinbras scene in Act IV! If Fortinbras can't make it in his own country, what is to become of him?

Axel Otto Normann, Det Nye Teater's managing director, announces that his group will also present Marcel Aymé's "La Tête des Autres" and Jean-Paul Sartre's "Le Diable et le Bon Dieu," as well as some literary matinees with short plays by Chekhov, Tennessee Williams, and Christopher Fry. Mr. Normann, who is the past-president of the International Theatre Institute, prefers O'Neill to other American playwrights and feels that current dramatists are writing good plays for the public but not great plays.

OF THE other theatres, Det Norske Teatret is doing Arthur Laurents's "Home of the Brave," Brecht's "Mother Courage," Hochwälder's "Au ciel comme sur la terre," and Strindberg's "The Spook Sonata," which will be staged by the famous Swedish director Olof Molander. The Central Teatret will present a light program that includes "The Seven-Year Itch," "Affairs

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of State" and "South Pacific." And the Folketheatret will do "Othello," "Brand," and "The Lower Depths." In addition it will have a children's theatre program and will present operas and operettas. Among the latter is Kurt Weill's "A Kingdom for a Cow," the lost music of which was discovered in a Paris music shop. The company features Ola Isene, Else Heiberg, Ragnhild Hald, and, of course, its famous director, Hans Jacob Nilsen. Mr. Nilsen, who has played Peer Gynt in Norway, Hamlet at Elsinore, and Prometheus in Greece, will this season undertake the role of Othello. "We are doing it in military costumes of the time of Napoleon," says the energetic director. "I got the idea when I heard that Alexander Dumas' grandfather was a colored general. We are also doing 'The Painted Wagon'." (Mr. Nilsen was referring to "Paint Your Wagon," but it is doubtful whether anyone in Norway will realize that to paint a wagon means to harness the horses to it and not to decorate it with bright enamel.)

The Folketheatret is Scandinavia's newest theatre, and an inspection of its equipment is very much worthwhile. The stage opening is sixty feet wide, but by an ingenious arrangement of two tormentor-houses on tracks can be reduced to twenty-two feet. These two houses are most useful, for from one of them the stage manager can prompt and from the other the electrician can operate the modern selenium lighting system with a good close view of the stage.

The theatre has a permanent revolving stage fifty-six feet in diameter, and the stage house rises ninety feet. Up about thirty-five feet are two projectors which are used to project scenes against the rear cyclorama. The cycloramas, of which the Folketheatret has two permanently rigged, slide on a curved track in a complete semicircle behind the acting area. The front curtain also hangs from a curved track which bellies out to save valuable space. The 1,200-seat auditorium comes complete with a royal box, but King Haakon asked Mr. Nilsen, "Couldn't I have a *good* seat for once?" and now receives seats in the third row center. Around the balcony runs a picture gallery with original paintings exhibited by Norway's leading artists. And in the lobby are glass cases advertising articles that can be purchased in Oslo's smart shops. This latter item brings in considerable revenue, which along with the rents of offices and stores in the same building help to run the theatre.

WITH such great theatrical activity at its center—the 440,000 people of Oslo will be offered at least as many plays as New York's eight million were last season—Norway has now taken the logical second-step and has seen to it that good theatre is made available to the rest of the country. In addition to the theatres at Bergen, Trondheim, and Stavanger, the Government in 1949 subsidized a traveling company known as the Rikstheatret which would take plays to the people so scattered in an area twice that of England that the mean population density is only twenty-five to the square mile. (England's MPD is 704 persons per square mile.)

This fall the Rikstheatret, patterned after a similar older organization in Sweden, will split its permanent company of fifteen actors into three productions. These are Moberg's "Our Unborn Son," "Anna Christie," and "The River Line." Each production unit is self-contained, with scenery, about twenty spotlights, and a portable electric generator. These companies will give 120 performances each and will reach eighty towns and 170 villages.

The Riksheatret also arranges for tours by the Government subsidized theatres in Oslo. For instance, the Nationaltheatret is considering doing William Inge's "Picnic" principally because they feel it will be ideal for such a countrywide tour. Why the Scandinavian countries are so rich in theatrical activity is a point for much discussion and thought, but certainly it has something to do with an enlightened Government's friendly help, and a populace which considers the theatre such a fundamental part of its annual life that they make it possible for hundreds of people to make it their lifetime vocation.

—HENRY HEWES.

Pigeon, Pigeon

By Orma Jean Surbey

EAT, my greedy pigeon, eat
barnyard beggar at my feet,
scratching, pecking in the grass
begging alms from all who pass.

You might have my final meal
could you teach me how to feel
the beat of wings on upper air,
you who know, yet grovel there.

I stand upon the river's brink
wanting neither food nor drink
craving only power to fly
higher, higher, yet more high
While you shut wings and use your feet;
eat then, foolish pigeon, eat.

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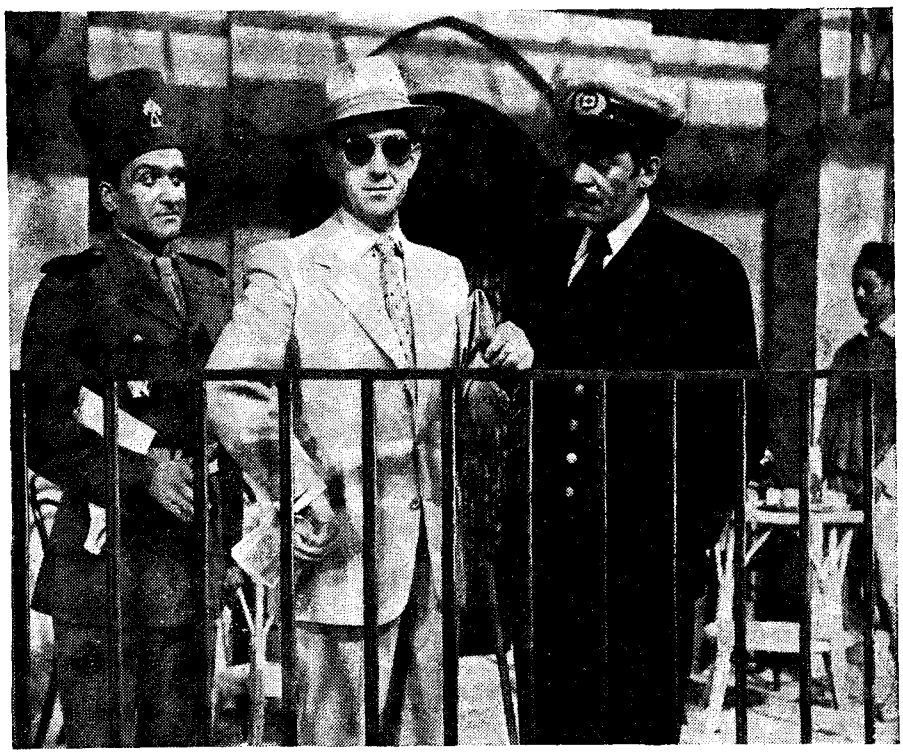
The Man in the Ironic Mask



Alec Guinness (center)—"can act *mind*."

EVER since Alec Guinness set some kind of record by playing eight different roles in one movie a few years ago he has become identified as a sort of latter-day Lon Chaney, a "man of a thousand faces." That he has a rare mastery of make-up is amply attested not only by the virtuoso "Kind Hearts and Coronets" but also by his lisping, fawning Fagin in "Oliver Twist," as well as an astonishing variety of character parts on the stage. To Guinness, however, make-up is a last resort, the final touch that helps an audience identify a type. His own interest is in the personality of a man—preferably of a somewhat extraordinary, slightly disreputable man. His people all seem to share the same wry knowledge of the ways of the world, and how to outwit them. The same slight smile of the purest irony is ever lurking in the corners of their lips. Yet each role he plays is complete and individual, a person in his own right. Make-up is the least important aspect of these transformations so far as Guinness is concerned. Indeed, he heartily resents all the "man of a thousand faces" publicity he has been receiving of late. Undoubtedly one of the things that attracted him to his latest role, the sly Captain St. James of **"Captain's Paradise"** (Lopert), was the possibility of creating two opposite personalities within the frame of a single individual and using no make-up to do it.

"Captain's Paradise" is another delightful excursion into Guinness's special world where perfectly ordinary people behave outrageously and make you love it. As captain of a tiny boat that plies between Gibraltar and a legendary Kalik in North Africa, he is a man—"a genius," his mate solemnly avows—who has solved the problem of finding an ideal wife in a unique, if somewhat questionable, fashion. On Gibraltar the Captain has Celia Johnson to look after his domestic blisses. She delights in knitting him socks, laying out his slippers, preparing his favorite dumplings. And at the other end of the run is Yvonne de Carlo. (Her status is never completely defined, but her function is abundantly clear.) With the whole Mediterranean to separate the two, the Captain is a contented man. In Gibraltar he is the mild, middle-aged householder; in Kalik, the raffish roué—with an appropriate woman for each mood. Unfortunately, he knew less about women than he thought he did.

Guinness obviously had a fine time exploring the comedic possibilities of this role, and the real delight in the film is less its clever and often very funny script than in the way Guinness projects the two aspects of the Captain's character. He doesn't merely act differently; he moves differently, he *is* different. On "The Rock" he is stiff, erect, proper. He listens with rapt boredom to a band concert playing airs from Gilbert and Sullivan; he is as profoundly shocked by his wife's suggestion that they stay on beyond their ten o'clock bedtime as he is by the discovery that she likes a glass of gin now and then. His eyes widen, his nostrils dilate, and his soft "Oh, Maud" is a strangled mixture of mild reproof and outraged respectability. In Kalik, on the other hand, he is dapper, breezy, gay. He matches mambos with Miss De Carlo with an awkward but determined grace, a glint of the devil in his eye and a rose between his teeth. There is a world of worldly wisdom in the sly under-the-hand gesture with which he pays off a Kalikian cop. He carries on his heated conversations with Miss De Carlo in a sort of jabberwock, clarified by broad but highly specific Latin gestures. Like Chaplin in "Monsieur Verdoux," he subtly adapts his temperament to each of his women. Only when both paradises begin to crumble simultaneously do flashes of the wrong Captain turn up in the wrong places, vastly increasing the hilarity of the whole dual deception. Guinness is admirably aided throughout by a cast that includes, in addition to the Misses Johnson and De Carlo, such adroit, knowledgeable performers as Miles Malleson and Charles Goldner.

ALTHOUGH Guinness claims that he has no personal system of acting or building a role, actually his technique in at least one respect resembles a good writer's. He is an observer, ever on the prowl for new types, for different gestures, attitudes, voice mannerisms that he can store up in his memory until a script recalls just such a character. "The Man in the White Suit" was drawn largely from a studio technician, the mild-mannered bank clerk of "Lavender Hill Mob" from an actual bank clerk he had known. It is a process that began years ago when, at the age of eighteen, Guinness determined on a career in the theatre. While learning to act—first with Martita Hunt, later at Fay Compton's Studio of Dramatic Art—he spent his spare hours wandering the streets of London noticing faces, feet, the moods and manner-

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isms of the people who passed by him. Since he had barely enough money to live on, it became almost his sole diversion—that and an occasional visit to the gallery of the Old Vic. Even today, with considerably less leisure, Guinness still haunts the streets for new material. When in New York earlier this summer one of his first requests was to be taken to a police line-up.

But though the world supplies the raw materials from which he creates his characters, Guinness himself is unable to describe the alchemy through which he performs the transformation. He speaks of himself as a slow worker, both in theatre and film. In fact, he gives as one of his reasons for preferring the stage the greater opportunity it provides for growing into a role, for exploring a character. During the recent Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Canada, fellow actors stated that he was still altering and intensifying his "Richard III" even at the very last performance, discovering new elements of brutality and humor in the role.

Because he comes from the stage, Guinness claims that film acting poses special difficulties for him. The lack of proper rehearsal time—indeed, often of *any* rehearsal time—before shooting starts on a new picture is a movie practice that he deplores. Producers are now aware that they will have to reshoot the first two or three days of filming on any picture he works in. (If Guinness could have his way completely he would make it the first two or three weeks.) For "Captain's Paradise," quite unofficially, he and Celia Johnson spent two weeks before shooting began rehearsing privately their scenes together. As a result, those passages achieve a style, a neatness of timing that far excel anything else in the film. Since his present contract with the J. Arthur Rank Organization permits him full script approval, Guinness enjoys the surprisingly rare privilege of working out a role in some detail before actually playing it, even of making suggestions for changes in character or story that he feels might improve the picture as a whole. In many instances his recommendations have been followed—as in increasing the number of expendable D'Ascoynes from three to eight in "Kind Hearts." He would work in Hollywood, he says, only if he were assured a similar control over his scripts, and if they could find material interesting enough for him.

GUINNESS'S greatest fear today is of becoming typed, either as a "man of a thousand faces" or as purely a comedian. Despite his obvious flair for farce, he feels that he has done more than enough of them at this point. His latest film, "The Malta Story," now showing in England, is a straight wartime drama. His next will be built around G. K. Chesterton's philosophical detective, Father Brown; and after that comes an English-speaking role in a French film. He doesn't altogether approve of Shakespeare on film—or even on the conventional prosceniumed stage—but one picture he very much wants to do someday is a stark, simple, non-spectacular version of "Richard III," an idea he has already broached unsuccessfully to several British producers.

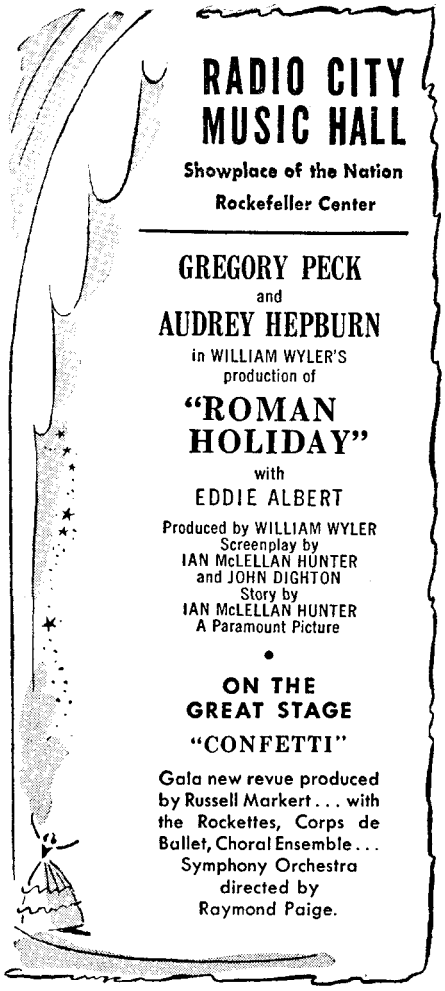
Anyone who has seen Guinness on the stage is aware of the strangely limited use the movies have thus far made of his extreme versatility. While it is clear that he relishes the bizarre, his great gift is his uncanny ability to merge his own identity with what-

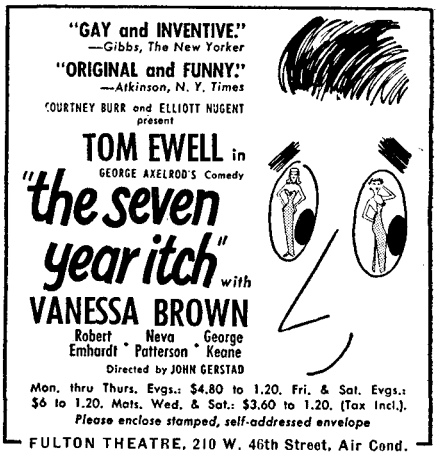
Lake Okeechobee

By Isadore Whitley Bowser

NEAR shore the water lies in tinfoil sheets
Torn into bits and shining through the reeds,
And to the refuge of these quiet shoals
The young bass come to feast among the weeds.
Here the white egret stands in frozen grace,
Seeming remote from carnal thought of food
Until with murderous thrust his beak denies
To fish and egret common brotherhood.

Here on the margin, strange among his mates,
The hump-backed Brahma bull on grassy plinth
Projects an alien shape against the sky,
His sharp hooves trampling down the hyacinth.

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ever role he may be playing. Without pyrotechnic flamboyance, without even following any particular style of acting, he seems to transform his entire being as he moves from role to role. A middle-aged bank clerk moves one way, he knows, while an impulsive young inventor carries himself another way entirely. One of the marvels of "The Promoter" is the consistent aging of Denry Machin from a cocky kid of eighteen to a respectable burgher of forty. The appropriate gesture, the appropriate stance, the appropriate voice—Guinness can supply them all from details he has seen and remembered, and so completely that it doesn't seem like acting at all, but more like a man's unconscious revelation of his own personality. His angular, mobile features, his disciplined body convey an inner world. As one critic has observed, Guinness can act *mind*.

That his characters can be as varied yet complete as they were at Stratford, where he alternated the cynical, sinister "Richard III" with the aged, gentle, ailing King of "All's Well That Ends Well," is remarkable in itself. A theatre characterization, however, need be sustained for only a matter of hours. The thousands of bits and pieces from which a film is composed may be shot over a period of weeks or even months. That Guinness can sustain with equal effectiveness a rich variety of roles in picture after picture—or, as in "Captain's Paradise," make subtle differentiations of the same character within a single film—is evidence of his wonderfully instinctive mastery of the actor's art. At thirty-nine, serious, skilled, and ambitious, he is at once the most accomplished and most promising talent on the screen today.

—Arthur Knight.

SR Recommends

Captain's Paradise: Reviewed in this issue.

Roman Holiday: Audrey Hepburn cavorts through the Eternal City with style and winsome insouciance. (*SR* Sept. 5)

The Cruel Sea: A very smooth, very tight, very moving British staging of the Monsarrat novel about a sub-chaser and its war. (*SR* Aug. 22)

The Beggar's Opera: The eighteenth-century opera by John Gay about London lowlife is the scene of cavortings and vocals by Sir Laurence Olivier. (*SR* Aug. 15)

From Here to Eternity: This enormous epic of the Regular Army sprawls across the screen, carrying with it Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (*SR* Aug. 8)

Vice Squad: Edward G. Robinson supervises in a semi-documentary on the Los Angeles detective force. (*SR* Aug. 1)

The Band Wagon: The old master, Fred Astaire, ably assisted by Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan, and a galaxy of Dietz-Schwartz tunes. (*SR* July 25)

There's Bad News Tonight

SOME years ago, when I was a splendid actor on radio, strangers often stopped me in the street and offered suggestions.

"You know what would be a funny situation for your show," they would begin. "Why don't you have Jane and you go on a boat trip?"

"And then what?" I would ask.

"THEN what!" they would exclaim. "Are you kidding? Jane talking to the captain?"

The rest of the suggestion was usually lost in an epileptic fit of laughter at the very thought of such a merry mixup.

Similarly there have been suggestions recently in some of the critical columns for the new Fred Allen television show. The consensus seemed to be that (a) it was wonderful having Mr. Allen back on television, and (b) it was too bad he had become saddled with a gimmick panel show which restrained him from being the delightfully sardonic wit we all know he can be.

Several of the criticisms went a step further and offered the helpful suggestion that Mr. Allen would be at his best on a fifteen-minute television show across the board just commenting humorously on the news of the day as Will Rogers used to do a generation or so ago on the old radio.

Well, I have a newspaper before me and here are the news stories on which Mr. Allen will be expected to comment humorously:

Returning American prisoners of war tell of defying Red torture to make them confess germ warfare.

Italian troops maneuver on Trieste border after Marshal Tito expresses his views about returning Trieste to Italy.

Secretary Dulles warns China that an attack on Indo-China will start a third world war.

Russia detonates a hydrogen device.

Australia gets ready to test its first atom bomb.

Korean conference casts dark shadows ahead.

An immense unemployment problem is growing in India.

Anti-Americanism in Japan is gaining strongly.

Peron is forming anti-Yank bloc in South American countries.

America now has well over 1,000 A-weapons in its stock pile, which can cause whole cities to disappear, whereas Russia only has between 100 and 300 and can only cause between 1,000,000 and 20,000,000 casualties in American cities.

And so on.

Now, Mr. Allen will wax sardonically witty about the news of the day; something like this:

"Well, good evening, ladies and gentlemen. A funny thing happened to me on the way to Los Alamos the other day . . .

"I stopped for gas at what had been a filling station but all that was left of the place was the front door, on which there was a sign which read: GONE FISSION . . .

"Well I see the Korean truce talks are about to begin. Have you noticed that Mickey Mantle has been running much faster around the bases up at Yankee Stadium since that truce was signed? . . .

"And speaking of the Yankees, they were sure lucky to get Larry Berra on waivers from Russia . . .

"Well, I see there have been some disastrous earthquakes in Greece and some islands have entirely disappeared. Which reminds me of a funny story . . ."

And so on.

AND if Mr. Allen starts getting sardonically witty about national politics he stands a good chance of alienating twenty-four million Democrats one day and a few more million Republicans the next who don't take their politics as lightly as they did back in the pre-television days of the redoubtable Will Rogers. Mr. Rogers had lots of fun with Congress, telling jokes about how they don't do anything but send seeds to their constituents. I shudder to think what would happen to Mr. Allen if he attempted that kind of humorous comment on the news of today.

He would probably wind up you know where being questioned by you know who with Fred refusing to answer on the grounds that it might you know what.

—Goodman Ace.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Happy "Homecoming" for the Sadler's Wells Ballet

WHEN the season's first cries of "Bravo" resound in a solid rhyme with "Margot" even the minor poets who populate the aisle seats of the Metropolitan Opera House can recognize that the balletic version of leap year is with us again. Whatever the calendar says, the third time 'round of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, with its cherishable Miss Fonteyn in wholesome health again, is a special solstice for dance lovers.

Those problems of health which have saddened Miss Fonteyn's followers this past year or two couldn't rank as more than a fiction—or a bygone memory—in the aftermath of her performance in the season's opening "Lac des Cygnes." Perhaps there is a shade less sheer mechanical precision, a glint less brilliance in her turns and beats; but the power that formerly flowed downward to the points now seems to surge upward through her body in a new expressiveness and poetry. Certainly she has never so clearly distinguished before between the amiable and the evil swan, though—in contradiction of fairy-tale logic—I found her even less resistible as the Black Swan than as the White. Credit this either to the wiles of Rothbart (charmingly described in the program as "a wicked magician," as though there are any other kind in fairyland) or the choreography of Petipa and Ivanov.

By any standard—choreographic, decorative, or interpretative—this is the best "Swan Lake" New York has seen in any time worth talking about. To such veteran attributes as Pamela May's Queen Mother and Ray Powell's tutor it adds a fine Prince by Michael Somes, a much improved dancer since the early visits of the company. Some of Miss Fonteyn's authority and poise have rubbed off, or into, him, with a decided elevation of standard—as well as a decided standard of elevation. He sustained his portion of the third-act variations with no lessening of audience interest, singular praise for a partner to such a star as Fonteyn.

Historically this will doubtless be considered a transition period for the Wells company, taking into account the absence of such former performers as Beryl Grey and Moira Shearer, the restricted activity of Frederick Austin, the trend to other things of Robert Helpmann. But with such a sound dancer as Svetlana Beriosova coming along, and such others as Nadia Nerina, Rowena Jackson, and Violetta Elvin already arrived, Miss Fonteyn is far from a bright candle in an otherwise dark house. The ensemble, if anything, is solider, more precise, better integrated than before, with five years of postwar development adding especially to the resources on the male side. Future programs will show this more decidedly, one imagines, but the lively talents of Brian Shaw and Alexander Grant, David Blair and John Field can have only one influence—a beneficial one.

New York's openhearted response to this institution so efficiently directed by Ninette de Valois suggests a kind of proprietary interest akin to England's attitude about "our" Danny K. Well, if it's a "homecoming" when Danny returns to the Palladium, let there be no mistaking how Americans feel about Miss Fonteyn and friends. No doubt there is an equal amount of foolish vanity involved in both instances—one has a vague memory that Danny didn't exactly "die" in his engagement at the Palace Theatre last spring, anymore than the Sadler's Wells Company does in Covent Garden—but our affection for these people and their admirable ideals isn't going to be diminished by such considerations as common sense.

The occasion was given a special festivity by the unveiling of the Metropolitan's new seating arrangement, in which all the downstairs chairs face the stage—or, at least, some part of it. Any healthy dowager arriving at seventy is entitled to thoughtful repair work, and the Metropolitan, warily approaching that anniversary, is no exception. Taking away the old orchestra circle has exposed much more reflecting surface for sound, something that conductor Robert Irving might take into consideration relative to an overproduction of orchestral tone.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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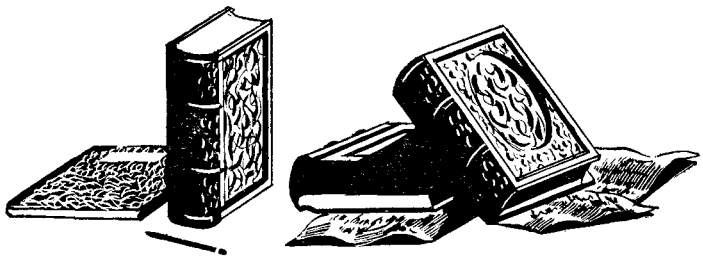

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be treated at greater length in early numbers.

ALGONQUIN: The Story of a Great Dog. By Dion Henderson. Henry Holt & Co. $2.50. A MacKinlay Kantoresque story about a small boy and his Mississippi hound dog.

ALL ONE SUMMER. By Elizabeth Fair. Funk & Wagnalls. $3. A breathweight novel, of the sort the English excel at, about a provincial English village and its gallery of toads, manor houses, and vicars.

AMAZON TOWN. By Charles Wagley. Macmillan Co. $5.50. A socio-anthropological study which was financed by UNESCO of a small town on the Lower Amazon.

APPLE ON A PEAR TREE. By John Burress. Vanguard Press. $3.50. A novel about the growing-up of an eleven-year-old boy in Cedar Grove, Tenn., in 1925, by the author of "Little Mule."

BIRDS AS INDIVIDUALS. By Len Howard. Doubleday & Co. $4. A big, busy book about all manner of birds for the amateur ornithologist.

THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION: 1917-1923. By E. H. Carr. Macmillan Co. $6.50. The third and final volume of Professor Carr's history of the Russian Revolution. This one deals with Russia's foreign relations during that period.

THE BOOK OF HEALTH. Edited by R. Lee Clark and Russell W. Cumley. Elsevier Press. $10. A book for the layman, prepared under the surveillance of 243 doctors, about every conceivable aspect of the human anatomy and development.

BY THE DAWN'S UGLY LIGHT. By R. Taylor. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50. A collection of cartoons by a *New Yorker* cartoonist about alcohol and its repercussions.

THE FEARED AND THE FEARLESS. By Guthrie Wilson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. In this novel, set in Italy during the last war, a homicidal maniac, posing as an anti-Fascist, runs amok, shooting up Fascists like crows. He is finally felled, and his American mistress gets her true sweetie.

THE FEMALE. By Paul Wellman. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. An historical novel which ought to blunderbuss its way onto the best-seller lists in short order. It is about Theodora, the wife of the Emperor Justinian (6th Century A.D.)—a lady who has had vats of ink spilled about her down through the years.

FRANZ BOAS. By Melville J. Herskovits. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50. A new addition to the Twentieth Century Library, this is a short life of a pioneering American anthropologist.

HALIBUT SCHOONER. By Lyman Ellsworth. David McKay Co. $3. The personal experiences of an ex-G.I. who went to Alaska after the war from an Iowa farm to learn the trade of deep-sea fishing.

JOURNEY BY JUNK. By Willard Price. John Day Co. $3.50. Mr. Price, a latter-day Halliburton, returns here to the Far East to give us a report on the recent adventures he and his family had in and around postwar, or MacArthur, Japan.

KING HARRY'S SISTER. By Michael Glenne. Roy Publishers. $3.75. A biography of the Princess Royal, Margaret Tudor, sister of Henry VIII, who became the wife of James I of Scotland.

THE LADY OF ARLINGTON. By Harnett T. Kane. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. A biographical novel, by an old hand at this type of dish, about Mary Custis, a gentle, honeydew of a Southern girl, who became the wife and lifetime companion of General Robert E. Lee.

THE LAND OF SILENCE. By May Sarton. Rinehart & Co. $2.50. A new collection of poems, taken mostly from *SR, The New Yorker, The Atlantic,* and *Harper's,* by a talented and graceful poet, who is also a capable novelist ("A Shower of Summer Days," "The Shadow of a Man").

LAND OF STRANGERS. By Lillian Budd. J. B. Lippincott & Co. $3.50. A novel of a gracious but unsteady Swedish immigrant who settles with his family in Chicago in the early days of the present century.

A LAW FOR THE LION. By Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. In his second novel—"Sybil" (1952) was his first—Mr. Auchincloss, who is a pleasant, facile writer, tells of a young lady bred within the narrow walls of Wall Street, Park Avenue, and the North Shore of Long Island, and of how, through a broken marriage and sacrificed children, she finds her proper milieu.

THE LIVING AND THE LOST. By Michel Zeraffa. Translated by J. M. Cohn. Roy Publishers. $3.50. A pint-sized "Magic Mountain," this novel concerns a tubercular resort in Savoy in the days before the last war.

LOOKOUT WIFE. By Jeanne Kellar Beaty. Random House. $3.50. The adventures of the author, an ex-newspaperwoman, and her husband, who spent a summer as rangers on the lookout for forest fires in the Idaho mountains.

THE LOST GENERAL. By Elswyth Thane. Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. A hearts-and-violets novel about a young New England lady doing research for a thesis on a little-known general of the American Revolution. The research turns up two men—one rich and waiting, the other poor and fumbling. The thesis is completed, too.

MOTHER—SIR! By Tats Blain. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. A will-o'-the-wisp account of the daily adventures the author, her husband, and their daughter had in Japan when husband took over his new duties as Commander of Fleet Activities at Sasebo.

A NEW HOME. By Caroline Kirland. Edited by John Nerber. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5. A revised edition of an autobiography first published in 1939. It concerns the "pioneering" experiences of the author and her husband who settled in a small Michigan town in the Thirties.

NO ONE FELL OVERBOARD. By Josephine Hunter Potter. Wilfred Funk. $4. An account of an estimable cruise taken by the author, her husband, and their four children on the *Seven Seas.* Starting from Massachusetts, they worked their way down the coast, through the Gulf of Mexico, and up the Mississippi, and finally to a safe landing in Pittsburgh.

NONSENSE, U.S.A. Edited by Dick Hyman. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50. A collection of humorous oddibilia from all over the country, culled from newsbreaks, Blue Laws, patents, road signs, strange accidents, court rulings, etc. Introduction by Arthur "Bugs" Baer and illustrations by Otto Soglow.

ONE. By David Karp. Vanguard Press. $3.50. Spies, inquisitors, State papers, and such skullduggeries in a totalitarian state of the future.

THE PASSIONATE HEART. By Beatrix Beck. Translated by Constantine Fitzgibbon. Julian Messner. $3 50. A winner of the *Prix Goncourt,* this French novel is about a young Jewish widow in Paris during the German occupation. She is converted to the Catholic Church by a priest with whom she falls in love, but the spirit prevails.

THE PUBLIC IS NEVER WRONG. By Adolph Zukor and Dale Kramer. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4. The memoirs of one of the last of the early movie moguls. Mr. Zukor, now in his eighties, tells here of the despised nickelodeons on 14th St. in New York, the importing of the then sensational "Queen Elizabeth," with Sarah Bernhardt tottering about in it, the coming of the corporations, sound, and, finally, 3-D.

THE RENAISSANCE. By Will Durant. Simon & Schuster. $7.50. The fifth volume in Dr. Durant's story of civilization. This one covers every cranny of the Italian Renaissance from the odes of Petrarch to the flickering curlicues on Cellini's last bowl.

RUDOLF VIRCHOW. By Erwin H. Ackerknecht. University of Wisconsin Press. $5. A biography of the nineteenth-century Prussian doctor, statesman, and anthropologist.

THE SHORT NOVELS OF JOHN STEINBECK. With an introduction by Joseph Henry Jackson. Viking Press. $2.95. A bringing together of some of Mr. Steinbeck's earlier and most edible pies, including "Tortilla Flat," "Of Mice and Men," "The Red Pony," "Cannery Row," "The Pearl," and "The Moon Is Down."

THE SWORD AND THE SUN. By Gerald Green. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75. A bosomy fictionalizing of the hearty days when the Spanish conquistadors were tramping through Mexico and the Southwestern United States.

THE THIRD ANGEL. By Jerome Weidman. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. A new one by Mr. Weidman, whose pen is as sharp as a pin, about the turmoils—crooked and otherwise—that are engendered when a national shrine is created in a town in posh Fairfield County, Conn.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN. By David Riesman. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3. A critical biography of the author of "The Theory of the Leisure Class," by the author of "The Lonely Crowd" and "Some Faces in the Crowd." A new volume in the Twentieth Century Library.

VIDEHI. By Charles Leslie Holden. St. Martin's Press. $3.50. A somewhat fictionalized study of Western influences in India, centered on a young Indian girl, Videhi, who renounces Hindu custom by refusing to consummate her prearranged marriage, becomes a doctor, and, mellowed, finally returns to her husband a modernized maiden.

THE WEB OF TIME. By Josephine Lawrence. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50. This latest of Miss Lawrence's domestic novels concerns a man of sixty-five who is forced to retire, and suddenly finds himself with a big house, daughters to marry off, and insufficient funds. A job in a nearby museum provides the answer.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE. By Gertrude Schweitzer. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.50. An investigation into the differences between the last two generations. The author and her husband came to New York to live in their twenties when the Bohemians were sweeping the town clean. Their two children are now in *their* twenties, and are, in comparison with the old folks, a couple of Miss Muffets—staid, oldish, and lacklustre.

—W. B.

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Fighting Man

Continued from page 26

reply, swinging on to the running board and giving the boy a pat on the shoulder. "No, thank you, son. You're much more tired than I am. I just wanted to see how things are getting along here. Go ahead."

For five minutes or so he would remain, standing on the running board, finding out what he wanted to know before swinging down off the jeep, investigating an outpost, and hitchhiking his way on the next vehicle to come along.

THE soldiers liked him for his American approach to authority and to war. They liked him enormously. Once, when he had gone ahead in a jeep and some of us were following him in a reconnaissance car, we got separated from him. Every time we passed an MP, we asked if he had seen General Bradley. Every MP's reply took one of two forms but was the same tribute. Either he would say, smiling proudly, "Yes, he's just passed this way." Or, looking glum, "Not today"; then with a sudden smile, "But we saw him yesterday."

There is another Bradley story that I cherish. Although I did not put it in "Many a Watchful Night," I wish I had. On June 4 when, because of bad weather, the invasion had been put off for a day, General Bradley, Admiral Kirk, Admiral Struble, and General Royce along with the lesser fry assembled in the Junior Officers' wardroom of the *Augusta* to see a movie, as a means of easing the anxiety of waiting. By some mischievous irony the movie turned out to be, of all things, Alfred Hitchcock's "Lifeboat." Surely, no film meant to entertain men heading for an invasion was ever less appropriate.

Halfway through, word came that General Eisenhower wanted General Bradley and Admiral Kirk to come to his headquarters where he was to make the fateful decision whether the invasion would begin the next day or be postponed. As befitted my low rank, I was standing and as it happened near the entrance. When General Bradley passed me, he stopped for a moment and said, "Brown, will you do me a favor? I have to go now and won't get back until late. But tomorrow will you please tell me how this movie comes out? I can hardly wait to find out." He did not forget, and I did tell him. Those stars on his shoulders and his outstanding qualities as a fighting man never kept him from being one of the most human of humans.

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Aphasia and linguistics
Autism, infantile
Auto-punishment

Benzedrine, addiction
Bestiality
Body image disturbances
Boredom
Brontophobia

Cacodaemonomania
Chloral delirium
Choreomania
Clairvoyance
Claustrophobia
Cocaine, addiction
Crime, neurotic
Criminality

Depression
Devil worship
Dream murders
Dysprosody

Ecouteur
Ecstasy, artificial
Erotographomania
Exhibitionism

Family tension
Fellatio
Fetishism
Folie a deux
Frigidity
Frottage

Gambling
Gammacism
Gelasmus
Gustatory sweating
Gynephobia

Hair-plucking
Hallucinations
Haptodysphoria
Hashish, addiction
Head banging
Heroin, addiction
Heterolalia
Homosexuality
Hysteria

Iconolagny
Illusions
Inferiority feelings
Intellectual malfunctioning

Kainotophobia
Kakorrhaphiophobia
Kleptomania

Language frustration
Laughter, fits of
Lesbianism
Logorrhea
Lying

Malingering
Masochism
Menstrual anomalies
Mescaline intoxication
Murderer, mind of
Mutism
Mysophobia

Narcolepsy
Necrophilia
Negativism
Nudism
Nymphomania

Ochlophobia
Onanism
Opium, addiction

Pavor nocturnus
Pessimism
Pethidine, addiction
Phobias
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The Sea

Continued from page 20

to drum up trade. At the same time, he is struggling to improve his own playing, as well as the future of the sextet, which can only gain bigtime recognition through a chance at making some recordings, and a job in one of the jazz spots in New York. Mr. Gilbert works all this out well enough and with a minimum of melodrama. While doing so he effectively recreates the childish, brilliant, and frenetic world in which most modern jazzmen live. His principal characters—particularly those of Kip Nelson and the girl—are far better than types.

His quick incidental sketches—a suave, widowed Italian woman who runs a swank East Side hotel, the roadhouse proprietor, a Harlem nightclub, a jazz critic, an artist, two Negro girls—are excellent. But Mr. Gilbert's novel misses being first-rate because he has not given us, either in his motivations or symbols, any of the essential traits of sanity and health that serve as the balancing points within every world. It is also crippled by an unfortunate style—especially when the music itself is being described—that reminded me of a man trying to carry on a rapid monologue underwater.

—Whitney Balliett.

DOOM-DRIVEN DAMSEL: The heroine of Charles Gorham's short shocker, **"Martha Crane"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3), is born to trouble. Gorham makes a great deal of her experiences as a WAC in England and more particularly of her hostility towards her father, but "her drive towards destruction [had] started long ago, even before her mother had died." Martha Crane is not just a product of deforming circumstances; she is something of a psychopath to begin with. This will not lessen her interest to the clinical-minded reader, but the fact that she is "enormously aware of what she [is] doing" will eliminate his sympathy.

The look of pretty innocence with which the author endows her must be invitingly thin, judging by the number of men who see through it to the promiscuous nature it is supposed to conceal. In her desire to "live [her] life all the way up," Martha becomes pregnant, fails (for lack of money) to get the services of an abortionist, and winds up in New York in business with a remarkably perverse and memorable sadist named Farkas. "It was madness to involve herself" with this notorious pimp "and she knew it," but she stays with him even at the cost of suicide, blackmail, and ultimately murder.

The author's gifts are very substantial. He writes with vigor and vividness. His characters breathe and talk like real persons (though they are sometimes overanalyzed). And his talent for the satiric touch is lively enough to warrant the hope for further development: he ticks off the television world neatly in his anatomy of Noah Sampson. Perhaps Mr. Gorham's next book will be a less melodramatic and more meaningful demonstration of all of these gifts.

—Charles Lee.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Song of Hiawatha" (Longfellow). 2. "Richard III" (Shakespeare). 3. "Columbus" (Joaquin Miller). 4. "Recessional" (Kipling). 5. "Old Black Joe" (S. C. Foster). 6. "The Barrel-Organ" (Noyes). 7. "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat" (Lear). 8. "I remember, I remember" (Thomas Hood). 9. "The Tiger" (William Blake). 10. "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (Tennyson). 11. "The Bells" (Poe) 12. "America the Beautiful" (Katherine Lee Bates).

Charles Gorham—"vigor and vividness."

APPLESAUCE KID: Peggy Goodin, author of "Clementine" and "Take Care of My Little Girl," has the flippant touch. How dangerous such a gift can be is demonstrated with unfortunate success in her latest novel, **"The Lie"** (Dutton, $3), a book with the kind of story that calls for the sensibilities of a Dreiser rather than the sophistications of a Dorothy Parker. Miss Goodin cannot resist a tendency to titter at precisely the moment the reader expects her to cry; she is to her drama what Bea Lillie would be to Ophelia.

The central situation of "The Lie" is this: Kate Morrison, pregnant at seventeen, compels her family to rearrange their lives so that her baby may be passed off as her mother's belated younger daughter. This they do with great care and at great cost (Father has to move his business to another state); then, during Jenny's seventeenth birthday party, it appears that the lid is to be blown off the lie with unpredictable and possibly disastrous results.

But the only lid that is blown is the reader's. He expects emotional fireworks, ethical challenges, dramatic tension, but what he gets is wisecracks and horselaughs, the kind of facetiousness that studies the funeral oration for puns. Miss Goodin's Kate might have touched on our hearts; she succeeds only in trying to tickle our ribs. It seems fiercely appropriate that the first word she spoke, as recorded in her baby-book, was "applesauce."

—C. L.

BOBBY BURNS IN SLOW MOTION: An old saying to the effect that authors who write long-winded books simply have not taken the time to write short ones applies with unfortunate pertinence to James Barke. Monumentally infatuated with Robert Burns, he has now delivered to the stalls the fourth volume of a five-novel project dealing with his poetical subject, **"The Crest of the Broken Wave"** (Macmillan, $3.50).

Mr. Barke does not make things more inviting for his readers by beginning with a list of the fifty-five characters who move through this portion of his hero's life (1788-1791). Nor does the style, pedestrian when it is not tormentingly dialectic, help matters. There are pages of this sort of thing: "But gin the generations to come dina build a monument to James Johnson as high as the Castle Rock in Edinburgh—then they'll be a hantle sicht mair ill-gotten than I'm prepared to think."

Burns is here seen toiling as a farmer, churning up verses, spouting politics, brooding over his bottle, and making love. In his peculiar low-voltage prose, the author observes that "the affinity that arcs across the poles of male and female sexuality was ever instantaneous in so far as the Bard was concerned." Anybody for a fast game of croquet?

—C. L.

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Bookmarks

OUR appeals to readers for early references in American fiction to revolutionary devices that have become commonplaces of daily life (the steamboat, the railroad, the telephone, the typewriter, and what you please, or can find) has brought us a remarkable example of the prefiguration of one of those commonplaces, supplied by Francis Hyde Bangs of Ogunquit, Me. Mr. Bangs writes:

> Although few of John Kendrick Bangs's books can qualify as novels in the limited sense, some of them can, as being long satirical stories having incident, adventure, and often considerable plot. In June 1894 Bangs published in the Black and White Series of Harper & Brothers a little book called "Three Weeks in Politics," reflecting his own experiences while running for mayor of Yonkers, N. Y., that spring. Bangs has his leading character, The Idiot, report on an incident in the mayoralty campaign where an illiterate spokesman for a group uses such language, such inflection, and such extravagant gestures that it would be impossible to convey the effect unless it could be published "in an Edison phonograph with a kinetoscope attachment."
>
> Is not this the earliest description of the modern talking movies in belles lettres? Of course, it preceded the talking picture by many years, and therefore does not strictly qualify for inclusion under the limits set by your "actualities," although both the phonograph and the kinetoscope had been invented.
>
> Of course, any writer may be full of inventions before things are invented. I recall a Bangs story about a man using a golf ball with a rubber interior (outdriving his competitors and fooling them) in the days when there were no such golf balls.

And from Frank Merrill of Minneapolis comes this offering:

> About first American novels in which steamboats, railroads, and the like received first mention: If you mean books in which they formed the main framework of the narrative, I nominate "The Lightning Conductor," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, published in 1903. "The Lightning Conductor" is a light, very dated, second-rate romance; the heroine is an American of the Gibson Girl type, and the story is that of an automobile trip through France and Italy, with long descriptions of sights seen along the route. There are many breakdowns: "One motorist, of course, must always offer help to another—to pass a stranded car would be like ignoring signals of distress at sea." One rode "on" the car, which was "steered by a tiller worked with the left hand." After one of the numerous accidents, in a headlong escape from a mob of enraged peasants, "we were on a slight decline, and the good steed bounded forward at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. An instant later I slipped to fourth, and we were going forty-five."

And, before we drop the subject for this edition only, there is Mr. Holgrave, the daguerreotypist in "The House of the Seven Gables" (1851), who is certainly one of the very earliest fictional cameramen.

* * *

Leafing through a copy of *Mademoiselle* while our dentist was waiting for us, we noted, among the staff listings on the masthead, three "executaries." Our preference would be "secretives," with the accent on the first syllable, and the *e* short.

* * *

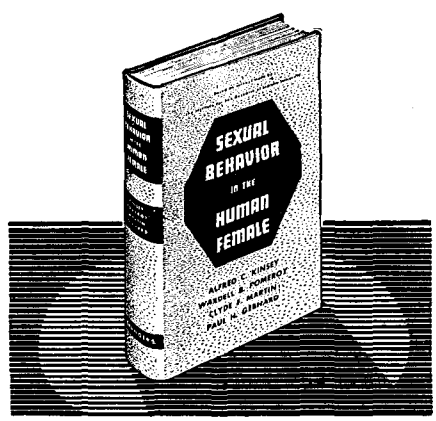
From a meaty little account by Reece Winstone in the excellent "Coming Events" issued monthly by the British Travel and Holidays Association, we learn that the pillar box (mail box to us) is now in its 101st year, that the very first boxes (seven of them) were installed in the islands of Jersey and Guernsey (wonder what the cows thought of that), that hexagonal and fluted-column models were at first favored, that there was a great variety of colors (brown, green, yellow), that since 1876 all save some portable variants in rural districts have been round and red, that every box carries the cipher of the sovereign in whose reign it was erected, that Edward VIII ciphers are rarest (only 195 out of 64,000 in the whole country—he occupied the throne a mere eleven months).

* * *

The letters of Vernon Lee have been deposited with Colby College with the restriction that they "shall not be read except privately until 1980," in the words of her literary executor. It is nice to find someone optimistic enough to expect that there will be a 1980.

* * *

This week's special hate: The public library customer who, restoring Volume IX of an encyclopedia, jams it in any old place. — J. T. W.



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Our Times

Continued from page 17

thing to be said for abandoning the "seeds-of-decay" theory once and for all. Elsewhere he says of the Chinese: "We cannot know them much but we can ignore them only at our peril." In "The Great Peace" he has shown that he has come to know them as well as any man can.

CANADA'S FIRST PRIME MINISTER: One of the oddities of Canadian historians has been their continued neglect of one of the nation's most fascinating characters, John A. Macdonald, the first Prime Minister. Why so little has been done on this figure who was the true architect of Canada's Confederation is hard to understand. For Macdonald—the skilled politician, the political specialist who could get the support of French Catholic Quebec and the Orangemen of Ontario, who knew what party funds were for and how to get them yet had visions of greatness for Canada, who could turn a political corner on a dime and yet unite four jealous and diverse provinces into the beginning of Canada as it is today—is worth the closest study. Yet until the recent publication of **"John A. Macdonald: The Young Politician,"** by Donald Creighton, professor of history at the University of Toronto (Houghton Mifflin, $7.50), nothing of an important nature was available beyond Pope's "Memoirs of Macdonald" of sixty years ago.

This first volume, dealing with Macdonald's early days up to and including the celebration of the Dominion's birth in 1867, makes up for the long neglect. The scholarship is excellent, the writing never dull. It fills in the gaps in Pope's work and gives a clearer picture of the Scottish-born Tory, bound to the Crown by the deepest ties, whose concept of a self-governing dominion inside the Empire and distinct from the United States became a reality.

Interesting as Mr. Creighton's present volume is, the second, still in preparation, is bound to be even more so, for it will deal with Macdonald's periods as Prime Minister and leader of the Opposition, a time jammed with interest. —L. L. L. GOLDEN.

CHINESE ARMS AND RECRIMINATIONS: The vast tangle of international politics and immediate military problems that harassed General Joseph W. Stilwell in the role of commanding general of the American forces in India, Burma, and China raised explosive issues that still occasion debate today. An important attempt to throw authoritative light on that phase of World War II is provided in **"Stilwell's Mission to China"** (U.S. Government Printing Office, $5.00, by Charles F. Romanus and Riley Sunderland. Here is a book that should dispel any number of myths about "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell and increase respect for his uncompromising attempts to improve the combat efficiency of the Chinese Army and to encourage the most effective use of American supplies to China. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's constant cry was for more and better arms. The authors summarize Stilwell's views by saying that it would have been "fatuous to give a medium tank or howitzer to a peasant soldier who had never seen anything more complex than his father's wheelbarrow; that the Chinese Army had to be trained and reorganized before it could profitably be given new equipment."

This advice the Generalissimo resisted. At any rate the allocation of strategic materials was not in Stilwell's hands but in that of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The crowning touch of the whole situation was provided by Roosevelt's support of the pie-in-the-sky promises made by Major General Claire Chennault of victory through air power over Stilwell insistence on Chinese Army reforms and overland buildup of strength. Hitherto unpublished source material gives the volume additional value. The fine organization of material and excellent writing reflect credit on the authors and reward the reader with an absorbing review of the strength and weaknesses of high-level military planning that becomes clear only when the dust of combat settles.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

WET AND LESS WET: At the nearest point the Pacific island group of the Bismarck Archipelago lies some fifty miles off the east coast of New Guinea. New Britain, being the closest and next to the largest of the archipelago islands, figured in our World War II strategic planning to protect our activity in Northern New Guinea, to reduce Rabaul, and to clear the way for attack on the Admiralties. **"The Campaign of New Britain"** (U.S. Government Printing Office, $3.75) in 1943-44 is recreated by Lieut. Col. Frank O. Hough and Major John A. Crown of the Historical Branch of the U.S. Marine Corps, who base their account on participating units' documents, war diaries, journals, orders, and official dispatches.

This is essentially the marine Corps side of the story, leaving the other side for Army telling. Not only are the planning, tactical operation, and unit histories a matter for detailing, but this brisk and reader-conscious account furnishes the climatic and terrain background which were additional harassing enemies to our troops. As the authors see New Britain, "there are only two seasons: wet and less wet." And the descriptions of jungle habitat (unforgettable to those who have experienced it), aided and abetted by photos, diagrams, and maps, commend it to the general reader interested in our Pacific war past. —S. M.

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A Hearing Aid?

(*Continued from page 12*)

sion, it appears in America. The variety of opinions in the United States and the variety of cultural heritages are sources of strength; under the name of Americanism to make Americans afraid to express these differences would do a great injury to ourselves.

THE expression of a people's culture, its national character, might be the only thing we needed to listen for if all the world were a place where nothing much happened. The world of isolated primitive peoples is that kind of world. To understand the cultures of such people is all that is needed in comprehending how they are different from us. But the world in which modern peoples live is, of course, changing all the time, and it is changing very abruptly for people you and I need to understand: Asiatics, Africans, Middle Easterners, Latin-Americans. It is probably true that no previous human generation ever experienced such a great transformation of viewpoint as by that generation of Chinese, Indonesians, East Indians, and Middle Easterners who *now* assume political leadership.

Each of these people has a culture, a national character, a persisting traditional way of life that, in spite of changes, still influences the way the individual thinks and acts. But each has something else. We are to listen for this something else. I have called it Mood. The word at least suggests part of what I mean: the short-run feeling-tone of a people. Just as to understand our friend we need to come to know not only his lifelong character but also the particular mood that he is in at the moment, so too in understanding the Japanese, the Iraqi, the French we are to attend also to the mood of each. He may be hopeful or despondent, insecure or confident, calmly complacent or extraordinarily sensitive. What he is in these respects today may not be the same as he will be at some later time.

The word "mood" does not suggest all that lies in this second level of a people's nature. This second thing about a people is the response they make to a marked turn in their fortunes. It is their temporary set, or "stance," we might say, toward circumstance, fate, and other peoples than themselves. In a village of Mexican Indian peasants that I was studying I saw the idea of progress, preached by modernizing reformers from the city, take hold upon the imagination of a plodding, tradition-

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bound people. In a very short time the whole mood and set of the people changed. They became confident, forward-seeking, disposed to welcome almost any reform that was approved by the city-bred prophets of progress. Their culture remained for the most part the same, but their mood and set was radically altered. And a little later, when in the same enthusiastic mood they were hard at work building a masonry structure for their new school, the edifice collapsed, killing and injuring some of the workers, their mood changed again, for a time, to one of doubt and even despair. We Americans ought to understand moods, for our people as a whole have passed through a succession of quite notable moods, as we have encountered wars, depressions, isolation, and exposure. Just at present, for obvious reasons, our mood is characterized by a heightening of tension and anxiety. One of the resemblances between peoples—indeed one of the bonds between them—lies not in common culture but in similar mood. The East Indian feels close to the Middle Easterner in part because he has a similar mood and set; his stance toward Russia, the United States, imperialism, and independence is similar; they are brothers in mood.

In listening to the expressive utterances of other peoples, we are to attune ourselves to a blending of meaningful sounds. National character and mood are not distinct; the one is affected by the other. The Nigerian and the Arab today share the sensitive mood of national pride and resentment of any domination that I have just tried to describe. But Nigerian and Arab express this mood in different ways, each according to his national character; in understanding the Arab's mood we have to attend to the familial and tribal loyalties, and competitiveness, the conceptions of obligation to guests and friends, the fierceness of revenge and the nobility of forgiveness. In fully understanding the same mood in Nigeria we need to understand the different culture and national character of the Nigerian.

THE tuned blending of national character and mood is itself blended with a third element in what these peoples say to us about themselves. We are to listen also to this third element. It is human nature, the qualities that all men share with one another. This is ever present, rarely explicitly distinguished, and necessarily assumed. We cannot talk with other people at all understandingly, but for the fact that in some things they are like us and like everyone else. The Arab is sensitive about some things that do not seem to us a matter for sensitiveness, but we are both sensitive about something. We do not go to such care as did the old-fashioned Chinese to protect himself from a public failure or rebuke, but we, too, lose face if we are shown wrong or foolish before those whose respect we crave.

Pride, shame, enjoyment of the company of those who are near and dear, delight in children, and laughter, a certain satisfaction in one's work well done, anger in the face of an injustice—however justice may be conceived—these and a multitude of other elements of human nature are very widely and generally distributed among the peoples of the world. We have always our own expression of human nature with which to understand another's different expression of it. While today some of us reassert the traditional American emphasis on self-reliance, striving to keep the control of our affairs in our own hands and out of the control of either powerful business or bureaucratic government, we can use this human impulse of ours to understand the mood of those Asiatics and Middle Easterners who want to keep the control of their affairs in their own lands—and out of ours. Their situation has at least this additional cause for calling up the human disposition to run one's own life: we to them are foreigners, and, as part of Western industrial civilization, conquerors.

Human nature is the medium through which communication is ever possible, in spite of curtains of steel and shouting radio transmitters. It is hard to hear human nature in the official iron throat of Russia. But it is there. If we were today in Russia we would find people like ourselves, in spite of the menace about them and the imposed uniformity of opinion. They can still talk to us out of the common human, given the chance. While we strain our ears for some accent from the iron throat that speaks for all humanity, we can exercise our familiarity with the Russia that was as human as other peoples. Two Russians wrote as no other writers ever wrote of that which in men is most universal, most richly and compellingly universal to mankind: one wrote of the humanity that is uppermost, and the other of the humanity that is undermost. The Russia of Tolstoy and Dostoevski cannot be extinct, and we can, by reading of that Russia and by exercising our own most generous and compassionate human side, keep ourselves prepared to talk again with it some day.

The only hearing aid we need is a practised sensitiveness in recognizing in what other peoples say the contributions to the whole of national character, mood, and human nature. By reading of and talking with peoples of other lands we can come to hear what they say as one would turn a knob on a cabinet so as to emphasize upper or lower tonal registers. The same utterance speaks to us of what is pretty steadily true of the speaker, by virtue of his accumulated tradition. It speaks also of the state of mind and feeling in which recent events have put him—in which we, perhaps, have put him. It speaks also of his nature as a man, like us, asking that the same fundamental satisfactions be his that we, in our different way, also require.

Our exercises in practised listening are not yet done. We are to cultivate another and more complicated kind of hearing. If we are to change the simultaneous shouting and babbling in the Big Room into something closer to a conversation, a give-and-take in which our words reach their audiences with the effects we desire, then we need to listen to something about which I have as yet said little. This is the sound of what we say in the ears of him to whom we say it. The mechanical analogy is now radar. We need a developed capacity to catch the meaning in what we say as our hearer catches that meaning. Our talk-waves are to bounce back to us from those other people; by listening to what has happened to them in bouncing back we learn how we are

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 536

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 536 will be found in the next issue.

L ULE ZBV OVYDP ULTQ

XV ISDQ L FYE ZVYDP

EVH XOGYFDQ HV FSOT

L FVOTQH. — CVBE

PQEESX.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 535

Has it ever struck you that the trouts bite best on the sabbath? God's critters tempting decent men.

—JAMES BARRIE.

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understood or misunderstood and why.

The opportunity to use this psychic radar is provided when foreigners come to our country, for then our whole way of life beats upon their receptive organs, and the reaction in the foreigners may be greatly illuminating to us, did we take pains to listen for it. As it is, when a group of South American students or Siamese technicians come here our first impulse is to talk hard to them about ourselves. As "indoctrination" is a bad word, we call it "orientation." I have taken part in such programs of orientation. The visitors are whirled through factories, laboratories, and talks by Americans about America. It does not often occur to us that maybe the visitors would like to do a little talking themselves. If we stop talking long enough to listen to them we may find that they can tell us a good deal about ourselves and about the way we seem to them. At one such gathering of Formosan technical specialists arrived only a few days in America, I, with difficulty, persuaded the American leader of the orientation program to leave a few minutes for questions to be asked by the Formosans. There was time for two questions. One Formosan asked: "Flying from California here to Chicago this Sunday we noticed that around the cities your wide roads were crowded with your big automobiles. There were so many automobiles that none of them was moving at all fast. Where were all those people going, and why, in this efficient country, were they going so slowly?" The second Formosan said: "This morning we were taken for a drive through a part of your city in which Negroes are living. We noticed that the houses and living spaces of these people were very poor in comparison with other parts of the city we saw. Why do you not have a Marshall Plan for the American Negro?" Answering these questions, I found a vigorous exercise in understanding.

WHEN we talk to the foreigner who remains in his own land we need someone on hand when he hears what we say to report how it sounds to him. So often, being in a hurry and pretty confident about our own efforts, we just talk. Sometimes much of the talk is wasted. I remember that in those years just before and during the war, when we were striving to gain and keep the good will of the Latin-Americans, we made a great show to them of our industrial and military power and our technical skill. Afterward I was told that what really appealed to the Latin-Americans was the sculptor Jo Davidson, the Yale Glee Club, and the Radio City Rockettes. It is a recurrent mistake of ours to suppose that flexing our muscles makes people love us. Yet there are frequent hints of this truth in the daily newspapers. I read of a Nigerian native who told Senator Wiley recently that all the propaganda about America's high standard of living just made the Nigerians fear and dislike America, and of a Pakistani official on the northwestern frontier who made the same point for his people, adding that what we ought to send to the northwestern frontier was our poetry. The people there would admire that. Mr. Graham Peck, in his book, "Two Kinds of Time," reports how our propaganda efforts sounded to the Chinese during the war there. The Office of War Information sent out words and pictures to "put over the idea that our way of life was absolutely best." Constant boasting about our high standard of living contrived a picture of an America where every family lived in "a ten-room, colonial style, suburban home, where all chores were done by electricity, nobody ever got sick or into debt, roofs never leaked and clothes never wore out." Mr. Peck found that this material was ineffective; he tried not to use it. On the other hand, the man back in Washington, who had no radar and probably needed a hearing aid, suppressed in a hand-out the sentence, "The new American army is revolutionary in that its soldiers are taught what they are fighting for." The sentence seemed to him alarming. And when, in spite of the efforts in Washington to prevent the story of General Patton and the face-slapping from reaching China, it did, the effect was notably to improve the opinion the Chinese held of Americans. Did not this event show that Americans were, after all, very democratic? Actually, in America, a general could get into trouble for slapping a soldier.

If we listen to another people we help to ease the pain of that people's mood. If your friend is worried you do not help him by talking to him constantly. You listen to him; then he feels better. It even helps if, without listening, you merely fall silent to give him a chance to relieve himself by talking to you. So it is with these peoples of the middle third of the world whose moods are now so painful to them and dangerous to us.

Finally, the improvement of the art of carrying on the little conversations is an exercise that meets and combines with the more organized discipline of the "great conversation." Great books and plain and sensible conversation together maintain the company of the free mind. Together they can enlarge that company, taking in more and more people, even while the Russians strive to restrict it. Freedom of speech is not just speaking; it is speaking honestly and as one thinks. Also, it is listening. No one is really free to use speech effectively unless other people listen, and no one has earned the freedom to talk to a listening audience unless he listens when another talks. The perception of both difference and likeness is a necessary basis for a conversation between two individuals or between two nations. To talk as free men each must in effect say: "You have a different view from mine, but we are both reasonable and human creatures, and I should like to know what your view is." That this ideal is not usually realized in life makes its influence on us no less. We know how great is the distinction between allegiance won blindly and that won understandingly. In a political campaign a vote won by an emotional appeal is only a vote won. A vote won by a reasonable argument understood and accepted is also a mind grown stronger. Our country, in peril in the Big Room, needs all the strength that reason can give to our powers of understanding. To indulge hateful passion for political advantage is to drive ourselves downward toward that dark reliance on force which today is Russia's. At home and abroad to talk and then to listen, to listen with the help of reason and then reasonably to talk, is to strengthen us just where we can be so much stronger than the Soviets. It is to build the community of free minds, "the civilization of the dialogue."

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I HAVE IT OR I'LL FIND IT. Dependable service. Town and Country Real Estate, L. A. WHITTEMORE, Realtor, Wilmington, Vermont. Telephone 125.

KENT VICINITY—Fine, attractive, well-built house, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, study, living room with fireplace, kitchen. 6 acres. Lovely view. Stream. One mile to village. Priced at $28,500. ALLAN McDOWELL, Kent, Connecticut. Telephone Kent WAlker 7-3220.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

KITTERY, MAINE, 50 miles from Boston or Portland. Well-built, remodeled farmhouse; winterized. Beautiful living room overlooking garden and creek, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths. Small hot house, Barn. Acreage. $25,000. Other listings. THAXTER REAL ESTATE, Kittery, Maine.

PERFECT WRITER'S RETREAT. Modern solar house on mountain side, secluded yet accessible, magnificent views, studio type, 200 square feet glass, gravity spring water, electricity, huge fireplace, glass block shower, kitchenette; acre; at village edge; only $7,000, electric refrigerator, electric stove included. R. A. and Gladys Murdoch, STROUT REALTY, Green Mountain Place, Middlebury, Vermont.

For Rent

COMFORTABLE 2½-story modern Cape Cod furnished house in Stowe, Vermont. Large pine-paneled living room, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, large playroom or studio, porch, darkroom, terrace, enchanting view, center of best skiing in New England. Excellent water, automatic oil heat. Immediate occupancy. Write, wire, or telephone collect; Reed, 39 Arlington St., Cambridge 40, Massachusetts. Telephone Kirkland 7-6132.

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PROFESSOR'S FURNISHED APARTMENT, 1 or 2 bedrooms, mid-Ohio. Enjoy college town living. Reasonable. Box P-984.

VACATIONS

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

VERMONT VACATION on Lake Hortonia. Informal, not rustic, late breakfasts, buffet luncheons, gourmet food. Sports. SUDBURY INN, Sudbury, Vermont.

ONTARIO—Ontario summers seem to be getting longer. September and October are good times to come up here and see the fade-out of summer and the red and gold entry of autumn with its heady air, hazy sun and general sense of rest from too strenuous activity. All but a very few of the thousands of Ontario resorts are accessible by your car over an excellent network of roads. For literature please write: ONTARIO TRAVEL, SRL-3, 67 College St., Toronto, Ontario.

COLONIAL CHARM, luscious food, casual and intimate. Delightful walks midst woods and rolling hills. Horses, golf nearby. Country auctions. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, BANTAM, CONNECTICUT.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N.Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

PIKE COUNTY LODGE HIGH IN THE POCONOS. A simple, gracious mountain lodge . . . quiet seclusion in natural woodland setting. 185 acres, 2 private lakes. Charming Old World Hospitality—fine attention to food and service. Recommended by leading Food and Travel Authority. Open until mid-October. Werner & Helen Jung, Owner-Managers, Tafton, Pennsylvania.

INFORMAL FALL WEEKENDS to October 12. Boating, tennis, hiking, fireside recordings. $18 up. Folder S. CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASSACHUSETTS.

AUTUMN AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Blazing foliage. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. On Bromley Mountain. Beautiful fall vacationland. Blazing foliage. Very restful. Sports. Friendly informality. Delicious food. Automatic heat. Low fall rates. Folder.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1018

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The branch of mathematics originally developed in connection with measuring the earth's surface.	25 60 83 166 170 142 11 126
B. Heroine of Turgenev's "On the Eve."	192 168 133 6 114
C. German-born creator of French burlesque opera, whose most famous work was finished by somebody else after his death (1881).	161 81 190 144 134 90 146 109 29
D. The doctrine of frequency distributions.	188 180 32 174 136 9 67 165 106 38
E. Unknown person whose pretended autobiography was written by a famous one (3 wds.; 1933).	163 93 175 53 110 22 39 179 159 66 130 7
F. Pestalozzi's farm in Switzerland, site of his first school for poor children, 1776.	118 116 128 40 24 162
G. Largest of the Canary Islands.	71 183 138 151 187 43 124 152 15
H. Capable of being given a dramatic representation.	193 31 185 167 139 55 5
I. Any of several unrelated plant diseases, especially dangerous for cabbage, celery, peaches.	125 72 47 34 79 99 4
J. Displaying keen discernment and sagacity.	18 73 1 88 181 96
K. Reputation.	80 189 20 41
L. Semi-fictitious New Englander who said, "Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust."	27 65 58 176 44 147 186 135

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Given name, sculptor in Word N.	69 173 2 21 164 129 123
N. Surname, artist who modeled Indian groups in Museum of Natural Hist., N.Y.C., etc.	77 87 19 178 51
O. Chinese name for the "Old City" in Shanghai (comp.).	150 121 16 160 37 102
P. What the "stout trencherman" will do.	14 194 8 122 12 117 42
Q. A bootblack.	91 191 50 3 184 100 68 108 148
R. The Samoans' epithet for R.L.S.	112 94 172 30 149 10 56 70
S. Severity, rigor—esp. of control.	115 98 26 45 84 171 57
T. The Erythraean sibyl, usually identified with the Cumean.	75 195 82 137 120 59 153 97 64
U. Pertaining to feasting.	155 13 105 33 89 63 86
V. English logician and theologian who wrote the famous "Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte," 1819.	156 143 36 85 76 49 35
W. "Alas" for the Greek.	157 95 107 131 104 52
X. Act of moving back or away.	158 101 132 113 140 17 23 127 177
Y. Dracula's specialty.	46 145 78 54 196 74 182 154 92 28 103
Z. A race of kings.	119 48 111 62 169 141 61

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	■	■	1 J	2 M	3 Q	■	4 I	5 H	6 B	7 E	8 P	9 D	■	10 R	11 A			
12 P	■	13 U	14 P	15 G	16 O	17 X	■	18 J	19 N	20 K	21 M	22 E	23 X	24 F	25 A	26 S				
27 L	28 Y	29 C	30 R	31 H	32 D	33 U	34 I	35 V	■	36 V	37 O	38 D	39 E	40 F	41 K	42 P				
43 G	44 L	45 S	46 Y	47 I	48 Z	■	49 V	50 Q	51 N	52 W	53 E	54 Y	55 H	56 R	57 S	■				
58 L	59 T	60 A	61 Z	■	62 Z	63 U	64 T	■	65 L	66 E	67 D	68 Q	69 M	70 R	71 G	72 I				
73 J	■	74 Y	75 T	76 V	77 N	■	78 Y	79 I	80 K	81 C	82 T	83 A	84 S	85 V	■	86 U				
87 N	88 J	■	89 U	90 C	91 Q	92 Y	93 E	94 R	95 W	96 J	97 T	98 S	■	99 I	100 Q	101 X				
102 O	■	103 Y	104 W	105 U	■	106 D	107 W	108 Q	109 C	110 E	111 Z	112 R	113 X	114 B	115 S	116 F				
■	117 P	118 F	119 Z	■	120 T	121 O	122 P	123 M	124 G	125 I	■	126 A	127 X	128 F	129 M	■				
130 E	131 W	132 X	133 B	134 C	135 L	136 D	137 T	138 G	■	139 H	140 X	141 Z	■	142 A	143 V	144 C				
145 Y	■	146 C	147 L	148 Q	■	149 R	150 O	151 G	■	152 G	153 T	154 Y	155 U	156 V	157 W	158 X				
159 E	160 O	■	161 C	162 F	■	163 E	164 M	165 D	166 A	167 H	168 B	■	169 Z	170 A	171 S	172 R				
173 M	174 D	175 E	176 L	177 X	■	178 N	179 E	180 D	■	181 J	182 Y	183 G	■	184 Q	185 H	186 L				
187 G	188 D	■	189 K	190 C	■	191 Q	192 B	193 H	194 P	195 T	196 Y	■	■	■	■	■				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 26 of this issue.

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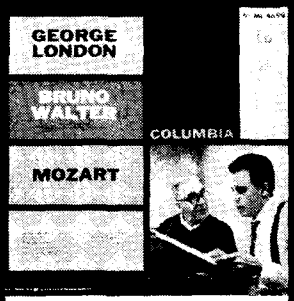
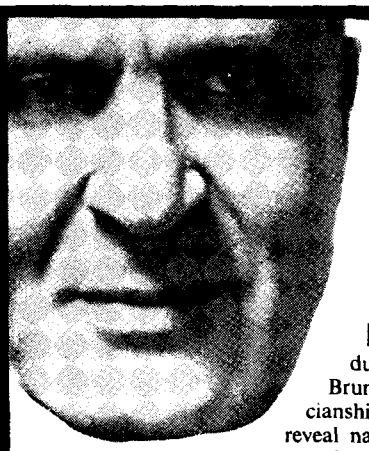
Symphony No. 40 and Symphony No. 35. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York.
ML 4693



5 arias from "The Marriage of Figaro"; 3 Mozart Concert arias. Columbia Symphony Orchestra.
ML 4699



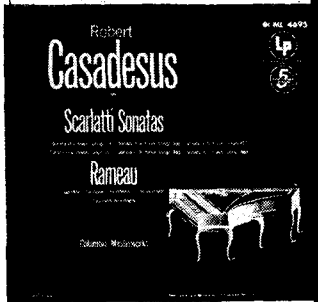
In Honor Of

BRUNO WALTER'S

77th Birthday Columbia Proudly Announces His New Recordings

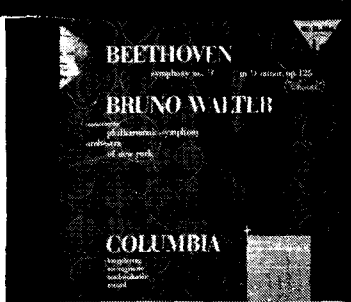
Fifty-nine years of conducting have produced Bruno Walter's ripe musicianship. His performances reveal natural rapport with the great Viennese tradition. His new finale to Beethoven's Ninth (with soloists Frances Yeend, Martha Lipton, David Lloyd and Mack Harrell) is one of the most unique on records, brilliantly captures its "serenity in the midst of rejoicing." Walter's previous recording of this movement (ML 4201 from SL 156) may be exchanged for this new one (ML 4697 from SL 186) at no extra cost. See your dealer for further information.

Walter's Mozart symphonies and mature accompaniments to the outstanding artistry of Steber and London reveal his great versatility; show the full stature of his great art.

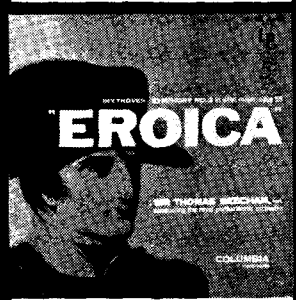


Robert Casadesus, pianist, plays six Scarlatti sonatas and four Rameau selections. ML 4695

New all Mozart program of 7 arias from 6 operas. Columbia Symphony Orchestra. ML 4694



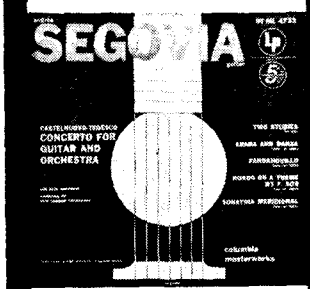
The greatest Ninth! The Philharmonic-Symphony Orch. of N. Y., Westminster Choir, soloists.
SL 186



Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the famous Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. ML 4698

Clair de Lune; A Musical Snuff-Box; Playing Around; Barber of Seville Overture; The Little Train of the Caipira; Pavane Pour une Infante Défunte; Waltz from "Der Rosenkavalier."
ML 4692

Lp 5th ANNIVERSARY



Andres Segovia with the New London Orchestra in 5 works for the guitar. ML 4732

Jo Stafford and Frankie Laine with Paul Weston and his Orch. in a music portrait of New Orleans. CL 6268

DINU LIPATTI

In legendary performances of Chopin

Sonata No. 3 in B Minor, Op. 58
Barcarolle in F-Sharp Major, Op. 60
Nocturne No. 8 in D-Flat Major, Op. 27, No. 2
Mazurka No. 32 in C-Sharp Minor, Op. 50, No. 3 ML 4721

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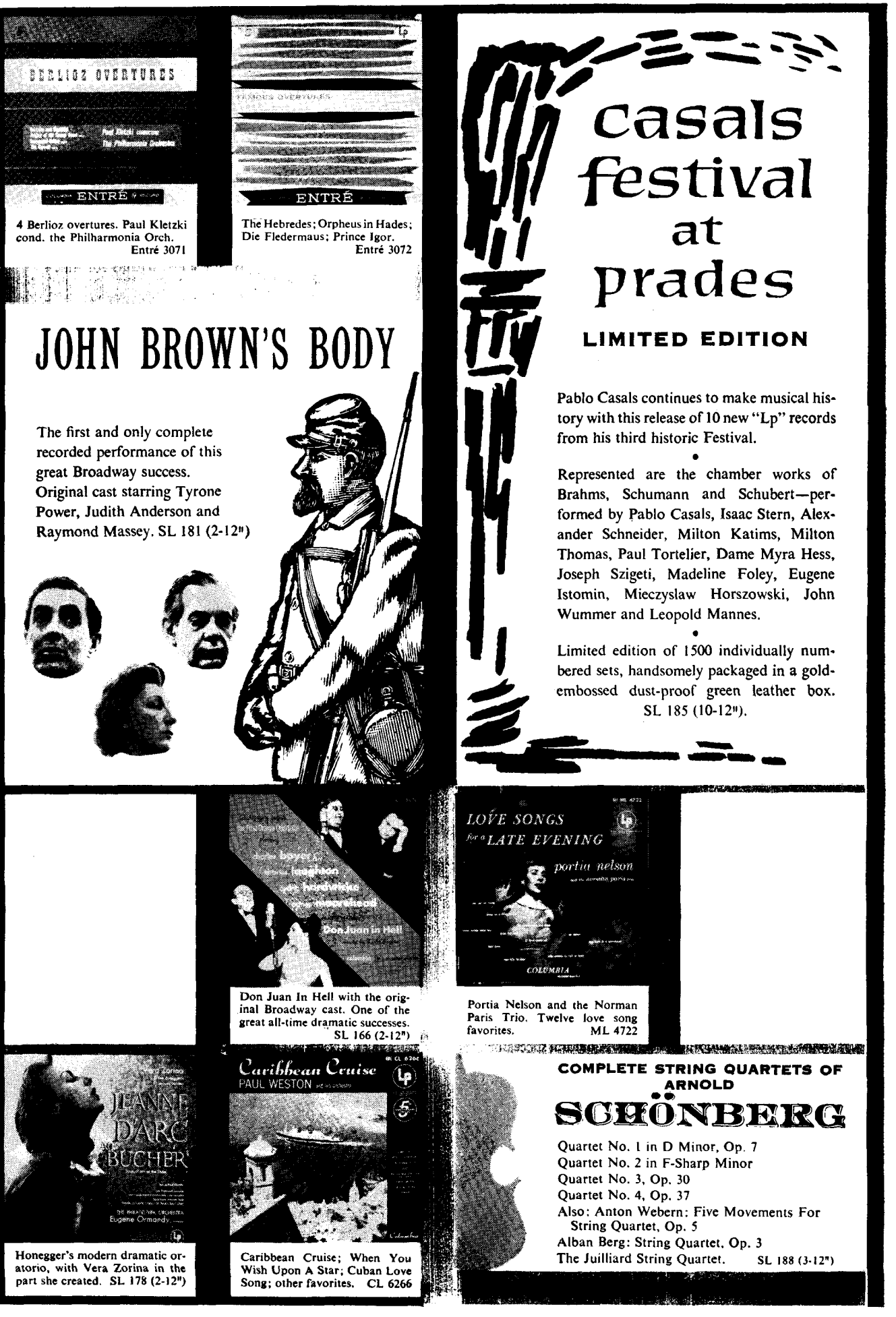
BERLIOZ OVERTURES
ENTRÉ
4 Berlioz overtures. Paul Kletzki cond. the Philharmonia Orch.
Entré 3071
ENTRÉ
The Hebredes; Orpheus in Hades; Die Fledermaus; Prince Igor.
Entré 3072
JOHN BROWN'S BODY
The first and only complete recorded performance of this great Broadway success. Original cast starring Tyrone Power, Judith Anderson and Raymond Massey. SL 181 (2-12")
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SL 166 (2-12")
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COLUMBIA
Portia Nelson and the Norman Paris Trio. Twelve love song favorites. ML 4722
JEANNE D'ARC BUCHER
Eugene Ormandy
Honegger's modern dramatic oratorio, with Vera Zorina in the part she created. SL 178 (2-12")
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PAUL WESTON
Caribbean Cruise; When You Wish Upon A Star; Cuban Love Song; other favorites. CL 6266
COMPLETE STRING QUARTETS OF ARNOLD
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Quartet No. 2 in F-Sharp Minor
Quartet No. 3, Op. 30
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Also: Anton Webern: Five Movements For String Quartet, Op. 5
Alban Berg: String Quartet, Op. 3
The Juilliard String Quartet. SL 188 (3-12")

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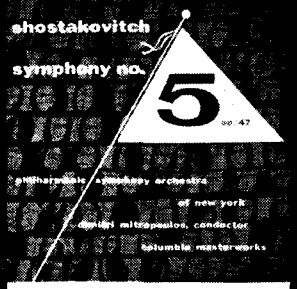
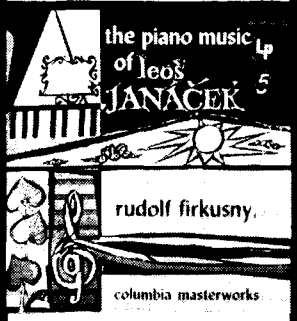


Dimitri Mitropoulos cond the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York ML 4739



The only recording of the complete piano music of Leos Janacek. Rudolf Firkusny, piano. ML 4740

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For the first time Bach solo works are performed from the original manuscripts on the instruments for which they were written!

Complete Works For Solo Violin

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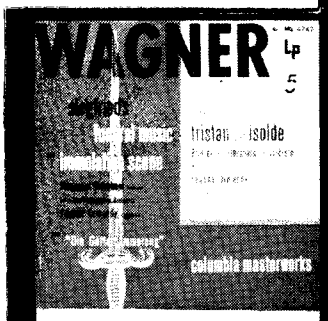

Ormandy and The Philadelphia Orchestra in a dramatic Wagner program. ML 4742

J. S. BACH

St. Matthew Passion

Willem Mengelberg conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam—with huge cast of voices.

In 1895 Willem Mengelberg conducted his first performance of what became the "Amsterdam tradition"—the Palm Sunday performance of the St. Matthew Passion. During the following forty years this great conductor directed more than 100 performances of the monumental work. On Palm Sunday, 1939, the culmination of years of study and experience was recorded at an actual concert. Now available on COLUMBIA MASTERWORKS, the recently discovered tapes of that memorable concert, with its atmosphere of actual performance, establishes this as an authoritative recording of the St. Matthew Passion.

SL 179 (3-12")

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MOZART:

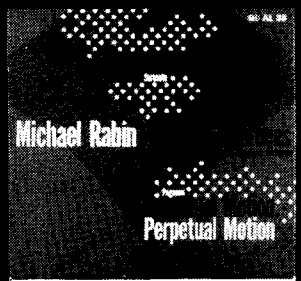
SIX QUARTETS DEDICATED TO HAYDN

Faultless technique and rich tone of the Budapesters, plus high-fidelity recording and handsome packaging of these six quartets, make them a must for chamber music, Mozart, and Budapest fans. A natural successor to their recordings of the complete Beethoven Quartets (SL 172/4) which critics voted "best chamber music set of the year" in 1952.

ML 4726 Quartet No. 14 in G Major (K. 387)
Quartet No. 15 in D Minor (K. 421)
ML 4727 Quartet No. 16 in E-Flat Major (K. 428)
Quartet No. 17 in B-Flat Major (K. 458)
("The Hunt")
ML 4728 Quartet No. 18 in A Major (K. 464)
Quartet No. 19 in C Major (K. 465)
("Dissonant")

SL 187 (3-12")

Lp 5th ANNIVERSARY



Michael Rabin, violin, with Donald Voorhees conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. AL 38

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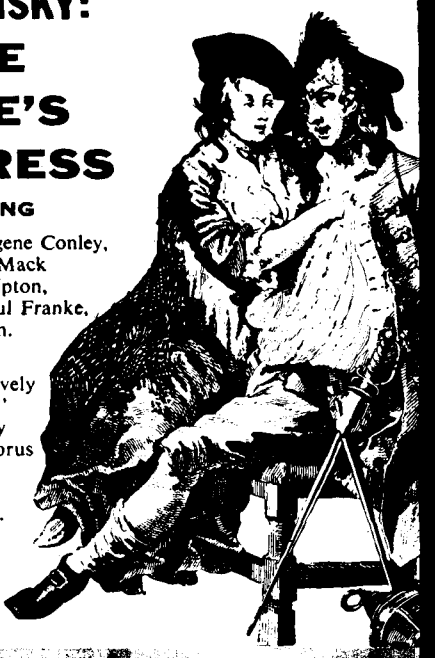
STARRING

Hilde Gueden, Eugene Conley, Blanche Thebom, Mack Harrell, Martha Lipton, Norman Scott, Paul Franke, Lawrence Davidson.

New Metropolitan Production exclusively on Columbia "Lp" records. Stravinsky conducting the chorus and orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera Association. SL 125 (3-12")



This I Believe:

As told to and with commentary by

EDWARD R. MURROW

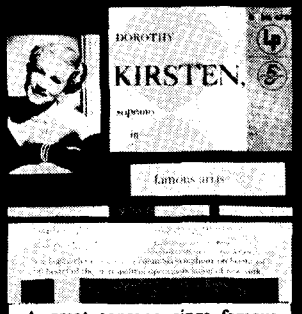
The personal philosophies of 10 living Americans and 10 immortals . . .

Bernard Baruch
Helen Hayes
Ralph Bunche
Charles H. Percy
Mrs. Marty Mann
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
Louis B. Seltzer
Helen Keller
Will Durant
Carl Sandburg

• • •

Socrates
Lincoln
Florence Nightingale
Confucius
Franklin D. Roosevelt
Queen Victoria
Benjamin Franklin
Will Rogers
Marie Curie
Gandhi

SL 192



A great soprano sings famous arias from La Traviata, La Bohême, Faust, and other operas. ML 4730

Another in the delightful series of background music for the home. Volume 10. CL 532

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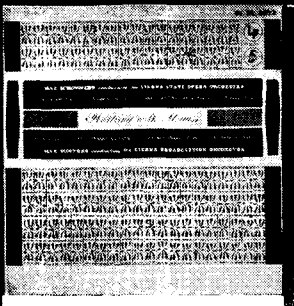
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

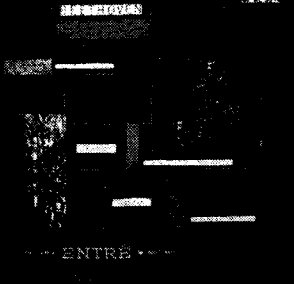
Black Magic

That Old Black Magic
Mad About The Boy
Our Waltz
Little Girl Blue
Someday
Out Of This World
Easy To Love
Limehouse Blues

ML 4741



Blue Danube, Emperor Waltz, and other favorites in the great Viennese tradition. Entré RL 3073



The Moonlight and Pathetique Sonatas—Theo Van Der Pas, Piano. Entré RL 3074

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Rudolf Bing

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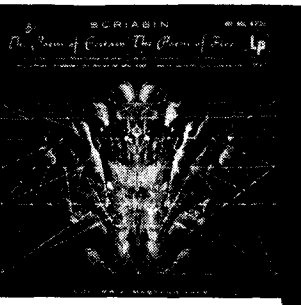


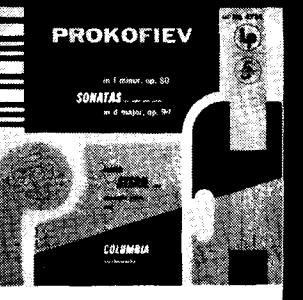
The Poem of Ecstasy and the Poem of Fire. Mitropoulos conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orch of N. Y. ML 4731

PAUL WESTON

Two delightful 12" Lp's by Paul Weston and his orchestra.

Mood Music
CL 527
Dream Time
CL 528

Alban Berg's modern opera with the Vienna State Opera, Herbert Häfner conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. SL 121



Two Prokofiev violin sonatas—F Minor, Op. 80 and D Major, Op 94—by Isaac Stern. ML 4734

2 new albums in the inimitable Percy Faith manner. Continental Music, CL 525, Romantic Music, CL 526.

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Lp 5th ANNIVERSARY

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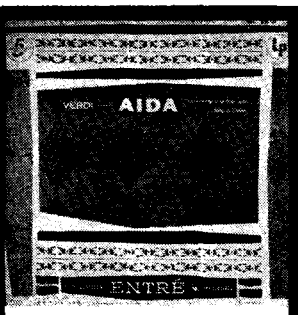

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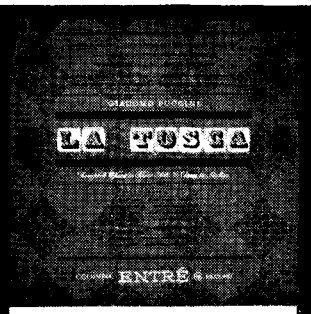

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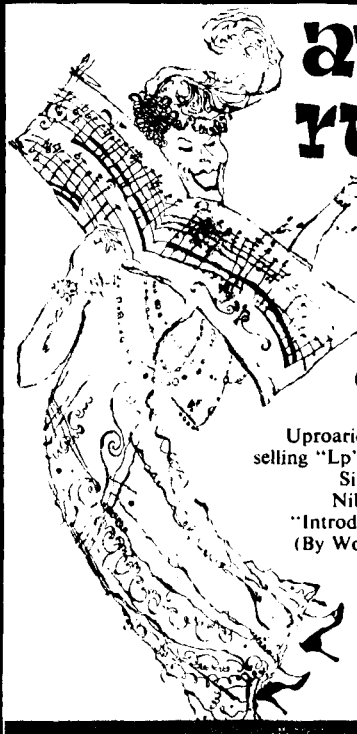

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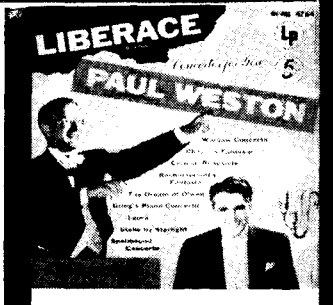

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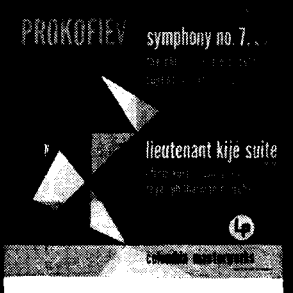

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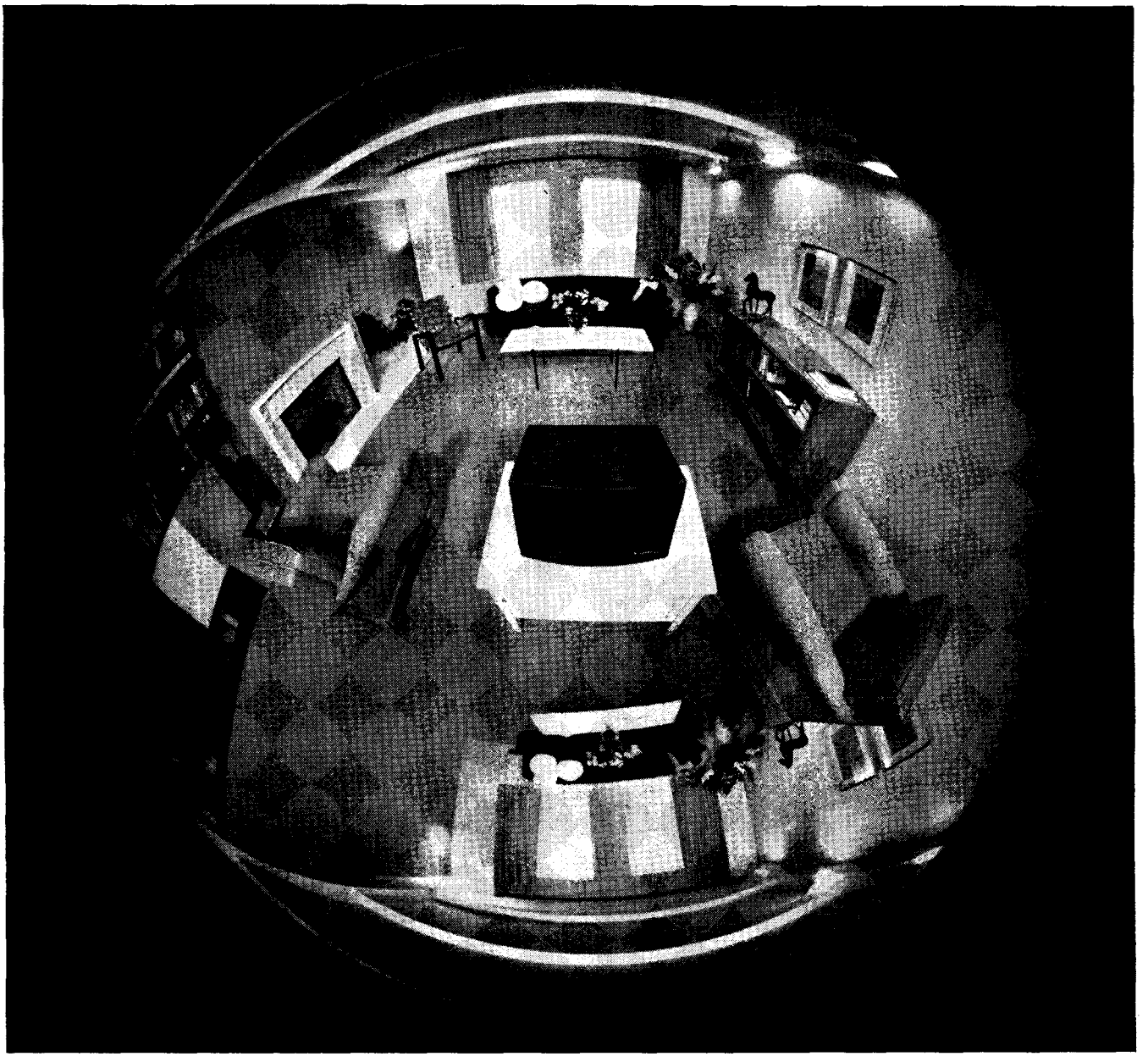

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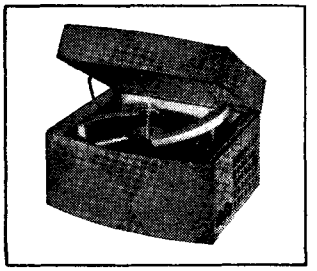

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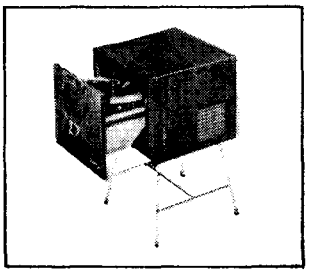

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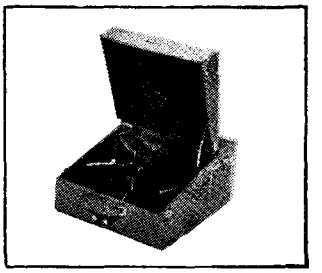

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SR RECORDINGS SECTION

HIGHLIGHTS

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Five Years of LP

In half a decade the LP process has spawned nearly ten thousand recordings and won an overwhelming acceptance among phonophiles. The full impact of five years of LP on the record industry and the record collector is discussed here by C. G. Burke, co-author of "The Saturday Review Home Book of Recorded Music and Sound Reproduction."

By C. G. BURKE

DIRECT your imagination backward just five years. There were no LP's; turntables revolved, we hoped, seventy-eight times each minute; a bountiful twelve-inch record side contained a little more than four minutes of music. If we played a Brahms quartet we played it on eight surfaces, with seven internal interruptions expected and accepted. With its album the Brahms quartet weighed four pounds and some ounces. We laid a pickup—or a changer did—with its jagged point in the outermost spiral of the giddily spinning groove, whose speed nowadays seems terrifying although it was, there near the periphery, less than three miles per hour, a moderate walk slower than the ordinary quick-time of the infantry.

It was an easygoing and contented time as a whole. The forty-five interruptions in the Glyndebourne "Don Giovanni" seemed natural and even agreeable to the operator of a phonograph, who felt some of the importance of a participant whether he fed his discs by hand or left this duty to a changer. The phonographic repertory was solid and soberly growing. Recording technique, stimulated by the admirable quality of the English Decca (now London) ffrr, had attained a mean of good results. The active cult of "high fidelity" was a dozen years old, but not yet a national phenomenon. The new tape and wire recorders had special uses, without meaning much to music lovers.

It was a situation rather idyllic and definitely static, and not to the taste of Columbia Records, Inc., who on June 21, 1948, blew the idyl into oblivion by the boldest and most spectacular enterprise known to phonographic history. The defiant unveiling of the long-playing, 33⅓ rpm, narrow-groove record gave a brusque challenge to the industry and caused an explosion among discophiles. A hundred discs—sixty-nine of them "classical" in content—were at once made available to a public so little prepared that it lacked even the apparatus necessary to reproduce their music. Columbia, acting with Philco, made the apparatus available too.

Retrospectively, the LP coup seems more remarkable for its mercantile daring than for its technical innovation. The original LP process was a combination of existing methods, a kind of palimpsest, its essential novelty confined to reproduction through a pickup operating at a pressure unprecedentedly low. RCA Victor, during the economic misery of the early Thirties, had gingerly introduced a 33⅓ rpm disc with a groove narrower than standard, accommodating fifteen minutes per side under the inexorable erosion and minimum compliance of a standard hefty pickup and steel needle. This was a tentative essay impelled by the urgency of hard times; it was not successful. The sound was not impressive, the economic advantage of long duration not apparent to people unable to afford a 33-rpm apparatus and to whom the increased cost of the new discs was a sizable barrier.

When Columbia took her decisive plunge fifteen years later she was confronted by the same uncertainties save the important one of the national distribution of money. Americans after the war were affluent and were buying everything that the restrictions of war-time production had denied to them. In the postwar outpouring of goods, quality was not scrutinized severely, and the familiar found a readier market than novelties. It was not imperative for Columbia to create a revolution, particularly one for which there was an unlucky precedent, and it still seems a marvel that

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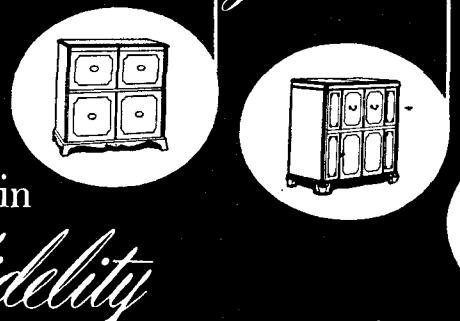

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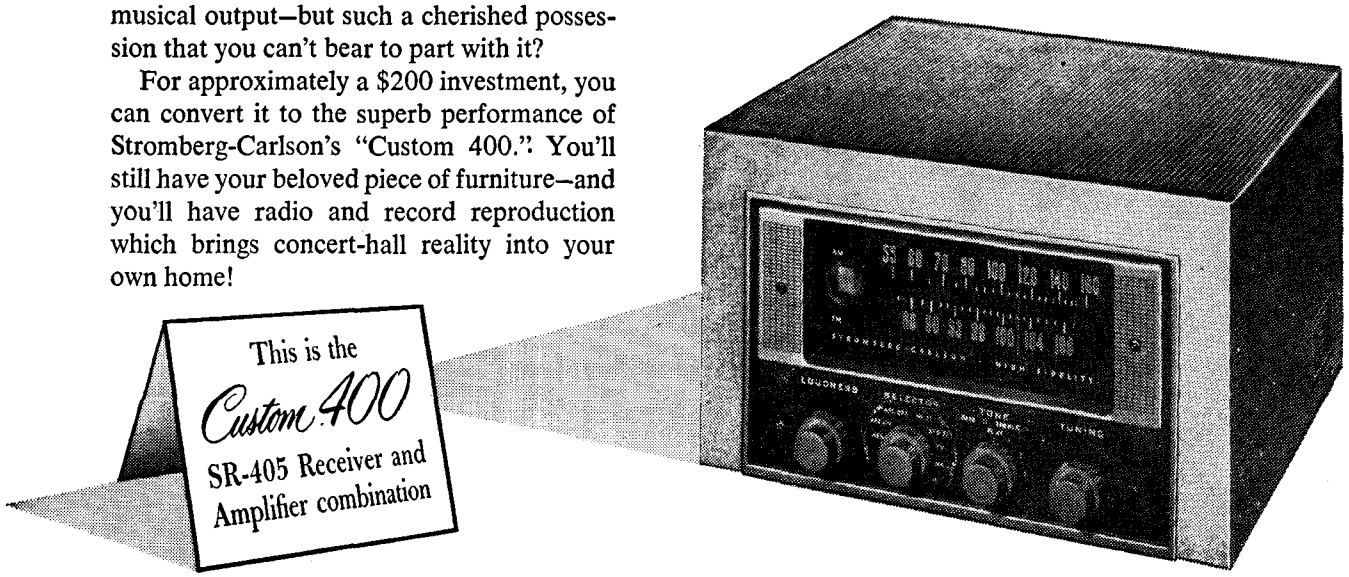

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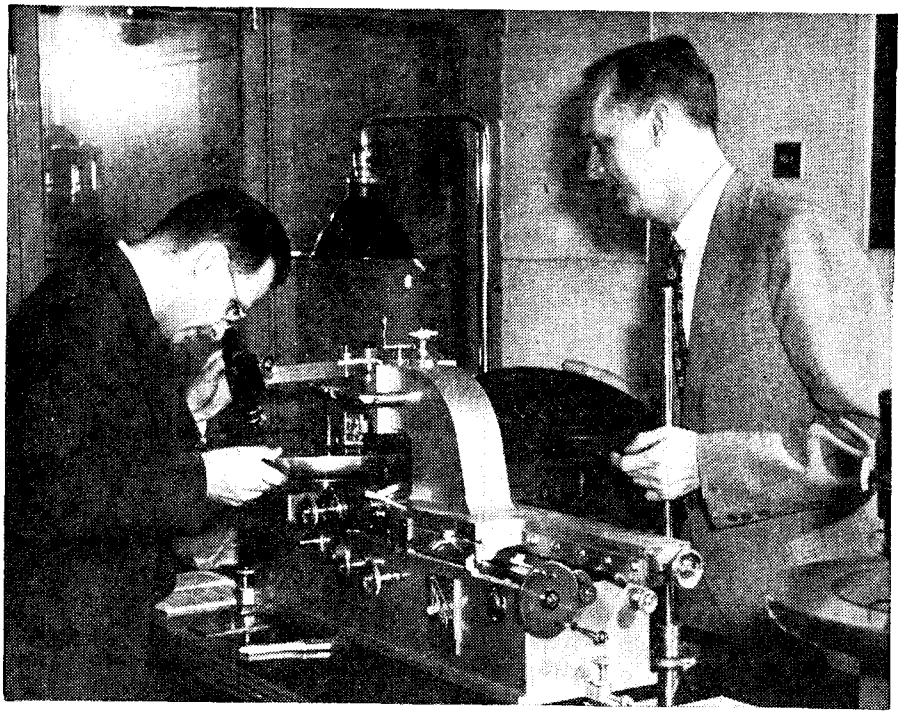
she had the confidence and intrepidity to promote it. The technicians who developed LP, principally Dr. Peter Goldmark and Messrs. René Snepvangers and William Bachman, were justifiably aware of the excellence of their accomplishment and no one is surprised that they were; that they could convince the Columbia policy-makers that its commercial possibilities were vast was a miracle in a traditionally conservative industry. (It has been less conservative ever since.) Edward Wallerstein's part in this, as president of Columbia, should not be forgotten.

FOR the success of the LP's would certainly entail the ruination of the 78-rpm record industry, of which Columbia was a major member. This must have been apparent to the members without exception. Columbia with gracious common sense offered her process to any company that cared to use it. And while her most formidable rivals looked on with distaste, she set out to display the advantages of her long-playing product.

The advantages seemed apparent from the first. In spite of the necessity of buying a supplementary apparatus and the fact that many of the original LP issues had 78-rpm prototypes, the public approved and bought what was offered. Even during those early days this writer never heard, in objective discussion, one intimation that the long-playing principle would not survive. Shortly after the introduction of the LP's the music editor of *The Saturday Review* imparted to me the conviction that "LP's would have a greater currency than 78's had ever had, since the primary limitation of the recorded disc—its brevity—was now removed." Well, in five years LP has recorded a vaster repertory than SP in fifty, and the phonograph has acquired a dignity and influence not known before.

Lacking the assistance of an auxiliary of decidedly different principle—magnetic tape—LP's conquest might not have been so spectacular. The constant improvement of tape and the portability of its mechanism contributed not only to increasing splendor of sound, but also permitted the sound to be registered in its own habitat, however remote. The capital required for recording on tape is not considerable, indeed negligible compared to the resources needed for the delicate process of transfering the contents of the tape into the very different mold of the disc, but the latter service was performed, and still is, by the larger companies for the smaller, at first by Columbia alone. That cooperation has made possible the startling



Peter Goldmark and William Bachman—"a vaster repertory . . . a dignity and influence."

multiplication of new companies, nearly two hundred, which have appeared in America since LP, to thrive and stimulate or to sicken and disappear without lament or legacy. In spite of the enormous production of the older companies, the newcomers have been responsible for about 60 per cent of the phonograph's serious LP material and at least nine-tenths of the recorded music properly called esoterica. A score of producers already have achieved a real and established importance, with another score making records of good quality in small quantity. The incessant jealous emulation pushes up technical and esthetic standards periodically. Thus the difference in sound between the LP's of now and those of the first year or two, the increasingly discriminating and rational allocation of interpreters. If we are still far from an ultimate logic in the choice of performers for musical requirements, we find the producers now tending to deprecate mere availability. The scramble to be the first to fill vacancies in the repertory is over; the effort to equip the repertory with definitive editions has begun. Since the mutability of music permits the possibility of a dozen definitive editions of a single work, producers do not need to fear finality in excellence.

So LP, a concatenation of reductions—in speed, in groove width, in stylus pressure—has produced in five years a combination of startling expansions, in dynamic and cyclic range of sound, of repertory, of choice within the repertory, of convenience, of pleasure, and of migraine, this final feature not impossibly an indispensable and inseparable result or prerequisite of true phonographic enjoyment.

No need to labor the point of expansion of sonic splendor. It is impossible to resist the evidence brandished in every field of music and noise. We accept as a matter of course elaborate tapestries of sound that five years ago would have been sensational. For a time we expected, and accepted, a kind of drunken revel in which the long-suppressed high frequencies demanded a pre-eminence not properly theirs, when triangle, cymbal, and piccolo dominated the orchestra and recording engineers overlooked inadequacies in horns and violas as long as the cowbell was given full glory. Some of this may continue forever, but discriminating engineers now purse their lips at former excesses and in serious music push the clowns and jesters of the orchestra down into suitable proportions. The sober and laudable tendency now is in favor of clarity, timbre, cleanliness, and balance. Recent Columbias of the Philadelphia Orchestra establish a criterion for exuberant fulness, and some of the Royal Philharmonic for solid balance in depth. A large number of Westminsters illustrate what detail and timbre are, and certain Vanguards the meaning of brilliance. The RCA Victor "Trovatore" and "Rigoletto" are stunning preferred seats in the theatre and resound with a singular soft gloss not to be resisted. Schubert's big C major Symphony on

(*Continued on page 84*)

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New Light on "Wozzeck"

Some recently discovered correspondence written by Alban Berg during his army career in World War I gives strong evidence of Berg's personal identification with the principal character in his opera "Wozzeck." This correspondence is described by Kurt Blaukopf, an Austrian musicologist who has made a special study of Berg.

By KURT BLAUKOPF

ALBAN BERG was twenty-nine years old when he saw a performance of Buechner's "Wozzeck" in Vienna. The play was put on in May 1914 in one of the smaller theatres of Vienna, the still existing Kammerspiele. Biographers agree that this event led Berg to choose Buechner's play for operatic treatment. This writer believes that Berg's predilection for Buechner's "Wozzeck" was not just due to so incidental a motive. Berg, who adapted the original play for his own purposes during the years 1915-1917, found in this subject the possibility of condensing his own wartime experiences.

The idea of interpreting Berg's "Wozzeck" as the conclusion drawn from wartime experiences has had no documentary support in the past. This idea could merely be considered as a guess, or else could be dismissed as speculation, until a happy coincidence put at my disposal a bundle of letters written by Alban Berg between 1913 and 1929 and addressed to one of his pupils, Gottfried Kassowitz. These documents (more than a hundred letters and postcards) enable us to see Berg's ideas in their proper setting.

Willy Reich in his biography ("Alban Berg." Vienna, 1937) mentions Berg's wartime tribulations only in passing. He even goes so far as to assert that the happenings of Berg's life in the army "left him unmoved." It will be seen that this is quite incorrect, and in my view this attitude has so far prevented a true appreciation of Berg's opera as well as of Berg's creative ideas in general.

It is not possible here to deal with all the conclusions that can be drawn from these letters. I propose only to give a few hints, which will, in my opinion, have to be taken into consideration by future biographers and will certainly be useful to producers of Berg's opera.

Berg's physical and psychological constitution was weak in the extreme. He suffered from asthmatic attacks from the age of fifteen; he attempted suicide at eighteen. In spite of his physical weakness he volunteered for military service immediately on the outbreak of World War I. He thought it his duty to do so. He certainly was no chauvinist. The fact that he admired Karl Kraus, the brilliant writer and editor of the anti-war periodical *Die Fackel*, proves that Berg was in all probability never taken in by the pro-German campaign of hatred against other nations. Still, he wanted to serve. He wanted to do his humble duty and he trusted that nobody could possibly think of sending a sick man to the battlefield. When he entered the army he took things seriously. He copied the Army Regulations in order to acquaint himself thoroughly with his duties and his rights. In writing this article I have Berg's copy in front of me. Comparing the neat handwriting with the sometimes illegible scribble of his letters, I can sense Berg's devotion to his task.

But his honesty and truthfulness were soon to be deceived. This he makes clear in his letters to his pupil. On entering the army he is declared fit for "auxiliary duties" as well as "guard duties." The regulations would entitle him to insist on office work. But his superiors do not care for such subtleties. Berg is detailed for guard duties inside and outside the barracks, he is told to accompany transport, and he is kept on duty for thirty-six hours running, sometimes even longer. Moreover, there is the ever-present danger of being drafted into a front-line battalion. "Sheer injustice," he exclaims in one of his letters. Other soldiers who are quite healthy enjoy the privilege of light office work. They have their protectors in high quarters. But poor devils, simple folk like Alban Berg, rely on regulations only to find themselves maltreated. Berg is afraid that he would finally meet his death "in a field hospital in Serbia" if this sort of injustice would continue ("and that would certainly be no use to the fatherland" he writes to Kassowitz). In the end, sick and disillusioned, Berg realizes that he would also have to use the help of somebody influential enough to free him from this nightmare.

—Bettmann Archive.

Alban Berg as a young man.

In his letters Berg gives a detailed description of his daily duties. The facts, of themselves, are not especially interesting, but the manner in which Berg describes his experiences provides the clue to a deeper understanding of Berg's mental attitude. Gradually he develops the habit of painting a picture of what he considers to be hell on earth. Most revolting for him is the absolute lack of justice, the principle of favoritism that governs life in the Austrian Army. He certainly does not worry only about himself. He is not so self-centered a person. One of his letters (July 5, 1916) is entirely devoted to Schoenberg's case. "Do you know anything about Schoenberg having been drafted into a front-line battalion?" he asks.

In 1915 Berg is sent to Bruck, near the Austro-Hungarian border. Soon the onerous guard duties seriously influence his state of health. He finally breaks down and is taken to the military hospital. The barracks and the army hospital at Bruck in fact provide the emotional background for Act II, Scene 5 of Berg's "Wozzeck." The letters confirm that

(*Continued on page* 76)

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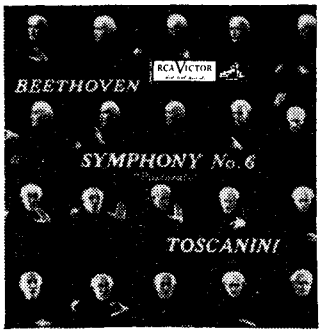

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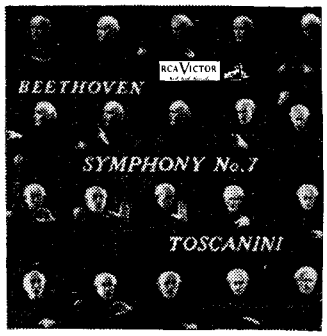

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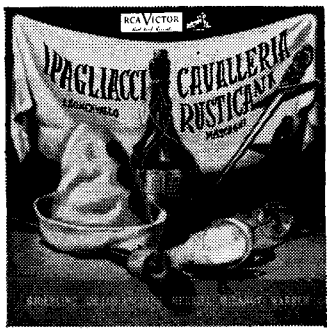

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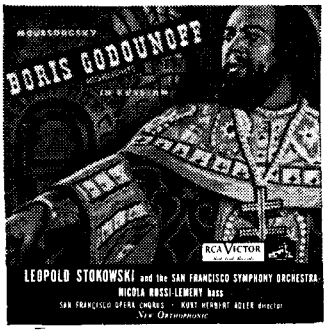

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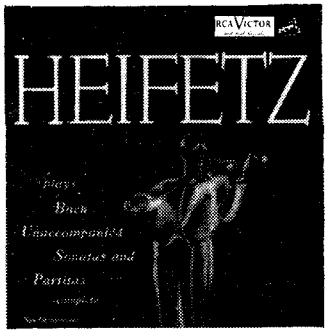

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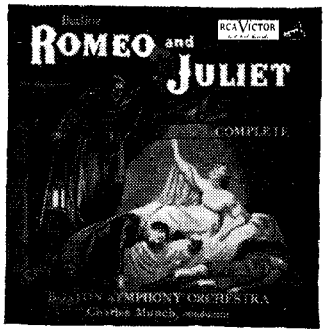

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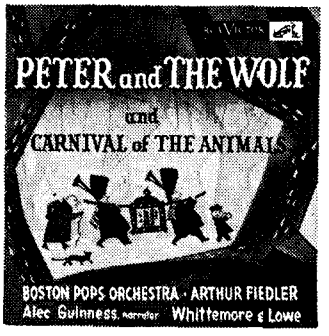
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"St. Matthew" in Triplicate

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

THE late Charles Sanford Terry, calling the "St. Matthew Passion" the "deepest expression of devotional feeling that the art of music affords," quoted André Pirro's remark that "the music seems embroidered with tears and colored with flames and blood." On next April 15, two and one-quarter centuries will have passed since Bach gave the first singing of this ever-astonishing Passion in Leipzig's Thomaskirche. The minds of men have changed with circumstances in two hundred and twenty-five years, but this profoundly felt, sincere, and masterfully conceived music speaks with whole conviction still, even to many who cannot share either Bach's soaring faith or his level hope. It remains a leading proof of music's greatness. A fine recording of it can only be a major enrichment of the recorded repertoire. I take it as granted that a fine recording of the "St. Matthew" will have to be, not a virtuosic revel, but the result of well-controlled simple faithfulness to an acceptable twentieth-century conception of what Bach intended by the signals he put down in his own hand in the surviving (1748?) complete score.

The "St. Matthew Passion" is not new to records. Complete, abridged, sung in German, sung in English, it has been a staple of the catalogues for years. Up to 1953, in fact, there had been at least seven complete or cut recordings. Nobody who has heard it will forget the version (much abridged) made in Bach's own Leipzig Thomaskirche with such soloists as Gerhard Hüsch and Tiana Lemnitz. Other versions had other virtues. But for such reasons as incompleteness, irrelevant acoustics in recording hall or studio, stylistic softness, and translated text, no single recording has been acceptable as definitive even for its day. Now several of them are superannuated and unavailable. So the news that three new recordings of this tender, huge, deeply moving work, plus a single record of choruses from it, were to be issued promised not only great listening pleasure, but also the duty of careful judgment after minute attention to detail.

It will be easiest to list the recordings and then refer to them by the name of the issuing company. Alphabetically, then, there is a Columbia recording (SL 179, $17.33), with Willem Mengelberg conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, the Amsterdam Toonkunstchoir, the "Zanglust" Boys' Choir, and soloists led by Karl Erb (Evangelist), William Ravelli (Jesus), Jo Vincent (Soprano), Ilona Durigo (Alto), Louis van Tulder (Tenor), and Herman Schey (Bass). There is a new Vox recording (PL 8283, $17.85), with Ferdinand Grossman conducting the Vienna Chamber Orchestra, the Akademie Kammerchor, and soloists including Erich Majkut (Evangelist), Harald Buchsbaum (Jesus), Laurence Dutoit (Soprano), Maria Nussbaumer (Alto), Rudolf Kreuzberger (Tenor), and Otto Wiener (Bass). Finally, there is a Westminster recording (WAL 401, $23.80), with Herman Scherchen conducting an unnamed orchestra and chorus, with soloists led by Hugues Cuenod (Evangelist), Heinz Rehfuss (Jesus), Magda Laszlo (Soprano), Hildegard Roessel-Majdan (Alto), Petre Munteanu (Tenor), and Richard Standen (Bass). Among both the other singers and the instrumentalists, several names are common to the casts of the Vox and Westminster recordings.

Are the recordings complete, or at least do they include all seventy-eight sections of the score? The Columbia is not complete, particularly in the second half; the Vox and Westminster are, though they vary in interpreting "da capo" and the integrity of separate numbers, the difference in part explaining why the Vox set contains three twelve-inch LP's, the Westminster four. The Columbia is a performance recording, acoustically unsatisfactory and peppered with coughs and other noise. The Vox and Westminster are both admirably recorded. Does each conductor succeed in imposing a clearly conceived stylistic plan on his forces? Mengelberg (Columbia) succeeds in imposing a notably romantic conception, involving odd waverings in tempo and resulting in nineteenth-century Bach. Grossman (Vox) is the least effective of the conductors. Scherchen (Westminster) emerges crisply and handily as the conductor closest to the twentieth century's composite picture of Bach. The texts as sung are the same in all three versions except for the cuts in the Columbia recording. All three companies provide a printed text in both German and English.

It seems to me that the Columbia set, recorded in Amsterdam's Concertgebouw on Palm Sunday 1939, is a historical document for admirers of Mengelberg. The choice of a complete modern recording lies between Vox PL 8283 and Westminster WAL 401. For those who want Bach's instrumentation—or, at least, instrumentation native to the early eighteenth century—the Vox version supplies viola da gamba, recorders, oboe d'amore, and oboe da caccia. But

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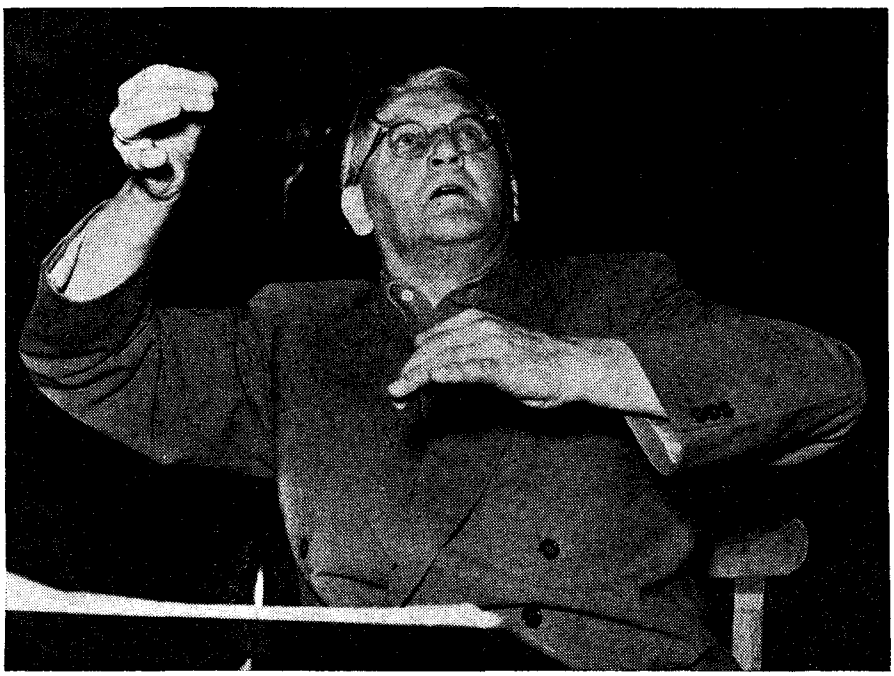

Herman Scherchen—"the twentieth century's composite picture of Bach."

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The Emergence of Orff

By HENRY PLEASANTS

THERE are some forty odd theatres in Western Germany giving repertory opera eleven months of the year, and another half-dozen in Austria and Switzerland. All these theatres are subsidized from public funds, and all of them are governed to some extent at least by a conviction that other considerations than the box office may bear upon a work's admissibility to the repertoire. There is general acceptance of the thesis that, in order to survive, the lyric theatre must look to the refreshment and nourishment of its repertoire by new creative impulses and that the production of the best of the contemporary product is a community and artistic obligation.

Thus it is possible in the course of a season in Central Europe to hear a "Wozzeck" in Kiel, a "Lulu" in Essen, a "Cardillac" (Hindemith) in Frankfurt, a "Leonore 40/45" (Liebermann) in Berlin, a "Raskolnikoff" (Sutermeister) in Heidelberg, a "Der Mond" (Orff) in Nuremburg-Fuerth, a "Trionfi" (Orff) in Stuttgart and Hamburg, a "Christopher Columbus" (Egk) in Mannheim, a "Peer Gynt" (Egk) in Munich, a "Mathis der Maler" (Hindemith) in Wiesbaden, etc.

That the development of a similar creative activity in the United States is out of the question is obvious. There are neither the theatres nor the financial prerequisites. Such theatres as exist cannot afford the financial loss this sort of enterprise entails. New works are not much more popular in Central Europe than elsewhere, and were the box office the only criterion the German theatre repertoire would be as calcified in the popular works of Mozart, Wagner, Verdi, Puccini, and Strauss as it is in Italy and the Americas.

In Germany the combination of subsidy and tradition makes it possible. The theatres do exist, the box office is not the only criterion, the obligation to the contemporary composer is accepted, and new works are written and performed. Thus it is possible to write not only about new works, but about new works repeatedly heard and tested before a variety of audiences.

Of the works heard during the recent festivals the ones which made the deepest impression were undoubtedly those of Carl Orff. He is by far the most radical, the most original, the most consistent, and the most dynamically creative of the lot, the only one with an indisputably and unmistakably individual and distinctive style. He is, oddly enough, also the most popular.

The record sale of his "Carmina Burana" (Part I of the tryptich "Trionfi"), which established his German reputation when introduced in Frankfurt in 1937, has outstripped every other contemporary work. (This is a Deutsche Grammophon release, performed by the Orchestra and Chorus of the Bavarian Radio under the direction of Eugen Jochum, which should be shortly available in the United States.) There are frequent performances of the "Carmina Burana" both in the theatre and in concert form every season. Orff's operas "Der Mond," "Die Kluge," and "Die Bernauerin" are also standard repertoire items.

OF ORFF it is possible to say that he is at once the most radical and the most reactionary of contemporary composers, and that his forward progress has been in a sense backward. This is not as paradoxical as it sounds. Almost all contemporary music is more or less reactionary in that it represents a reaction against the instrumental, harmonic, formal, substantive, and expressive excesses of the late nineteenth century, particularly as exemplified in the music of Wagner, Bruckner, and Strauss, and in the violence of the Italian verismo. It reflects a general tendency to return to more concise forms and to greater moderation of both ends and means. Even the twelve-tonists, whose technique represents a logical advance in the direction pointed by Wagner's chromatic harmony, have not been unaffected by this reactionary trend. Orff is no twelve-tonist, and his reactionary radicalism goes farther and deeper into the musical past.

Where his colleagues go back to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for inspirational models for their neo-classic, neo-diatonic, neo-romanticist, and neo-baroque productions, Orff goes back to the Greeks and to the music of oriental civilizations. It is not an effort at imitation, but rather a search for the essential elements of music. It is particularly a search for the origins of music in speech and dance. Theoretically the procedure derives from a conviction that harmony and instrumentation in what we know as Western art music have diverted music from its proper course and that the considerable valid creative resources provided by these diversions have been exhausted.

Guided by the example of Polynesian and other oriental systems available to us, and by such evidences of Greek music as have come down to us through the medieval Christian Church, Orff has arrived at a music which is neither harmonic nor instrumental. Such harmony as his later works employ is confined to the simplest modal and diatonic varieties, without modulation, and his orchestra is confined almost exclusively to rhythmic and percussive functions, with occasional simple melodic intrusions by a flute or trumpet. Otherwise his music is predominantly vocal

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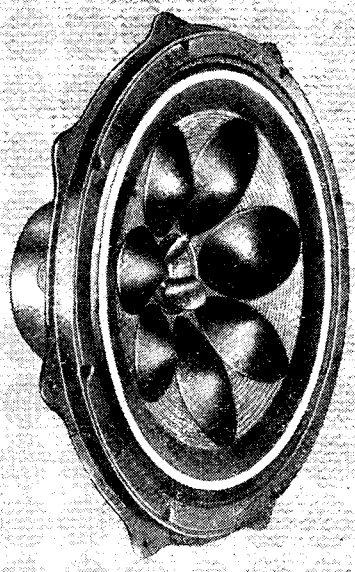

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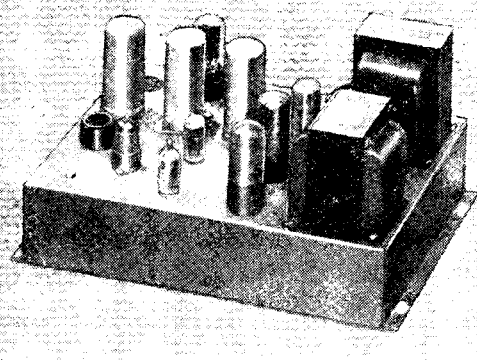

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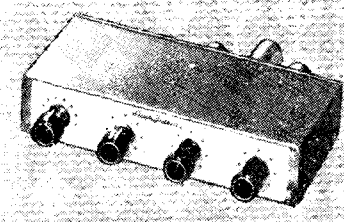

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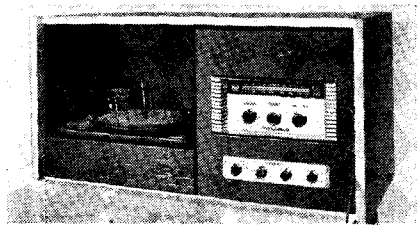

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Recordings in Review

Brilliant Berger

STRAUSS: *"Brentano Lieder." Erna Berger, soprano, with Michael Raucheisen, piano;* BRAHMS: *"Wir wandelten," etc. The same.* (Decca DL 9666, $5.85.)

THE qualities that make Miss Berger an exceptional Sophie for "Der Rosenkavalier" are a perfect mate for these little-known songs of 1919, which might have been written for a Hempel or Ivogün. I have only heard them once, in a Town Hall recital by the same Miss Berger two years ago, when a petition to her then company of contract (RCA Victor) fell on deaf ears. Fortunately, other ears were more attentive, for this is one of the exceptional vocal records of our time, which we would be decidedly poorer without.

One might question just how much musical merit there is in these rearrangements of the devices that make Zerbinetta a more complicated half-sister of Sophie, but the interest, predominantly, is not in what is done as in how it is done. There is, apparently, no evolution too complex for Berger to find the way in and out, and the manner in which she binds together two notes an octave and a half apart without either sacrificing legato or resorting to scooping is a sample of vocal mastery all too rare today.

Miss Berger's collection of Brahms songs is less exceptional — "Wir wandelten" begins the group, with "Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht," "Lerchengesang," "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer," and "Wiegenlied" among those which follow—but the art throughout is of the first order. Miss Berger seems here to be the epitome of the "happy" singer—one doing with complete concentration and freedom of mind what she knows she can do well. Both the accompaniments of Raucheisen and the recording are models of what such things should be, as Deutsche Grammophon has been demonstrating since its Schlusnus records of the Thirties. (My cut of "Immer leiser" had a curious waver in the piano part which may or may not be confined to the one pressing.)

Heifetz by Bach

BACH: *Sonatas and Partitas. Jascha Heifetz, violin.* (RCA Victor LM 6105, $17.16.)

COMMONLY the measure of excellence in interpretation is who plays what. But the accepted fact, where violin music is concerned, that Heifetz can play whatever he sets his mind to, makes almost automatic the consideration: "How has this music played Heifetz?" The present consideration must be that it has engaged all his faculties and none have been found wanting.

All sorts of considerations emerge in listening to this notable response to a rigorous challenge. By the very nature of Heifetz's superb equipment, the problem itself seems less imposing than it does when the performer is Georges Enesco or Alexander Schneider; at the same time, what seems to be acceptable where they are concerned is just the beginning for Heifetz. Inasmuch as justice must be founded on fact, it must be recognized that his standard of execution, in music of this complexity, is unique.

As a matter of course, then, one expects to hear more of the contrapuntal patterns, with greater clarity and in fuller detail, than with sub-Heifetz violinists. The surprising discovery is that along with this clarity and definition go a fervor and intensity altogether uncommon in re-creative art, and rarely associated with this ascetic literature. But when one has sampled Heifetz's devotion to the slow movement of the G minor Sonata, or his impulse in the fugue of the C major, or his determination to make every subtlety of the celebrated "Chaconne" audible, one can only conclude that there is nothing in the least ascetic about this repertory, that it is as alive and exasperating for the violinist as the etudes of Chopin are for a pianist.

Purists will doubtless find some details that offend in Heifetz's accentuation of salient phrases, in his emphasis on melodic high points, and his forceful projection of certain contrapuntal subtleties. But realists will appreciate that these excesses (if they may be labeled as such) are relative to a discipline of execution far beyond anything heard from another performer of our time. Since Heifetz feels Bach in terms of his own capacity, it is unlikely that he will be universally approved for the way he performs; but it is reasonable to say that he will be universally envied for his ability to do what he wants to as he wants to. The recording, incidentally, may be endorsed as singularly faithful to the specific instrument as played by the particular player.

Beecham's "Eroica"

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony in E flat, No. 3 ("Eroica"). Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 4698, $5.45.)

PHONOGRAPHICALLY, if not actually, Beecham's Beethoven has been the even-numbered—one might also say the even-tempered—symphonies: the famous No. 2 (of which he was a revealing exponent when no one else was even playing it), the invigorating No. 4, the recent No. 8, and the soon-to-be-issued No. 6. Whether there is anything in this numbers' game or not may be doubted (he ventured the Ninth in London during the Coronation period, with decidedly controversial results), but the facts of this "Eroica" speak for themselves: everything about the work is trimmed down, reduced, rounded off, and carefully joined. Abandon, intensity, recklessness are absent—and so is the true measure of Beethoven, for my taste.

Following this rendering of the work with a score has its fascinating aspects, for there is little in the letter that Beecham is not cognizant of or attentive to. There are few accentuations that are overlooked, and to a good many not commonly observed he gives thoughtful attention. But the tonal dimensions throughout are restricted ones, the accretion of effect which Beethoven musters so masterfully in the first and last movements diminished by an attitude which seems to regard the "Eroica" as the last of eighteenth-century symphonies rather than the first of the nineteenth-century ones. The *marcia funebre* is mostly a reverie rather than an elegy, and the scherzo, though jovial, is hardly rollicking. As for the finale, the exaggeratedly slow pace for the *poco andante* throttles the effect that might have emerged from the previous variations.

When the whole perspective of reproduced music has attained a standing commensurate with its importance, somebody may undertake a history of comparative values that would trace the concentric circles of

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excellence existing among such conductors as Mengelberg, Weingartner, Toscanini, Beecham, Stokowski, Furtwängler, etc. The kind of animation that Sir Thomas gives to a Strauss waltz is certainly an elusive pursuit for Toscanini; but the overpowering effect of the latter's major Beethoven is another area of experience than Beecham's. As a recording, this is adequate but hardly distinguished; one can barely hear the celebrated "false" entry of the horn in the first movement, and there are other points where the extremes of dynamic range have been regarded with too much optimism.

And Leinsdorf's

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony in E flat, No. 3. ("Eroica"). Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Rochester Orchestra.* (Columbia RL 3069, $3.08.)

OBJECTIVELY considered, there is little question which of the current versions of the "Eroica" would be deemed the more successful, entitled—on sound values alone—to the cachet of "standard" prices as opposed to the bargain rates of the Entré series. That it is, nevertheless, Leinsdorf's effort which gives us more of Beethoven, at an economy price, is clear indication that a manufacturer's scheme of values does not always coincide with the facts; or, perhaps one should say, the mere fact that a record is offered at a bargain price need not be held against it.

Here, for example, is the best of Leinsdorf's far from scanty catalogue of records—a statement of the "Eroica" which is steadily energetic, consistently thoughtful, warmly felt, and dramatically presented. It is orthodox in the best sense of a word defined by one dictionary to mean "holding the commonly accepted faith" with the wise awareness that restating the plain meaning of this score is a man-sized task that need not be complicated by looking for hidden ones. Among current versions, I would place it second only to the *nonpareil* of Toscanini.

It is also a notable example of matching a reproductive technique to the needs of a specific score. There is sometimes a sensation that the pick-up has been arranged with too acute a response for the horns, trumpets, and drums which give this work its particular aura—but better that, by far, than the insufficiency which afflicts the Beecham. The economy rate may account for allowing a horn blob to get by in the finale, and the surface is more swishy than silent; but it is in every other way a thoroughly representative effort.

More Roman than Respighi

RESPIGHI *"Fountains of Rome," "Pines of Rome." Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor LM 1768. $5.72.)

BY ANY standard, this hard-covered folio is one of the most striking correlations of ear and eye values that the phonograph has provided us in the long history of its existence. Taking into consideration Vincent Sheean's verbal evaluation of the eternal qualities that Respighi wove into his affectionate views of a beloved city, it rates high merely as reading matter. At the same time, we hear disquieting reports that the photographs have been assembled with a keener eye for the impressive than the authentic, that several of the pictured "Fountains" were not treated, musically, by Respighi, and that the vista of the Appian Way involves some flora that has nothing (tra-la) to do with the case.

If the candid judgment, then, must be that RCA has surrounded this performance with two hard covers and a deceptive amount of soft soap, this has nothing at all to do with the incisiveness, the animation, and the breadth of Toscanini's performance of the music. It strikes me as almost wicked that he should devote the indicated amount of fervor, life blood, and mental energy to music so insubstantial as is in these scores, but the chilling grandeur of the outcome will be audible for all for many years to come. In terms of sound, it is one of the most specific RCA has produced, more vibrant and powerful than the Mercury pairing by Dorati, with far more intensity than the Quadri performances on Westminster.

"Boris" by Rossi-Lemeny

MUSSORGSKY: *"Boris" excerpts. Nicola Rossi-Lemeny, basso, with the San Francisco Orchestra and Opera Chorus directed by Leopold Stokowski.* (RCA Victor LM 1764, $5.72.)

DIEHARDS who have been waiting for RCA Victor to reissue the splendid series of "Boris" excerpts made by Alexander Kipnis early in the Forties will have one meager satisfaction in the appearance of this new issue from last season's San Francisco season. The art work is unmistakably a carry-over from the earlier album, arousing some curiosity about the questionable economy of showing Kipnis as Boris on an LP with which his voice is connected only by its absence.

Rossi-Lemeny—"height and depth."

This gesture to the past is fortunately not repeated by a reminiscence of the technique used by Stokowski in his celebrated synthesis of the late Thirties. The excerpts are substantially as Mussorgsky (plus Rimsky-Korsakoff) left them, offering the superb voice of Rossi-Lemeny (to use the spelling favored on the record) in the expectable excerpts: "Coronation Scene," "Clock Scene," scene with the children, "Farewell and Death." In addition, Rossi-Lemeny sings Varlaam's "Town of Kazan," and there is an orchestral interpolation of the "Polonaise" and a full-sized treatment of the episode in the forest of Kromy.

Nothing at all—including the rather accentuated recording of the orchestra—can obscure the height and depth of Rossi-Lemeny's voice, his art as a singer, or his capacity to make vivid the emotions of Boris. Since the informed view is to regard Christoff as the great singing Boris of our time and Rossi-Lemeny as the superlative acting one, one may only look forward eagerly to the latter's forthcoming Metropolitan performances.

On the whole, Rossi-Lemeny is considerately treated in this pairing with Stokowski—which is to say that if a blanket is occasionally thrown over his voice, it is a light one which merely subdues without suffocating. It is always risky to guess about recording techniques, but the sudden surges of orchestral sound, the forward darts and backward glides of brass and tympani suggest that enough channels were utilized for the final mixing to be done by L. Stokowski. This makes for an interesting series of electronic effects, but not for a very persuasive musical texture.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: "Eroica" Variations. Claudio Arrau, piano. Decca DL 4057, $2.50.	Arrau's enthusiasm for this work is no new thing (he was responsible for the only previous version known to the RCA Victor catalogue), and he performs it with decisiveness and taste. It is also worthwhile to have it as an issue separate from his "Diabelli" Variations or as offered by Gulda with the Opus 81a Sonata. Satisfactory piano sound.
Brahms: "Alt-Rhapsodie." E. Höngen, mezzo, with Ferdinand Leitner conducting the Berlin Philharmonic and Chorus; "Zigeunerlieder." Höngen with M. Raucheisen, piano. Decca DL 4074, $2.50.	For all her intelligence and artistry, Höngen is too uncertain in pitch, too limited in tonal variety to challenge the standard either of Anderson or Ferrier in this music. Leitner's work is sound enough, but without notable fervor. The choral background is blurred. The swifter-moving "Zigeunerlieder" are even more revealing of Höngen's vocal limitations, though her intentions are honorable enough. The lack of text (or any other annotation) for the two works is no aid to understanding.
Brahms: Serenade (Opus 11). Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society. Decca DL 9651, $5.85.	For reasons known only to those who order such things, this is version No. 3 on LP of this work, though the better known Opus 16 Serenade is still to be favored. To Scherman's credit it may be said that his is the more representative effort to date, and a decidedly good example of orchestral sound.
Gershwin: Concerto in F. Leonard Pennario, piano, with William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony. Capitol P 8219, $4.98.	Just as some performances of Liszt emphasize the banalities and not the greatness of his music, so this one tends to make Gershwin sound trivial rather than gay, sentimental rather than expressive. Neither soloist nor conductor has an instinctive sense of the accents and nuance that give this music its flow. Pennario is too intent on technical display, Steinberg with accentuating the orchestral values of a score rather limited in them. The second movement is affectionately played, but the fast ones do not ring true. Clear but rather brittle reproduced sound, the piano decidedly tinkly.
Haydn: "Divertimento in F," etc. London Baroque Ensemble, Karl Haas conducting. Decca DL 4076, $2.50.	Decidedly jolly specimen of Haydn's non-formal manner, though the subtitle "Feldparthie" leads one to listen, in vain, for the movement on which Brahms based his Haydn variations. (That is a different piece, in B flat.) Haas directs his flexible ensemble with engaging spirit, whether it is in a trio for flutes and cello or the "Grenadier" March for clarinets, horns, bassoons, and side drum. Excellent sound.
Liszt: "Dante" Symphony. Alfred Wallenstein conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. Decca DL 9670, $5.85.	Wallenstein is more successful with the thunder than with the blood of this variable score, which his orchestra plays with excellent discipline and technical precision. That is to say, he can find the appropriate manner for its big outbursts of drama, but the sustained lyric passages do not stand up. The recording is impressive for boisterous climaxes and individual effects of piccolo, tympani, cymbals, etc., but the over-all sound is coarse.
Mozart: Arias from "Nozze di Figaro," "Mentre ti lascio," etc. George London, bass-baritone, with orchestra conducted by Bruno Walter. Columbia ML 4699, $5.45.	London's Almaviva in the full-length Viennese "Figaro" (Columbia SL 114) was sung with more vocal character and suppleness than Figaro's "Se vuol ballare," "Non più andrai," and "Aprite un po' quegl' occhi," though the artist himself prefers the role of servant to master. I find too much emphasis on show, not enough on projection of meaning, with an unpleasant thickening of the tone too often. The concert arias come off better, especially "Rivolgete," in which, for once, Walter's tempo is as fast as it should be.
Mozart: Arias from "Der Schauspieldirektor," "Così," "Die Entführung," "Figaro," and "Don Giovanni." Eleanor Steber, soprano, with orchestra directed by Bruno Walter. Columbia ML 4694, $5.45.	Walter's participation is a more substantial attribute here than it is in the preceding series, his detailing of orchestral values of the sort expected from him. One would wish for something more strongly dramatic, however, to offset Steber's typical concentration on line. "Bester Jüngling" from "Der Schauspieldirektor" is charmingly sung, but Miss Steber attempts too much in ranging from "Ach, ich fühls" to "Mi tradì," Elvira's testing chore in "Don Giovanni." Her vocalization is most impressive in "Per pieta" (from "Così") sung here in Italian rather than in the English she uses in the Metropolitan version. It does not appear that the original means as much to her as the translation. Included is a surprisingly adept "Non mi dir" from "Don Giovanni." Rather better balance in this than in the preceding Mozart group by George London.
Schubert: "Valse caprice," "Rosamunde" excerpts, etc. Leslie Bridgewater conducting. Westminster WL 4006, $4.95.	A miscellany of well and not so well-known Schubert, directed with likable directness by Bridgewater, a paladin of BBC likely to become better known here. The arrangements are mostly tasteful, though Roberto Gerhard makes something questionably ornate of the unpretentious rondo from the Opus 53 sonata, and the cello solo "Ave Maria" is more than a touch sentimental. The Viennese ensemble is well reproduced.
Strauss: "Wiener Blut," "Wine Women and Song," "Emperor Waltz," etc. Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony. Mercury MG 50019, $5.95.	For the purposes at hand—demonstration of Mercury's superior technique for reproducing this orchestra—this is what might be called a "roaring success." However, if you believe that Clemens Krauss and the Vienna Philharmonic know what they are about in this music, you must conclude that Dorati's supercrisp rhythms, accentuated percussion, almost metronomically precise tempi, with but a hint of rubato, would be more suitable to the "Rienzi" Overture. Excellent detail throughout, but little seductive sound of Strauss.
Strauss: "Fledermaus" Overture, various polkas and marches. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra "Pops." Columbia ML 4686, $5.45.	Something akin to the foregoing, save that Ormandy is also in a mood to exploit his virtuoso ensemble ("Pops" does not diminish its luster any more than the same word does the Boston gloss) in a series of brusque, charmless performances. Recalling the real perception Ormandy showed in his Metropolitan "Fledermaus," one must only conclude that the playbacks sounded better in the hall than they do in the home. Big, smashing effects, especially in the "Thunder and Lightning" and "Explosions" polkas, but again—where is the music? The titles include "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" and "Waldmeister" Overtures, the "Egyptian" and "Radetzky" Marches, and the "Tritsch-Tratsch" and "Pizzicato" Polkas.
Schubert: Impromptus (Opus 142). Clifford Curzon, piano. London LL 720, $5.95.	There is quiet and introspection in these pieces, to be sure, but Curzon seems to brood on them (especially the first in F minor) rather unduly. However, it is a long time since I have heard the basic phrase of the A flat "read" (in the acting sense) with so much simplicity and taste. The same sophistication of thought is an absorbing embellishment of the B flat Impromptu —which needs just a touch of spontaneity to give us back all that Schubert put into it. As it is, the approximation is remarkably close. —Irving Kolodin.

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The Foreign Note

POP record makers recently were suprised to learn that "you don't have to know the language." While the public has always shown a preference for the Romance tongues, Eartha Kitt, whose performances feature an intriguing lack of mystery in several languages, has smashed through in unadulterated Turkish ("Uska Dara"). Now she has topped that with an all-French "C'est si bon." The latter tune, with an English lyric, was a fair hit several years ago, but it's a bigger hit today via Miss Kitt's kittenish French. Both of the above selections plus an assortment of her current cafe specialties are included in a delightful LP, EARTHA KITT (RCA LPM 362).

Since the death of the great Argentine tango singer Carlos Gardel in 1936 only one Latin vocalist has approached his universal popularity. Pedro Vargas's place in the Latin world is comparable to that of Bing (Crosby) in the English-speaking world. Actually there is little vocal similarity, however. Vargas has a full, high, semi-legitimate baritone with a texture closer to that of Tony Martin. In PEDRO VARGAS CANTA (RCA LPT 3043) he features eight Latin standards, mostly from Mexico and Cuba.

Which brings us around to "Le Chanteur de Mexico," a musical comedy that has been to Paris what "South Pacific" has been to Broadway. "Le Chanteur" brought Lilo to light and precipitated her local starring role in Cole Porter's "Can-Can." Now RCA Victor's International Department has imported several French matrices featuring Lilo and her co-star, Luis Mariano, in selections from the Paris show. Mariano, a Spanish tenor, is currently France's top-selling vocalist. Four tunes from the show are on an extended-play 45 entitled LILO-MARIANO (RCA EPA 506), while Mariano handles two more on a single (43-7128). It's all gay and unsophisticated — in fact, a succession of pop French tunes.

I predict that the next big French star here will be one LINE RENAUD. On the basis of a Pathé-Vox LP (VL 3190) she appears to be the most distinguished stylist since Piaf. Her gamut includes some of the latter's pathos, but not so intensely *demi-monde*. This is an expressive voice, with an appealing femininity. "Tire, tire l'aiguille" is a special delight, and in "Un oiseau chante" she does one chorus of the English version ("Some Other Spring") with a delicious accent.

To many the only truly representative Parisian remains Maurice Chevalier, the original exponent of *joie de vivre* and *toujour l'amour*. His latest disc issue is entitled PARIS JE T'AIME (Vox VL 3180), and it's a typical effervescent bit. Besides the title song there are "La Chasse" and a Chevalier original "Le Télégramme." The man still has it! . . . Jean Sablon, the suave baritone, hasn't fared as well on his recent discs, but his coupling of the classic "J'Attendrai" and "Le Fiacre," cut a dozen or more years ago, has remained a favorite gallicism. Now it has been re-released on a 45-rpm Collector's Issue (RCA 43-7001) as an example of perfect pop styling.

The Parisian hit parade of the last decade or so is well represented in an excellent pop piano collection ECHOES OF PARIS (Vox VX 500) by the continential pianist Georges Feyer. The songs are those that have achieved similar success over here as "April in Portugal," "Autumn Leaves," "La Vie en Rose," "La Seine," "J'Attendrai," etc. Feyer is a true aristocrat among "cocktail" pianists. His style is elegant, bright, and pure — just what the program demands. Each side of the ten-inch disc carries nearly fifteen minutes of music, a total of twenty titles.

LOS CHAVALES DE ESPANA (The Kids from Spain) play a number of instruments and sing in all varieties of combinations, but none with any degree of distinction. The rapid rotation of instruments and repertoire of their live act fails to come across on records, and in their new LP (RCA LPM 3119) they're just a bunch of guys named Jose. If you've seen them and enjoyed them you may want to own it. I found LATIN FAVORITES ON THE MARIMBA (RCA EPAT 421) more colorful and more diverting generally. This is fairly suave as Mexican marimba music goes, for the Marimba Pan-Americana ensemble is a virtuoso unit. But for creating tropical atmosphere it rivals most of the guitar *conjuntos*. The EP program includes such lovely melodies as Lecuona's "The Breeze and I," a waltz entitled "Adios," and the inevitable *paso doble* "El Relicario." —BILL SIMON.

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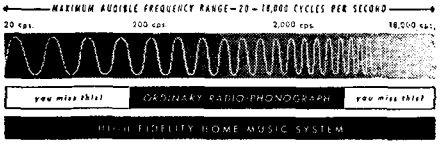

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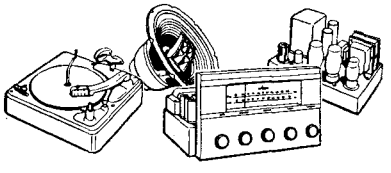

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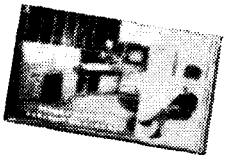

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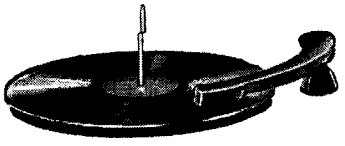

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"Wozzeck"

Continued from page 62

the actual snores of the soldiers and the stuffy barracks atmosphere created the sad inspiration for this scene.

Finally Berg appeals for help to his pupil, who—as it appears from the letters—must have been acquainted with some influential person. A number of letters only deal with variations on one theme: "SOS."

In a letter written on Christmas Day, 1915, Alban Berg introduces a personality whom we shall later meet again on the stage: the army doctor. Apparently Berg had been asked by his pupil why no attempt had been made to have Berg released from service on medical grounds. The composer replies: "It is impossible for me to safeguard my rights by appealing to the doctor, since flat feet, ruptures etc., are more likely to be taken into consideration than internal complaints."

This particular doctor is even more vividly portrayed. And there is a good reason for it. Officers and bureaucrats may disregard the fact that the soldier is a human being. Army life and wartime circumstances may somehow excuse their behavior. But the attitude of a doctor is a different matter. He is supposed to be responsible for the health of the individual soldier. Berg thinks that the doctor's attitude is revolting and he describes at great length how the doctor bludgeoned all those who complained with the threat that he would have them sent to the battlefield without compunction if they did not stop.

The doctor in "Wozzeck" is a replica of the pitiless army doctor at the Bruck barracks. True, it was Buechner who created this type of human being who uses human bodies for his own ends instead of helping them. But it was necessary for Berg to go through his own dreadful experiences in order to be able to paint his fuller picture of this monster.

THERE are many passages in Berg's version of the text which prove that the composer deliberately introduced personal motives into this opera. In connection with the doctor of Berg's version (Act I, Scene 4) I should like to quote one significant example which betrays Berg's autobiographical tendency. I had always wondered why Berg makes Wozzeck eat beans (whilst Buechner lets the doctor insist on peas) and why Berg makes the doctor say: "And next week we start on mutton meat!" It could, of course, be suspected, that Berg had thought of Austrian army rations. In fact, the Christmas letter already quoted contains a clear explanation. Berg writes: "Once or twice a week we are given mutton, which is prepared in the most disgusting manner."

A minor detail? A trivial one? One may think so. But when all these changes and interpolations are taken into consideration, one thing emerges quite clearly: between 1914 and 1917 Berg was preoccupied with the fate of the simple soldier in the Austrian Army, with the injustice created by the war, and with the senselessness of this particular war.

BERG thought about all these problems not only in terms of his own fate. He was also concerned with the principles at issue. In January 1915 he complains to his pupil: "Your letter tells me quite a number of interesting things, but it remains silent on the subject that would interest me most—War. It seems that you have forgotten this war!" And in August 1917 he writes: "This 'damned war'! This is the only reference you can find in Beethoven's letters with regard to the war that was going on in his time."

During this very period Alban Berg was working at the adaptation of Buechner's play for his own opera. Between May 1914, when he attended the performance at the Kammerspiele, and August 1917, when he completed his libretto, Berg went through the most dreadful period, physically and spiritually, of his life. His emotions and his thoughts can be traced in his letters as well as in his opera. It is, therefore, impossible to maintain that Berg was "unmoved" by his wartime experiences. Quite the contrary is true. The documents now gradually emerging show clearly that "Wozzeck" was born out of wartime pains and anxieties. Musicologists, preoccupied with the analysis of twelve-tone rows and formal problems (admittedly important questions), have tended to overlook this fact.

It is not unlikely that Berg himself was responsible for misleading his biographer, Willy Reich. The composer was an extremely modest person and might not have attached very much importance to the personal message that his opera carries. Moreover, it is quite probable that the process of creating "Wozzeck" made the personal experience fade into oblivion. Psychologists know of this phenomenon. But the problem surpasses the boundaries of mere biography. In fact, "Wozzeck" can only be understood correctly if its social significance is appreciated and its appeal against war and injustice not overlooked.

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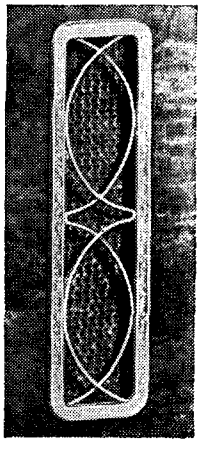

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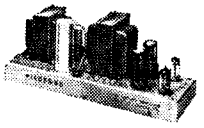

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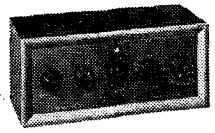

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More Villa-Lobos

THE reputation of Villa-Lobos has flourished over the years even though he has not recently added to his phenomenal number of works anything to exert on discriminating musicians the impact of his music of the Twenties. That music brought an arresting new quantity into the concert halls by revealing the primitive sources the composer had uncovered in expeditions into the interior of Brazil. The bizarre percussion instruments these sources suggested to him, as well as the unpredictable combinations he evolved with orthodox concert instruments, inevitably brought attention to him; having no national predecessor in the field of music, he immediately became a symbol for Brazil.

His reputation established, Villa-Lobos filled the demand for his music by merely being naturally prolific and also by the enormous supply of his earlier works that ranged from student exercises to the fruitless efforts of his off-days. When he was not writing in folk style, any style would serve him indiscriminately. As a Brazilian, moreover, he was pardoned for being "impetuous and vehement, sensuous and sentimental, prolific and effusive," in the words of a fellow countryman who somehow found these characteristics indigenous to the vast and booming South American landscape with its clash of races.

The net result of all this today is that if we stop to consider our feelings about Villa-Lobos we may find the original impact dulled by the many lesser works that merely re-echo his folk manner of the Twenties or fall into any of the easiest general styles open to composers today, from French impressionism to the Milhaud type of facilely flowing part-writing. We may also find ourselves wondering why he has eclipsed almost completely the music of his admirable compatriot, Carmago Guarnieri.

If, however, we forget about the whole distended Villa-Lobos myth, which has built up everything connected with him as effectively as the most powerful propaganda machine, we may find merely pleasant, rather than most stimulating, listening matter in his trio for strings of 1945, if only because this instrumental combination is so satisfying and the scoring for it here so expert (Columbia ML 2214, $4). The literature for string trio is, moreover, very limited, and this is when we may be thankful for Villa-Lobos, who, by writing so much, has provided for practically every combination.

The trio is likely to wear better than such typically folkish products of the Twenties as the Nonetto and the Quatuor, which were once available on RCA Victor 78 rpm and have now been issued in new versions by Capitol (S-8191, $4.98). The colors and rhythms, the rare instrumental blends, the hypnotic ostinatos, the wails and rhythmic mutterings of the wordless choruses may, however, understandably exert their spell on early acquaintance in somewhat the same way that the entertainment in a Latin American night club does. For the historical register, the Nonetto is a fairly good example of the trend.

THE Urania catalogue is, in a way, the voice of Central Europe, and the addition to it of an LP carrying ballet scores of Copland and Piston, played by the Berlin Radio Orchestra under the Berlin conductor Arthur Rother, may indicate some awakening of interest in American music in that quarter (URLP 7092, $5.95). Except for Samuel Barber, our composers are quite neglected in Europe in general, and it takes a festival or otherwise special concert to get European orchestras to program them. Recordings of American works originating abroad are, needless to say, much rarer still. (Those sponsored by American producers are obviously not germane.)

In view of this limited contact with

—*Zinn Arthur.*

Heitor Villa-Lobos—"hypnotic ostinatos."

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our music, it is no surprise that European understanding of it should also be limited. Rother's pacing of the quietly eloquent opening of "Appalachian Spring" twice too fast may conceivably be nothing more than a simple mistake anyone might make—namely, that of inadvertently attributing to a half-note the metronomic indication on the printed score intended for a quarter-note. I prefer to believe that no one who appreciates Copland's style would be capable of this mistake, for the very nature of the style, and what distinguishes it from European music in general, is the higher value it places on the individual tone. European music thrives on traditions so old and taken so much for granted that its creators move within them with the greatest facility, rarely questioning. Notes are pushed around for the sheer sake of pushing them—pushing them, what is more, in great numbers. The single note in our music, by contrast, often carries the weight of many, and Copland is in the foreground of those who have developed this economy.

THE old RCA Victor 78-rpm version made by Koussevitzky is, with all its liberties, far closer to the Copland spirit than either the Urania version or the one made not long ago by Hendl with the ARS orchestra in Vienna. Piston's "The Incredible Flutist" comes off somewhat better. It is surprising it has not been on LP before, since it is definitely his "success" piece (from the audience point of view).

For those who know Piston only through "The Incredible Flutist," and there are many such, the out-and-out American folksiness of the finale of his Quintet for Piano and Strings will scarcely seem unusual (WCFM LP 14, $5.95). It is, however, quite a new twist where his chamber works are concerned, since they all have tended to move, and with uncommon naturalness, on the most hallowed planes of what we have come to know as chamber-music style. The composer's control over the voice-leading singles out the last part of the andante for special praise, but the whole work is one of quality.

Martinu's Quartet No. 6, which is coupled with the Piston Quintet, is one of the Czech composer's better works. The adagio exemplifies his special skill with tremolo textures and the finale strives, not without some success, for the forcefulness of Beethoven's quartet style. The Walden quartet plays with exceptional assurance and receives excellent collaboration in the Piston from the pianist Earl Wild.

—ARTHUR BERGER.

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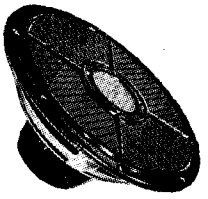

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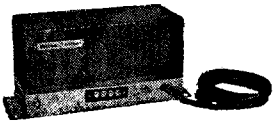

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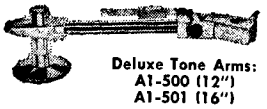

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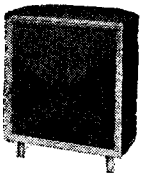

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LONDON.

DESPITE a further slight delay in the Nixa-Westminster plans (their first release will, however, definitely have reached our record shops by the time these lines appear), September is certainly living up to expectations. Indeed, when a further, extensive Supraphon list was added to the already substantial contributions from EMI and Decca many a reviewer must have offered a silent prayer of thanks for being able to defer discussion of some thirty Westminster recordings until October. Philips's plans, on the other hand, still remain something of a mystery, though a spokesman told me that they are hoping to issue the first LP's in November—just a handful of discs to begin with, but then gradually stepping up the pace until, presumably, they no longer lag quite so far behind American Columbia.

Supraphon's second release still does not contain any of the operas which we have been promised, but among the twenty or so discs there are many of great interest. The music ranges from standard classics such as Brahms's First Symphony—an intolerably wayward performance by the Leipzig Radio Orchestra under Hermann Abendroth—and Dvorak's "Symphony No. 8 in G" (the correct title for the work we know as No. 4, yet I wonder how many rash collectors will be misled), admirably played by the Czech Philharmonic under Talich, to rarities such as the Symphony in D by Vořišek and "Harmonie for Wind Instruments" by Krommer-Kramář (whose delightful Oboe Concerto I mentioned last month). Vořišek was a contemporary of Schubert who spent most of his adult life—he died in 1825, aged only thirty-four—in Vienna; the symphony, performed by Karel Ančerl and the Czech Philharmonic, shows the influence of Beethoven, with whom Vořišek was on friendly terms. Krommer-Kramář's "Harmonie" is attractive open-air music, the four movements being scored for pairs of oboes, clarinets, bassoons, and horns, with contra-bassoon added to reinforce the bass.

Other orchestral works on Supraphon include Janáček's fine Sinfonietta (1926) and the whole of Smetana's "Ma Vlast," the latter on three ten-inch discs. Both are played by the Czech Philharmonic and the respective conductors are B. Bakala and K. Šejna. A further record is shared by this band with the USSR Symphony Orchestra; the latter, under K. P. Kondrashin, are heard to advantage in "Eight Russian Songs" by Liadov, while the Czech Orchestra plays "Rast: A Symphonic Mugam" by Taki Zade Zulfugarovich Nyazi (b. 1912), an Azerbaidjani composer, who also directs the performance. In case *SR* readers are as puzzled by the term *mugam* as I was, let me enlighten them with the aid of the admirable program note. "There are two series of mugams: odd and even. To the first belong literary and musical mugams which were called rast, shoor, bayat, isphagan, and hodmayan. The other or the even series comprised the seigas, chargas, shoostars, and the zaalils."

Supraphon's instrumental contributions include Smetana's D minor Quartet, an interesting work, if less accessible than the celebrated E minor ("From my life"), and superbly played by a group bearing the composer's name. The English Suite No. 5 in E minor and the French Suite No. 5 in G by Johann S. Bach (sic) are performed respectively by Maria Fjodorova and Tatiána Nikolaieva, stylish and accomplished pianists both, while another young lady with the more homely name of Annie Fischer offers us a performance of Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, a performance which, though vigorous and efficient rather than warmly imaginative, is distinctly promising. As an example of Czech keyboard music there is Novák's "Sonata Eroica," Opus 24, a serious and not unimpressive work in the romantic tradition, written at the turn of the present century, and played with considerable skill and much passion by Frantisek Rauch.

There is a dazzling New Look about the EMI September releases, the first LP's from this group for three months. Gone are the unattractive standard designs, and in their place we now have a series of glossy sleeves adorned with large photographs of the principal performers. Sir Thomas Beecham is royally represented by no less than four symphonies (and three portraits), Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding," Haydn's No. 93 and Mozart's No. 31 together on one disc, and Bee-

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thoven's "Pastoral." The last of these must surely be one of the best Beethoven performances he has ever given us and I cannot recall the "Scene at the Brook" more beautifully shaped than here or played with such loving care.

HMV offers yet another "Eroica" (EMI's third version in twelve months), this one played by the Vienna Philharmonic under Furtwängler. This is no "dubbing" of their SP set, but a new recording superior to its predecessor in almost every respect. The tempi are very slow indeed (so much so that HMV were forced to make a break half-way through the Funeral March) and the conductor's rhythmic vagaries are sure to upset many listeners, but the second and fourth movements are certainly magnificent, and the orchestra, especially the string section, is a joy to listen to. HMV's ideas concerning suitable couplings do not always coincide with those of RCA Victor; thus we have the Munch performance of Schubert's Symphony No. 2 coupled with Haydn's "London," Rubinstein's recording of the Grieg Concerto comes arm in arm with "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," while Heifetz links Beethoven ("Romances") with Saint-Saëns ("Havanaise," "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso") on a ten-inch disc.

COMPLETE operas on LP have been none too plentiful of late and HMV's recording of Donizetti's delightful comedy "L'Elisir d'Amore" is assured of a warm welcome. If my memory serves me right, there are one or two cuts in this performance, but the bulk of this gay and charming score can be found here on four LP sides. The cast is good rather than inspired, with Carosio an efficient Adina, Nicola Monti a very pleasant Nemorino (though he cannot altogether banish the memory of Tagliavini's wonderful performance in this part at Covent Garden three years ago), Gobbi a splendid Belcore, full of swagger, and Melchiorre Luise an amusing and stylish, if rather small-sized, Dulcamara. The orchestra and chorus of the Rome Opera are under the direction of Gabriele Santini, who deserves considerable credit for this enjoyable performance; the recording is first-class. Columbia offers a selection of well-known Schubert lieder, including "Gretchen am Spinnrad'," "Die junge Nonne," "An die Musik," sung by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf with her usual blend of fine tone and acute intelligence; she is accompanied by Edwin Fischer, who treats us to much sensitive playing but tends to be too self-effacing.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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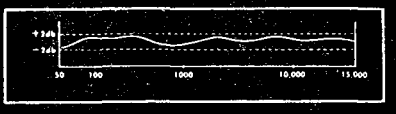

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"Cav," "Pag" and "Otello"

THE virtue of patience, often extolled here in the past, is currently exemplified by the appearance of two new versions of "Pagliacci" (RCA Victor LM 6106, $17.16, and London LL 880/1 $11.90), a new "Cavalleria Rusticana" (contained in the same RCA Victor album as the "Pagliacci"), and an "Otello" (RCA Victor LM 6107, $17.16). Both the "Pagliaccis" and the "Cavalleria" add at least mechanical virtues to those previously available, and the "Otello"—being a replica of the broadcast directed by Arturo Toscanini on December 6 and 13, 1947—is unique.

Of the competitive issues, the London "hand" offers one picture card, namely Mario del Monaco as Canio, *en suite* with several lower values—Clara Petrella as Nedda, Aldo Protti as Silvio, and Afro Poli as Tonio. Comparatively, RCA Victor tables aces back to back in a cast that mates Jussi Bjoerling as Canio and Leonard Warren as Tonio with Victoria de los Angeles as Nedda and Robert Merrill as Silvio. If the issue were to be decided merely on vocal values, the domestic product would be clearly superior; but RCA has also topped London's usual superiority in recording with a sound of clarity, fulness, and detail more compelling than the suaver but more general product of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia (Rome).

Some kind of case could be made for the view that Del Monaco is better suited, by temperament, to Canio than Bjoerling is, and that the kind of voice Petrella provides for Nedda is more suitable to the part than that of De los Angeles. To my ear, however, Del Monaco's abandon isn't matched by sufficient musical sound to be tolerable through repeated listenings, while Bjoerling's struggle with some climaxes is balanced by a real ringing sound elsewhere. As between Petrella and De los Angeles, the latter is much too ladylike for the viperish Nedda, but taken together this doesn't influence the whole issue so much as the superiority of Warren and Merrill to their Italian counterparts. In combination with the remarkable sound in the RCA grooves and the vital kind of playing Renato Cellini gets from the orchestra, the judgment is inescapable. Of older "Pagliaccis," the earlier RCA (LCT 1006, $11.44) offers the beautiful sound of Gigli and Mario Basiola in less than vivid reproduction, while the newer Columbia is distinguished by the easy power of Richard Tucker's Canio (SL 113, $12.30) but not too much else. Similarly, the balanced virtue of RCA's "Cavalleria"—with Zinka Milanov a

—*Ann Zane.*

Jussi Bjoerling and Renato Cellini—"aces back to back."

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superior Santuzza, Bjoerling a rather hard-pressed Turiddu, Robert Merrill an admirable Alfio, and Carol Smith an acceptable Lola—is more than can be matched by Columbia's combination of Tucker and Harshaw.

Though "Pagliacci" is far from a lengthy score, both performances respect short cuts that are, apparently, traditional in the theatre. One is encountered in the Nedda-Silvio duet of the first act (provision for it is indicated in the score itself beginning at page 98 and extending for several pages thereafter), the other is midway through Act II. Neither would be noticeable if one were not following the score, or better acquainted with its detail than most of us are.

We have chosen to deal with these variable but essentially routine productions before the Toscanini "Otello" for the simple reason that talent is competitive, genius is not. It is almost laughable, in the impact of this experience, to recall the campaign undertaken by this magazine several years ago to determine whether the public would look kindly on such issues marred, as they might be, by "unavoidable imperfections." Considering what the RCA engineers have done, successively, with "Traviata," "Bohème," and now "Otello," no time should be lost in adding "Falstaff" to the sequence, likewise the wartime "Fidelio" and parts, at least, of "Aida."

One may question, really, whether Giuseppe Valdengo is an Iago, but as a supple servant of Toscanini's will—and through him, of Verdi's—he certainly suits the frame. By any reasonable standard, this has to be evaluated as a totality, in which the surge of energy from the first violent outbreak of the storm to the smoldering summation of Otello's misguided passion comes directly from Toscanini himself in a matchless demonstration of what opera conducting can be at its best.

What he conveys is not merely musical discipline, or dramatic verity, but an absorbing aura of actuality in which mood and situation, personal ambition and reckless human purpose are conveyed through a tight unity of word and tone. In the calm aftermath—a couple of hours, or days, later—one is inclined to believe that "Otello" is the rarest of rare things: an opera without a dull page, a weak scene, or a missed opportunity.

In terms of vocalization, it finds Ramon Vinay not so believable a singer as he is a singing actor, but fresher in voice and more poignant in sound than he has been in later performances of more dramatic authority. Herva Nelli sounds at her best as Desdemona and Nan Merriman adds weight to the drama with her convincing Emilia. As for the great climaxes of the drama—the massive outburst of the "Credo," with the snide oboe and the snarling trombone, the magnification of Otello's fury at his imagined deception, the tender supplication of the "Willow" Song—in which the orchestra becomes the most eloquent of Verdi's *dramatis personae*, the results are better heard than described.

A solid share of credit belongs to the unnamed RCA technicians who converted the original broadcast (recorded, pretape, on acetate discs) into the glowing life of this reproduction. It is easily the most powerful, well-sounding product to originate in Studio 8H. Doubtless London will make something spectacular of its promised "Otello" (especially if it can arrange for Leonard Warren to be the Iago), but it is beyond contention that ears will be listening to the Toscanini "Otello" as long as they will be listening to anything. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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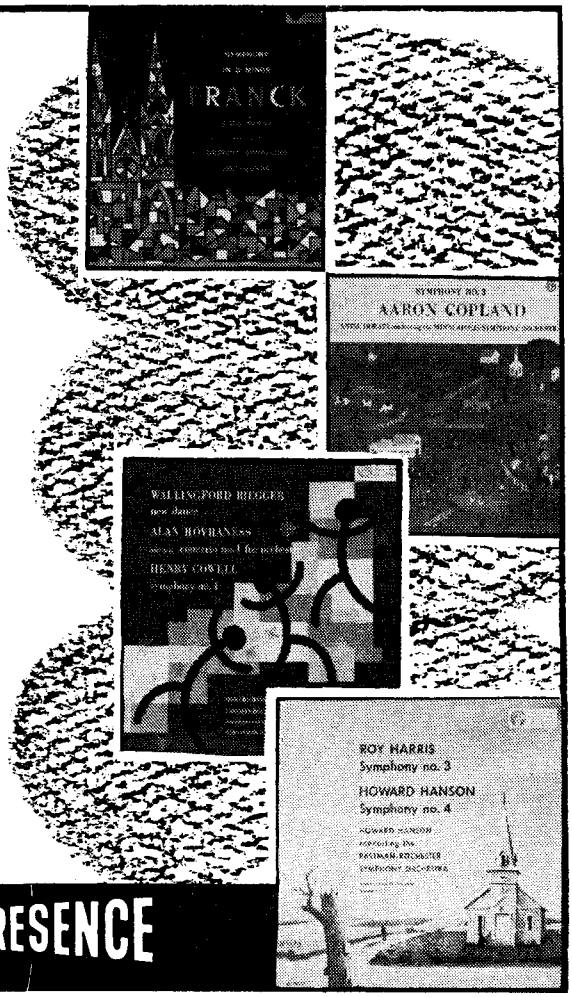

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As a special added feature, The Saturday Review will present feature-length articles by leading writers for the field, a recommended list of records for high-fidelity reproduction, and an illustrated section with the newest in high-fidelity sound components.

Five Years of LP

Continued from page 61

Decca is exceptional in true orchestral balance, and the instrumental bite in Westminster's "Tosca" is dramatic in itself. The dynamic expansiveness in the Urania "Otello" is breathtaking, and the completeness of big orchestral sound is outstanding in nearly all the Mercury Olympian series. The best Londons show a mighty wall of unified sound, and certain records like the Haydn Society's of Haydn's Symphony No. 50 have an appeal not a bit inferior in their unaffected and affable small-scaled naturalism. The incisive identity of the orchestral choirs in Beethoven's Eighth Symphony by Toscanini (RCA Victor) makes this an analytic paragon.

The piano is better on records now than at its best before, and there are still bad piano records only because the recording engineers are true to an old tradition that bids them beware of the instrument. It is true that a very good phonograph is needed to bring the instrument out of the disc, for the striking improvements wrought by LP are retention of the bass and statement of the overtones of the treble, not thoroughly reproduced by casual equipment.

Still, the wonder and the glory of LP, its incomparable accomplishment in five years, must be its repertory. Not the nine Beethoven symphonies, the three last of Tchaikovsky, "Scheherazade," "Eine kleine Nachtmusik," and the Unfinished Symyhony, since we had those before—although less effusively than the 174 LP versions—but *all* the major works of Beethoven, all the symphonies of Schubert and of Mozart, sixty-three Haydn symphonies, forty-five Bach cantatas, everything that one can name of Ravel and Stravinsky, and "Wozzeck," the symphonies of Bruckner, and the "Saint Matthew Passion" of Schütz. LP has brought to light the greatest of Mozart's instrumental achievements, the piano concertos. It has let us hear the early work of Richard Strauss and almost the entire production of Brahms. One could go on cataloguing the bounties indefinitely.

The five pioneering years have brought to us in America about six thousand LP's, expressive of nearly all the world's leading musical organizations and all its outstanding soloists. This is the beginning: the next decade should bring a fruition not easy to anticipate without greed. This is not a denigration of 78, which served us loyally. The old speed built a noble repertory, but required fifty years for it. The disability of 78 was its short capacity, which fostered exasperation in musical people and musical organizations not specifically infected with the curse of discomania. Phonophilia, under 78's rule, was essentially a hobby, and was generally accorded the affectionate contempt that people apply to the hobbies of other people.

Hobbyism is only one of the aspects of the immeasurably more serious domain of LP. The enormous, dauntless, and stopless repertory is available and indispensable to every conservatory, every true university, every school where music is taught seriously. Those FM radio stations in the larger cities which use this repertory to bring entertainment, consolation, and enlightenment to uncounted thousands fatigued with materialism have discovered a vast and growing audience of fanatical and amazing loyalty. Who can measure the degree of solace in a Schubert quartet after a ride in the full brutality of American intra-urban transportation? Through records and through records on radio, music has found listeners and made conquests where there never was music. A Texas rancher or a Manitoba wheat-grower or a mariner anywhere has at his command a panorama of music more extensive than Richard Wagner heard in his lifetime.

A NATURAL but not necessarily admirable provincialism is perforce dissipated by the variety of LP's duplications, which in this sense show a true value. "Carmen" is not static; its method of production is not fixed. There is a Metropolitan style; there is an Opéra-Comique style. The records have them both. There is a Viennese style in chamber music, lingering and romantic without abashment, which is the antithesis of French and American styles, and a revelation of moving warmth where it is most aptly applied. We can have "Fledermaus" in German, its native speech, or in English for our better clarification. "The Bartered Bride" has a libretto in Bohemian, which few of us understand. Most of our experience of it has been in German. We can have it in either language. It is not astonishing that we have an average of four editions for each of the Beethoven quartets, but it is unprecedented to have competing editions of works by Gabrieli, Marcello, K. P. E. Bach, Josef Strauss, and William Schuman. We know now that it is not necessary to accept the first recording regardless of quality; we can wait for satisfaction with the assurance that it will come.

As for migraine—we have a swarm of new causes, scores of unantici-

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pated provocations. The new technique of recording requires new techniques of reproduction, new apparatus, new accessories. Without suitable compensation an LP can be a screaming horror (and sometimes with). We need several styli, and they ought to be diamond. The amelioration of frictional hiss has been balanced by the discovery of hum, rumble, and flutter. An improper tonearm will bounce in and out of the groove. The soft plastic surfaces of records are vulnerable to the lightest contacts, and the slightest flaw produces explosive intrusions of pops, clicks, sizzles, and whistles. We have to keep our pickups clean and beware of their magnetism; we have to check the pressure of the point in the groove. We find that LP's do not tolerate much heat and that eccentricity is a more serious matter than it seemed with 78's and more prevalent. We must learn a new vocabulary: roll-off, turn-over, variable pitch, NAB, AES, mil, tracking, equalization; and as we learn the words we find that we must buy something to prove their usefulness. In 1925 a discophile was largely a faddist; now he must be partly an engineer.

FIVE years. The lowest numbers applied in Columbia's initial LP catalogue, ML 2001 and 4001, went to the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto and Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. They made their sensation, and they are still pretty good, after correction through a new compensator. The magnificent new amplifier, flat way beyond hearing, or the pair of amplifiers, if we are trying independent channels, feeding the elaborate new speaker system or systems which now make a gorgeous sound (if we have arranged all the controls just right) will not serve us well without that compensator, or audio-input control, as we call the very flexible ones. ML 2001 and 4001 have been surpassed by the technical improvements of five years, and it required many months for us to learn how to squeeze out of those discs the best they contain. They are symbols now, but their slicker followers require as much or more fretting for full revelation, which can be dazzling.

It ought to be. Sometimes proper reproduction is accomplished by the expenditure of agony, and alas always by the expenditure of money. The process is exacerbating and will never have a conclusion; but here is the world's music in our hands, and in sparse but recurrent moments of humble acknowledgment we realize how wonderful it is to have it like this.

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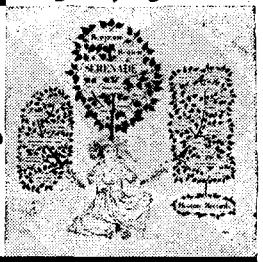

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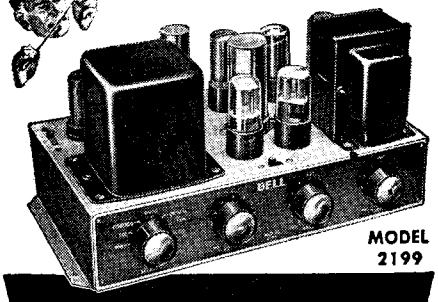

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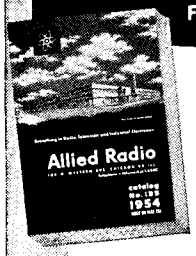

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Composed and Improvised

OBEYING the morning injunction to critics—"Arise and discriminate!"—we remind the reader that we have hazarded two guesses regarding the future of jazz. The first is that the modern jazz stylists, playing a largely *composed* music full of adventurous harmonies and rhythms, will naturally find their greatest satisfaction in forms longer than the customary sixteen- or thirty-two-bar patterns of jazz. Musical composition, as against improvisation, tends toward formal extension (that is to say, the creative sensibility tends toward it), and we expect to see the modern jazz men playing a more and more formally elaborate music from now on. After all, these men, intentionally or not, are entrants in the general field of modern composition, and can scarcely fail to be lured by the fascinatingly extended structures of such modernists as Stravinsky and Bartók.

Thus, in a number of new discs by advanced jazz men in the Los Angeles area we are especially interested in the "Fugue" composed by saxophonist Jimmy Giuffre and played by drummer Shelly Manne and His Men (Contemporary C357). This is a robust and vivid fugue indeed, and brilliantly played by the little seven-piece band: alto, tenor, and baritone saxophones, valve trombone, piano, string bass, and drums. And if the layman asks, "Well, if it is a fugue, what has it to do with jazz?," we must be patient and say to him that it is a jazz fugue because its polyphony occurs entirely in those rhythms which are the moving pulse of jazz, those rhythms which may be suggested in notation but which must be felt to be played. The other side, "Sweets," is iridescent playing too, as are two more numbers by the same combination, "You're My Thrill" and "Afrodesia" (Contemporary C356).

Another seven, Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse All-Stars, includes several of the same players and offers a fine LP of modern jazz in actual performance at The Lighthouse, Hermosa Beach, California. "Sunday Jazz à la Lighthouse, Vol. 2" (Contemporary C2501) is a program of six flashing, highly sophisticated numbers varying between Shorty Rogers's new-world revival called "Comin' thru The Rye Bread" and Teddy Edwards's delicacy, with Shelly Manne presiding over the Latin-American rhythms, entitled "Sunset Eyes." Have no fear about the vitality of modern jazz; its best men are superb instrumentalists, full of inventiveness; they are restless with musical appetite and curiosity, and the music may be expected to grow in compositional force. That is our guess.

Our other speculation concerning the jazz future has to do with those men who are still primarily interested in traditional jazz—largely improvised, given to spontaneous lyric utterance rather than extended musical structure, addicted to the intense pleasures of group improvisation which can have a fiery abandon and urgency, a jetting immediacy of a unique and uniquely moving sort. Now jazz players of this stripe cannot be expected to bother themselves about elaborate composed forms for two very good reasons. First, they want to do their own composing as they go. That is what improvisation, essentially, is. And, second, the mind of even the finest of improvisers will be relatively limited in its capacity to hold long forms as *a base* for improvisation. So traditional jazz has been content in general with the sixteen- or thirty-two-bar theme and variations form. It is our point that this form is still packed with musical possibilities, depending on the gifts of the improvisers, and that along with the ramifying of modern jazz there may be expected to continue what might be called a neo-classic jazz school. Its stars may be as stuffed with harmonic savvy as the stars of the advanced school, but the neo-classicists will be committed to the spontaneity principle and will probably also exhibit the lyrical emphasis which has characterized the best traditional jazz. It never strays very far from song.

A fine neo-classicist appears this month in the person of the pianist Paul Lingle, a fifty-two-year-old California veteran who has been known to stick to piano tuning when a record studio was running after him. He said he wasn't ready yet—but he is ready now. In an LP "Paul Lingle at the Piano" (Good Time Jazz GTJ L-13) he gives a thoroughly endearing demonstration of the pleasures to be had from an idolater of Jelly Roll Morton who yet remains his own man. Born in Denver, the son of a chautauqua-circuit cornetist, Lingle reveals in his playing that he has been steeped in that region of the American spirit

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where ragtime meets nostalgia and vice versa. Having made this observation, we would call specific attention to his dynamic range. Jazz soloists have made all too little use of difference in volume levels, but Lingle can whisper as well as assert. He plays four of Morton's tunes—"London Blues," "Sweet Substitute," "Sidewalk Blues," and "Black Bottom Stomp"—as well as Handy's "Yellow Dog Blues" and "Memphis Blues."

The month is also rich with smart, cafe delights. Art Van Damme, a master of the syncopated accordion—a positive doctor of the staccato—leads a quintet including Charlie Calzaretta Jr., vibraphone; Lewis Skalinder, bass; Max Mariash, drums; and Fred Rundquist, guitar. The cocktail hour could scarcely have a more fitting accompaniment than their LP "Martini Time" (Columbia CL 6265) in which the boys go to work with the utmost suavity on such favorites as "Adios," "Cheek to Cheek," and "If I Could Be with You." It will be evident, in pauses between the twilight chatter, that a lot of talent is over by the potted palms. And the multitudinous Cole Porter claque will be happy to hear of a sumptuous LP containing some of his lesser-known bijoux, handsomely sung by Louise Carlyle and Bob Shaver, accompanied by the duo-pianists David Baker and John Morris, "Cole Porter Songs" (Walden 301). The composer has had himself photographed, smiling, with the performers; we should think he would have.

The splendid Riverside series of "Jazz Archives" continues—LP's of guaranteed value for lovers of traditional jazz. In this short paragraph we uncover a trove of Afro-American treasures. "Ma Rainey Volume 2" (Riverside 1006) offers eight blues by the great predecessor of Bessie Smith, and "Blind Lemon Jefferson" (Riverside 1014) contains another eight by the wonderfully poignant voice which taught so much to, and was so gratefully acknowledged by, Leadbelly and Josh White. "Johnny Dodds Vol. 2" is a further collection of the clarinet master's rugged chamber jazz after he had moved from New Orleans to Chicago (Riverside 1015). And "Collector's Items Vol. 1" (Riverside 1017) is a number of works by early Negro bands, following in the Louis Armstrong tradition, whose names sometimes virtually speak for themselves. They are Richard M. Jones Jazz Wizards, Parham-Pickett Apollo Syncopators, Tiny Parham and his Forty-Five, and Clarence Williams and his orchestra. This is vaudeville and cabaret jazz of the middle Twenties, with body and aroma and no need to leave early. —WILDER HOBSON.

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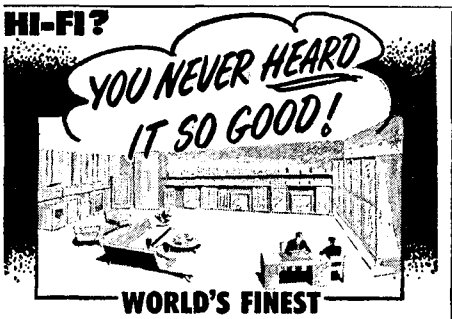

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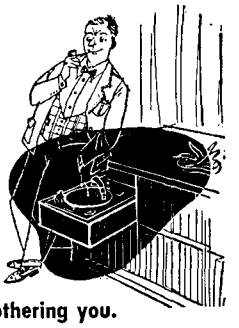

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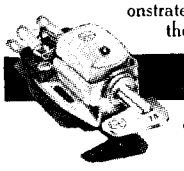

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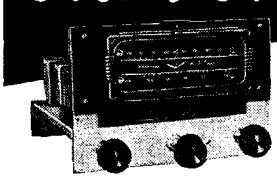

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Emergence of Orff

Continued from page 68

and melodic, and with the exception of simple chords in choral passages it is monodic. This has led to the complaint, most confidently uttered by the twelve-tonists, that Orff is not essentially a musician, and the complaint is often bolstered by reference to the fact that he writes only for the theatre. It loses some of its validity in view of the popularity of "Carmina Burana" in the concert hall, but actually there is something to it. One can at least understand why those who continue with the musical means and conventions in vogue since the seventeenth century should exclude from their reckoning one who has seen fit to throw the entire apparatus overboard. Others, however, who find the twelve-tonists and neoclassicists more musicianly than musical, are tempted to reply that it is exactly Orff's non-musicianship which they so like about him.

Fortunately for the student, Orff has given us in his "Trionfi" a remarkable chronological record of his artistic development and his progress in his search for musical truth. Of its three component parts "Carmina Burana" was composed in 1936, "Catulli Carmina" in 1943, and "Trionfo di Afrodite" in 1951. "Carmina Burana" is a setting of the famous thirteenth-century "Benediktbeurer Manuscript," the profane work of vagabond monks in Latin and middle high German, and is strongly influenced by Gregorian Chant and the songs of troubadors and minnesingers. It is a predominantly choral work but employs a relatively conventional orchestra, although in a generally unconventional way. "Catulli Carmina" is a setting of love poems by Catullus, largely for a capella chorus. The melodic pattern is much closer to free declamation, and the harmonic frame even simpler than in the "Carmina Burana." The final part, the "Trionfo di Afrodite," a setting of poems by Catullus and Sappho (in the original Greek), offers an even more concentrated reduction of melody and harmony to their original linguistic manifestations.

It should not be inferred that the purpose is one of restoration or that the result has only an antiquarian attraction. The effect is fresh and original, and Orff's employment of modern instruments percussively and his predilection for extended ostinati are as up-to-date as Bartók (whom he devoutly admires) and rather more simple and direct in their appeal to audiences already conditioned by exposure to various commercial derivatives of the jam session.

A more difficult proposition is "Antigone," a setting of Hölderlin's translation of Sophocles. The basic music of this stern work is a monotone scanning of the German text, with an almost exclusively percussive orchestral punctuation and a high dynamic choral commentary. The opera lasts for two and a half hours without intermission, and even for one who has never been exposed to it there can hardly be any doubt that two and a half hours of monotone scanning of Hölderlin, who is far from the most easily intelligible of German poets, cannot help but be—monotonous!

ORFF's next big work will be a setting of Sophocles's "Oedipus," and it will be interesting to see whether the monotone of "Antigone" may be combined with the freer declamation of "Trionfi" to produce a new stylistic milestone along the path of Orff's quest of musical truth. One thing he should have learned: monotone scanning, regardless how scrupulously rhythmic, is less musical even than free declamation. The restriction of the voice to a single pitch deprives the singer of the plasticity, even, of the normal inflections of speech.

Neither Egk nor Von Einem offers a comparable stimulating subject, although both are able and successful composers. Egk began as a composer for the German radio and has gone on from there to write a number of operas and ballets, the most successful of which is the Faust ballet "Abraxas" (derived, by the way, from a ballet scenario by none other than Heine), which has had some 500 performances in the past three years and is still going strong. Von Einem's "Dantons Tod" was next to "Antigone" the best of the postwar European operas offered at Salzburg, and certainly the most popular. "The Trial," which commanded a lot of respect, if not much genuine enthusiasm, at its Salzburg premiere, will be seen in New York in a production by the City Center Opera in October.

Neither of them has an especially distinctive style. They are distinguished rather by professional competence and a grasp of theatre problems and techniques than by any striking creative originality or conspicuous excellence. For a comparable example familiar to Americans one might cite Gian-Carlo Menotti. They are, in a word, skilled workers with the inherited tools, little inclined to the historical and critical soul searching which has led Orff to such drastic conclusions and such stimulating reactions.

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"St. Matthew"

Continued from page 66

neither these instruments nor the singers are molded by Grossman into so living and gleaming a whole as the one shaped by the hands of Herman Scherchen.

Between the leading singers of the one and those of the other no clear choice is possible, for some excel in one passage, some in another. In both sets the voices are always more than adequate, at times much better than that.

WE had perhaps best acknowledge the fact that no recording of so massive a work as the "St. Matthew Passion" or the B Minor Mass or "Messiah" is likely to strike even one listener as perfect. For that matter, only an unusually worshipful listener would assert that all sections of any composition on this scale are of equal quality. But it seems to me that the Westminster recording comes closer to perfection than any other version of the "St. Matthew" which I have heard. The music is all here; it is all treated musically. There are no loose ends or irritating flaws. The solos and choruses move, and the climaxes are made to sound innate and inevitable. There is neither hall echo nor unpleasant studio constriction. This is a phonographic event of absolutely first importance.

I do not entirely understand the purpose of a single record containing the principal choral passages from the "St. Matthew Passion," unless it be to provide study material for choristers and conductors. The Haydn Society record (HSL 2070, $5.95), with Mogens Wöldike conducting the Orchestra and Chorus of the Danish State Radio, does every justice to an expressed intention of presenting chorus and chorale "uninterpreted" and by such small forces as Bach himself may have had in 1729. It is notable that in most instances Wöldike's ideas of tempo are extremely close to those of Scherchen

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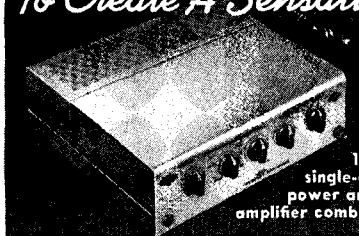

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

THE ABRIDGED VERSION

I THINK HERBERT WEINSTOCK has done great damage to the chances of having the big recording companies record "minor works" by great masters in taking the position he did in "'Il Pastor Fido'—in Part" [*SR* Aug. 29]. Being commercially minded, Columbia produced an abridged version — not highlights — of Handel's opera on *one* record which included enough recitative to have continuous action. . . . Music critics can do harm to the public's interest by damaging the recording efforts of the major companies. The "complete recording" is understandable when you get your copies free, but the public, I believe, would prefer a lesser-known masterpiece recorded in abridged version.

HERMAN FLEISCHACKER.

College Park, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Weinstock did not criticize Columbia for abridging "Il Pastor Fido." His objection was to the labelling and the annotations, neither of which gave any intimation that the recorded performance was incomplete. We doubt whether the majority of the LP public would support Mr. Fleischacker's preference for abridged recordings of masterpieces, whether "lesser-known" or not.*

DIFFUSED VS. DIRECT

R. D. DARRELL'S ARTICLE on diffused vs. direct sound [*SR* Aug. 29] brings up the question: did anyone, at any time, listen to recorded or transmitted music (in any case, music picked up by microphones and reproduced by loudspeakers—never mind the intermediate steps, broadcasting, lapse of time, etc.) under conditions where the sound leaving the loudspeaker(s) was definitely identical to the sound entering the microphones? (I am not one of those who ever did.) Can any manufacturer of microphones, amplifiers, and loudspeakers boast of the feat of having successfully transmitted an 800 cps. square-wave signal through the three above-mentioned units in succession and arrived at the end with what he put in at the beginning? Can anyone of us, with today's available equipment and background, consider himself qualified to decide if music should be direct, diffused, or confused?

Sitting in the tenth row of New York's Times Hall, or London's Kingsway Hall, hearing good music well played is a treat I wish even to my enemies. I would be glad any time to re-create the same sound reaching that chair, in my living room, without its coming out of three loudspeakers from three different rooms of my apartment and bouncing back and forth from a dozen doors, floors, ceilings, walls, etc. This I don't consider possible with present-day equipment. Only after hearing music reproduced in a way we can only refer to today as idealized could we, in my opinion, competently discuss the problem of diffusing it any further than the hall diffused it where the music was played, and was intended to be played by its composer.

PETER BARTÓK.

New York, N. Y.

CALL FOR CADMAN

I HAVE BEEN SCANNING your columns in vain for some mention that a manufacturer has seen fit to honor Charles Wakefield Cadman with an LP recording of any of his more important works, such as his "Pennsylvania" Symphony, "Aurora Borealis," "Dark Dancers of the Mardi Gras," or "A Mad Empress Remembers." I heard all or part of these numbers several years ago, with the composer himself picking out the highlights on the piano for me, but I know of no modern recordings. It seems to me that many far inferior works are being recorded in the current effort to boost American composers. Why should one of our greatest be overlooked merely because some persons can think of him in no other connection than "At Dawning" or "Land of the Sky Blue Water"? Although too late now to do him any good personally, such recognition would help to justify the hundreds of potboilers he turned out in order to make a living—and have time for his real work.

BILL D. SHEPLER.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

IN CALVÉ'S CORNER

I CANNOT AGREE with the editor's note to J. E. Spencer's letter concerning the late Emma Calvé [*SR* Aug. 29]. Mr. Spencer is quite right in asking for a Calvé LP as her fame certainly warrants it.

Only one Calvé "Carmen" excerpt has been reissued by RCA Victor, even though she made the duet "Là-bas, là-bas" (with Dalmores), the "Gypsy Song," and the "Séguidille." For Pathé she made the "Card Scene."

ARTHUR E. KNIGHT.

Edgewood, R. I.

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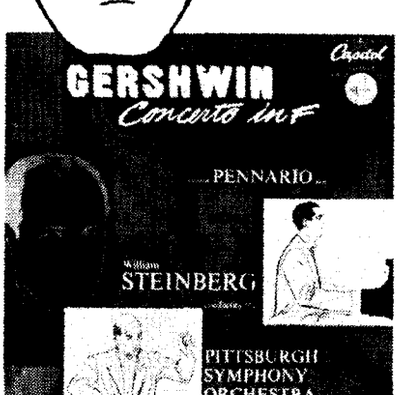
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